An Unknown Chapter in Greta Garbo's Life

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

AUG. 18, 1934

Liberty

5¢

WHAT REPUBLICANS WILL DO NEXT

By Senator L. J. DICKINSON

ELLSWORTH VINES, JR.
AFTER 5 HARD SETS—
—and then he Smoked a Camel!

ELLSWORTH VINES, JR., the spectacular young Pasadena athletic star who holds the U. S. National Championships for 1931 and 1932, and has now swept through the 1934 professional ranks as well!

YOU'LL enjoy this pleasing "Energizing Effect"

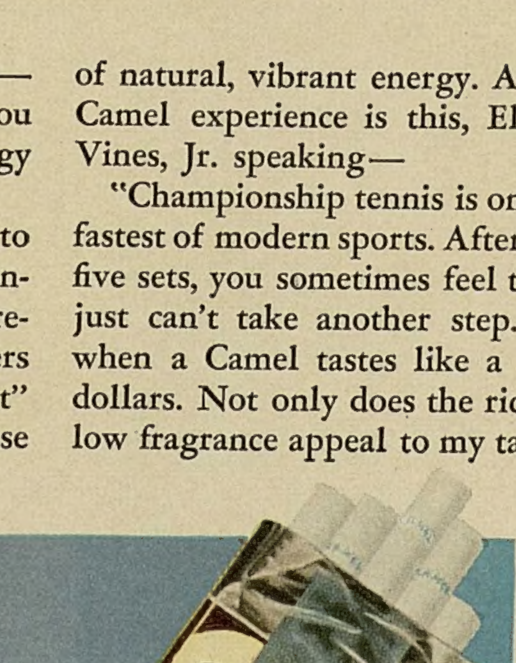
When you've used up your energy—smoke a Camel and notice how you feel your flow of natural energy snap back.

This experience, long known to Camel smokers, has now been confirmed by a famous New York research laboratory. Camel smokers enjoy a positive "energizing effect" ...a healthful and delightful release of natural, vibrant energy. A typical Camel experience is this, Ellsworth Vines, Jr. speaking—

"Championship tennis is one of the fastest of modern sports. After four or five sets, you sometimes feel that you just can't take another step. That's when a Camel tastes like a million dollars. Not only does the rich, mellow fragrance appeal to my taste, but Camels have a refreshing way of bringing my energy up to a higher level. And I can smoke all the Camels I want, for they don't interfere with my nerves."

So, whenever you want a "lift," just smoke a Camel. You can smoke them steadily. For the *finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS in Camels never get on your nerves.*

CAMEL'S
Costlier Tobaccos
never get on
your Nerves



● **Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.**

"Get a LIFT with a Camel!"

Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

LET'S LOOK AT THE RECORD

THERE MUST BE GOOD REASONS FOR PLYMOUTH'S TREMENDOUS GROWTH

IF YOU EXAMINE the figures on the right . . . the figures in that newspaper clipping . . . you can't miss one big, important fact.

PLYMOUTH IS GOING PLACES.

It has grown in popularity faster than any car ever built. More Plymouth cars are being bought today than ever. It's the only low-priced car in America that can claim such a record.

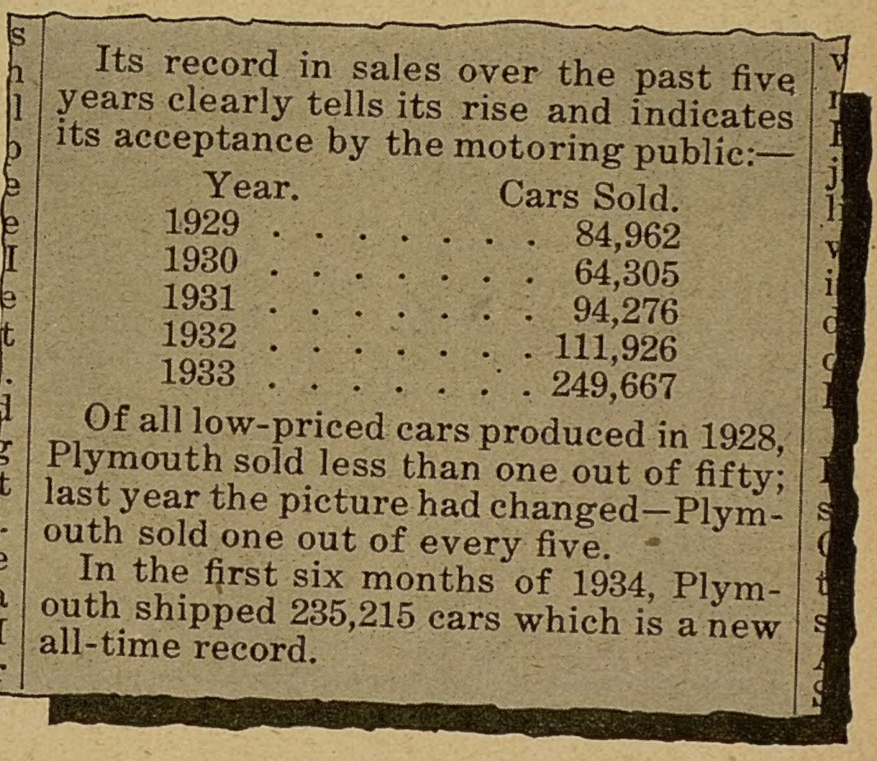
But it isn't only the figures themselves that are important to you. It's what they mean.

A car doesn't shoot ahead like that in difficult times unless it has something exceptional to offer. People don't lay down their hard-earned money these days without making careful comparisons.

What has sold Plymouth . . . and kept on selling it in increasing numbers . . . is the extra VALUE that it offers. In Comfort . . . in Economy . . . in Safety . . . in Advanced Engineering. Things you can see and feel and experience for yourself.

Thousands of people have bought Plymouth because it is the *only* low-priced car with Hydraulic Brakes plus an All-Steel Body. Thousands more have bought it because it is the only one with Individual (knee-type) Springs plus Floating Power engine mountings, for complete comfort.

With all these extra features, you might expect Plymouth to cost more than the others, but it doesn't. Today all three cars in the lowest-price field actually cost about the same.



Its record in sales over the past five years clearly tells its rise and indicates its acceptance by the motoring public:—

Year.	Cars Sold.
1929	84,962
1930	64,305
1931	94,276
1932	111,926
1933	249,667

Of all low-priced cars produced in 1928, Plymouth sold less than one out of fifty; last year the picture had changed—Plymouth sold one out of every five.

In the first six months of 1934, Plymouth shipped 235,215 cars which is a new all-time record.

Think what this means. You can buy a new Plymouth for practically no more than you would have to pay for any low-priced car without Plymouth's extra features.

That's why we say, in all fairness to yourself, "Look at All Three." COMPARE BEFORE YOU BUY. Any Dodge, De Soto or Chrysler dealer will arrange a Plymouth demonstration.

Prices as low as $485 for Standard Plymouth. Plymouth Special Six $560 up. De Luxe Plymouth from $595. All prices f. o. b. factory, Detroit, subject to change without notice. Convenient time payments. Ask for the Official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan.

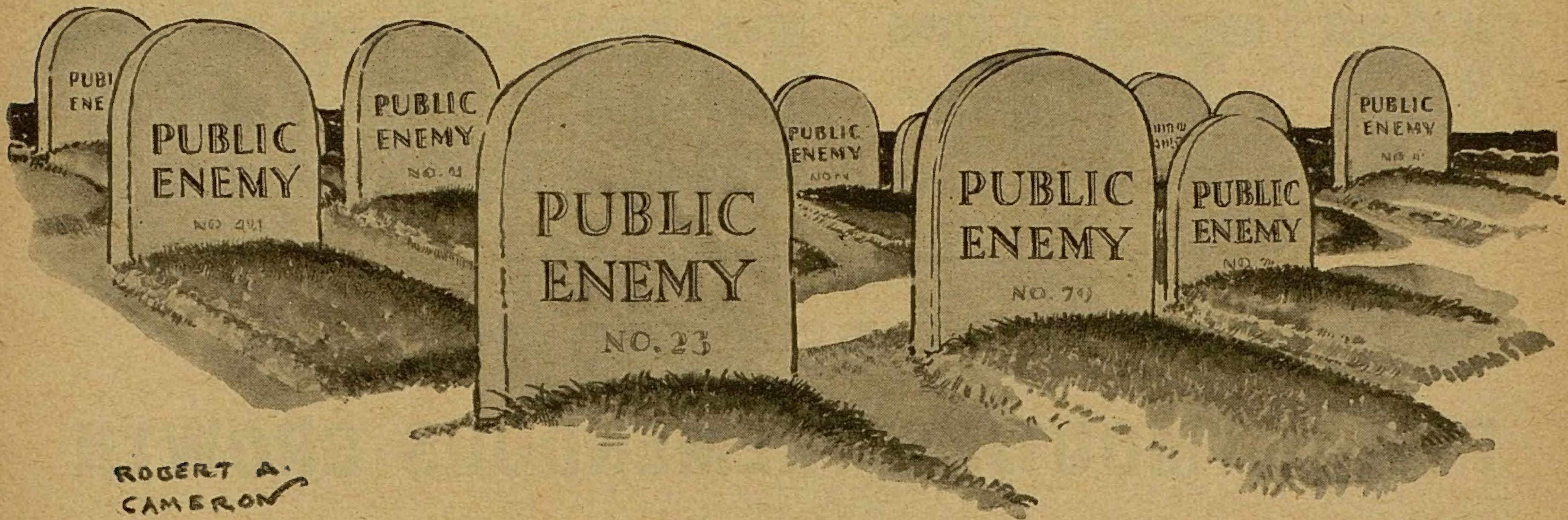
PLYMOUTH $485 AND UP F.O.B. FACTORY DETROIT

SOLD BY DODGE, DE SOTO AND CHRYSLER DEALERS

AUGUST 18, 1934 **Liberty** VOL. 11, NO. 33

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR
FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR

DEATH FOR CHRONIC INCURABLE CRIMINALS



ALL chronic incurable criminals should be executed, is the opinion expressed by H. L. Mencken in a recent article appearing in Liberty. He states that they should be given a reasonable opportunity to reform, but if they are incurable death should be the penalty.

Such a procedure may seem severe, but to obtain a more revealing view of this important problem suppose we reduce the size of the United States to that of a small village.

Now, suppose in this village a brutal murder is committed, and the sentence that is finally imposed, after the heavy expense of prosecution, is life imprisonment. This murderer is sent to prison and all the taxpayers of this village have to board and clothe him throughout the entire balance of his life.

Here is an enemy of society whom every test would doubtless prove to be incurable. And if the citizens of this village were to vote on his fate, realizing at the same time that they would be taxed to pay for his keep the balance of his life, they would undoubtedly end his career by the shortest possible route.

Such incurable enemies of society are usually resentful, and at times arrogant and merciless, and they should not be allowed to live in a civilized community. They are always a dangerous menace, and when treated with too much consideration they have even maimed or murdered their benefactors.

It may be desirable to give all lawbreakers a second chance, but they should be under observation during this trial period to insure protection to law-abiding citizens.

Several years ago a young man was automobiling with his sweetheart. Two men asked him for a lift. One of them offered to do the driving, and after he took the wheel his partner, using a heavy blunt instrument, brutally murdered this kind-hearted young man. The screams of his sweetheart doubtless made her very troublesome. She suffered a similar fate, and the two bodies were apparently thrown out of the moving car.

Do such human mad dogs deserve the slightest consideration from society?

Should the people be taxed under any circumstances to board and clothe men of this type?

It was the Master who said if you are smarting from a blow on one cheek to turn the other, but such a procedure can hardly be recommended when your assailant is minus a conscience. Some enemies of society are cruel and vindictive, absolutely without an atom of gratitude or appreciation for anything that is done for them. And, regardless of what may be the psychological reason for innate brutality, society should be protected from them at any cost.

We might as well turn a merciless savage loose among a group of children as to allow freedom to men of this type. They belong behind bars until their fate can be decreed. And justice should be swift and certain, with but one penalty for these human degenerates, and that is the shortest route to the cemetery.

There is not a taxpayer in this country—and we all pay taxes, directly or indirectly—who will not bitterly resent an expense, be it ever so small, for boarding and clothing criminals of this type, and that is what a life sentence literally means.

In some prisons, doubtless, the labor of the inmates balances the cost of their support. But there is always the possibility of escape, and then the terror-stricken inhabitants residing in that vicinity have to face an appalling danger not unlike the loosening of wild beasts within their midst. For criminals of this type are usually little more than irresponsible maniacs.

We unequivocally indorse Mr. Mencken's recommendation—death for chronic incurable criminals.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 62

Published weekly by the Liberty Publishing Corporation, 1926 Broadway, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Advertising Office, Graybar Building, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1934, by Liberty Publishing Corporation in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. All rights reserved. In the United States and possessions, in Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5¢ a copy, $2.00 a year. In Argentina, Bahamas, Bermuda, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Jamaica, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Honduras, Salvador, Uruguay, Venezuela, $3.50 a year. In Continental Europe and British Empire, $5.00 a year. In all other countries, $6.00 a year. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by first-class postage), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

At Last . . . . The Answer *to the* Riddle *of the* Sphinx *of the* Screen

An Unknown Chapter in GRETA GARBO'S LIFE

by Her Friend from Childhood

KAJ GYNT

as told to

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

PART ONE—THE LADDER TO HEAVEN

IT is strange sometimes to look back and think how well I knew the girl who grew up to be Garbo.

And stranger to think that the mystery that has enthralled the world was so plainly written in the untold chapters of her childhood.

We were just children together. Children, and then young things growing up, starting out into life and love. A group like thousands of others. Yet one of us, the little girl we knew as Greta Gustafson, was to become the most famous woman in the world.

Why?

What was there about the child of seven, eight, ten, whom I saw every day in the schoolroom, whom I knew so well during her first girlhood romance, that was different?

What heritage did she have, what happened to her then that wove her into the creature of genius and beauty who was to affect a whole generation?

Many times I am asked if we knew then, we who were her chums and playmates, that she was different.

And I say truthfully, "We knew very well then that Greta was not like us—that she was full of mystery and that she thought not as

The mother of Garbo—Fru Alma Gustafson, who imbued her infancy's imaginings with folklore.

ordinary children thought."

For years now people have tried to fathom that mystery; they have given it many names and brought forth many reasons. They have tried to analyze the Garbo charm, which is different from the charm of any other woman, which holds great audiences spellbound in some nameless beauty that is like the very changing, nameless charm of the sea.

But to me, who knew her so well as a child, the answer is plain.

Garbo has never lived in the real world as we live in it. She lives now, as she lived then, in a world of dreams. When she could no longer play by herself those lovely fancies, she created rôles that great dramatists had written, and to her they were that same escape from the ordinary things that she sought when she was a little schoolgirl. And she is mysterious because the world of dreams is still more important to her than the world in which she refuses to live and from which she has ever tried to escape.

U. & U. photo

Garbo—Greta Gustafson—in her school days. A picture from the old family album.

There was a quaint little staircase upon the side of a hill just below the house where Greta Gustafson lived as a child—a crooked little flight of steps, leading from one street to another in the hill district of the South Side. To the rest of us it was just a staircase, and we ran up and down it like small goats, never giving it a thought.

But Greta used to sit upon the third step, quiet, intent, and her small face was all eyes, eyes that did not seem to see what was going on around her.

One afternoon a teacher of the school passed by and saw her there, her knees up under her chin and that grave, considering look upon her face. "Do you like to sit upon those stairs?" said the lady kindly.

The child looked at her, starry-eyed, grave as always. "Oh, yes," she said; "but these are not stairs."

"Not stairs?" The teacher laughed in a puzzled way.

"No," said Greta, shaking her head. "This is a ladder. It is Jacob's ladder. It goes right up—and up—and up—to heaven."

"Then I should think that you would sit upon the top step and thus be nearer heaven."

Like a little princess the child threw back her head and looked the woman full in the eyes. There was disdain in her glance. "Ah," she said, "if you sit on the top step it would not go to heaven. It is only from down here that one sees it go straight up to heaven."

And then she seemed to forget the teacher and "look straight up to heaven." The teacher went away puzzled and told her friends that the little Gustafson girl was a strange child.

We used sometimes to think she was a little girl out of our favorite stories of Hans Christian Andersen, and we would whisper about her, and wonder if she were the girl of the matches, or the little girl in the story of the snow queen. We never laughed at her, as children sometimes do at those who are different. To us, even then, to this little group who were her first small audience, she was already the heroine of fairy tales. Nor could we have told why.

BUT years later one of the teachers we had in that first school spoke to me of Greta.

She said, "I wish I had known then as much as I know now about children. I used to think she was just stubborn. And perhaps spoiled. She was by far the prettiest little girl we ever had in our school and I thought that she was taking advantage of that. When I wanted her to do something and she held back, I used to give her hair a pull to show that I meant business. Then, swallowing her tears, she would do as I said. Often I had to force her into play with the other children, but she always went with her eyes downcast, and she would never smile. Her aloofness was pitiful, as I look back upon it. She could not enter into the childish play. At last I found that a smile, a word of praise went further with Greta than anything else. She would glow and expand under it like a flower.

"Best of all her studies she liked geography. But whenever I asked her to stand up before the class and point out something on the map, she would tremble violently, and I would let her go back to her seat, and she would sit there motionless, all color gone from her cheeks. I know now that she could not bear to have all eyes upon her, upon Greta as a person.

"There was a great sensitiveness in the child, a deep undercurrent that I suppose must have been an emotional and temperamental nature. I never had another child like her in my school. When she was praised for good work, she would beam and smile radiantly. And then a few moments later she would weep, as though at some deep inner despair.

"Always it was difficult to keep her at her lessons, but especially so in the spring. Her eyes followed the drifting clouds. Her spirit was like a harp, upon which the slightest thing had an effect.

"But shy as she was, she was always kind-hearted. One day another little girl was late to class and I had to scold her, and she cried. Greta, forgetting that shyness which usually held her speechless, rushed to her, put her arms about her, and said, 'Don't you cry, dear. Teacher was late herself a few days ago. It can happen to any one.' I knew what courage it took for Greta to draw all eyes upon her. And I had been late, so what could I say?"

Sometimes now in Stockholm I meet one or another of those children who were in school with little Greta. We look back, we remember, and then we see the great Garbo, and of course we talk about her. Always it is the same thing that we say: "Do you remember her eyes? They were always different—they were always wonderful."

Where did she come from, the great Garbo? Who were her father and mother?

That, in all history, in all biography, is of vital importance, for we realize more and more how much the father and mother of the great ones of the earth affect their destiny. Never have I seen Greta's father and mother portrayed as they were. The father is painted as a Swedish workingman, dependable, honest, respectable. The mother as a comfortable, plump housewife. And in some measure I suppose this is true, but it is only half truth at best.

For how can that be true? How could the poetry and romance and genius of a Garbo come from people who had nothing of all these things?

It was a plain, an ordinary household, of course. But there were amazing qualities in it.

I would like to tell you for the first time just what kind of a man Greta's father was, the man I used to see when I went home from school with Garbo. He was so remarkable a man that I, a mere schoolgirl, never have forgotten him.

A machinist, yes. But more—so much more.

Garbo's grandmother, who may also have tinted her dream world with myths.

Left: Garbo's father. He used to seem "a prince in disguise," Kaj Gynt says.

I THINK that Greta Garbo's father was one of the handsomest men I have ever seen in all my life. He was very tall—well over six feet—and very fair. His face had lines of classic beauty. When he and Greta walked out in the long evenings, hand in hand, people always turned to look at them—the tall handsome man and the small grave girl who was so like him. They had an air that I do not even yet understand. It was a look of race, of breeding. As you watched their fine clean-cut lines, their graceful movements, you had a feeling that all people should be made in those fine proportions, should move with that perfection and ease.

But Greta's father was more than a handsome man. He was kindly, he was courteous, he had much knowledge. We children used often to say that some day it would be found that Mr. Gustafson was really a prince in disguise. As we grew older we wove all sorts of stories about him. The other men liked better than anything to go to his home. He could be so gay! He sang so delightfully—and he knew so many songs, not only the songs of Sweden but the songs of all the great composers and of many lands. He knew some of the great poems of the world, and could say them, and sometimes when we came home with Greta in the afternoon and gathered about him, he would read to us. Or sing us the classics.

So you see, Greta, while she was of the middle class and had only an ordinary education, absorbed from her father much more than the average child is given.

Her mother, true, was not educated, was not a talker nor a reader like the father. But sometimes I have thought that perhaps she affected Greta more deeply.

She came, this mother of Garbo, from Värmland. And of all places in the world, that is the country most rich in lore and legend. It is the country of the Finn forests, in which you must not venture after dark lest the troll net, composed of millions of dew-drenched spider webs, insnare you.

How can you know of all these strange legends, which become a part of the very soul of those who hear them as children?

How can you know the fears which live in forests, the supernatural beings which turn the most friendly clover-lined road into a kingdom alive with mystic things?

I cannot even skim the surface of Scandinavian folklore for you here. But nowhere in the world are there so many lovely, so many mystic, so many dreadful tales.

Did you ever hear of the Skogsraet, the beautiful vixen who frightens women and bewitches men, leading them into forgetfulness, seldom to return? A stanch peasant who is afraid of neither God nor devil will steer clear of the Skogsraet. They can all describe her.

And this is but one of a thousand legends, a thousand beings who seem real to the people of Värmland.

Greta's mother was steeped in these legends. Her songs, her conversation were filled with these things.

All Swedish folk songs are in a minor key, and through this music and the minds of the people who sing it is a note of strange mysticism coming from the spruce forests, the rushing rivers, the curious fragrances.

Greta was born, was reared in this strange atmosphere of mysticism. She grew up in its spell. As a baby she was lulled to sleep by her mother's sweet voice singing *"Prinsessen sat hoit i sit jomfrubur"* or *"Till Osterland vill jag fara."* How this melancholy song must have impressed the small Greta you can understand

Left: The youthful Greta in a school-yard group. She is third from left in the back row. "She would never smile," a teacher recalls.

Below: Her father, grandfather, and brother. Another picture from the Gustafsons' album.

when you know that she had it played again and again in her latest picture, Queen Christina.

Many of us, like Greta, knew all this strange background as children. But most of us did not have with it that capacity of hers to dream. Each adventure the child dramatized. Always whatever happened to her seemed unlike the things that happened to any other youngster.

Did you ever hear the adventure of the Italian balloon maker—and of Garbo's public spanking?

To me it is a so vivid memory that sometimes I am surprised when I go into a motion-picture house and see there the glamorous Garbo and know that the little girl who ran away is no longer anywhere at all.

It was a day in early June. Stockholm was at its loveliest—all green and gold. The chestnut trees were all in bloom. Nobody wanted to go to school on a day like that. But the rest of us only grumbled about it. Greta walked alone, her eyes upon the blue sky and the blossoms and that grave look on her little face.

BUT it was a squirrel who led her astray. He was such a merry little fellow—and he was free. He was free to run along the fence, to frisk in and out of the grass, to breathe the clear air and listen to the bird songs.

And he looked at Greta with his bright eyes, he ran along beside her, ready, it seemed, to make friends.

Greta sat down on the low fence and opened her lunch. She scattered the crumbs about and waited. Soon the squirrel ventured closer—closer—and ate them from about her feet; finally he actually came and ate from her hand. Greta's heart leaped with pleasure. "You are my friend," she said. "I wish that I need never go back to that school, that I might stay with you always."

And upon her words the clock in the big church boomed the hour and she knew with panic that she was late for school. Like a wild thing she jumped up and started to run. And then she saw the scene that must follow. Before the entire class she would have to stand and be scolded, punished, and she knew they would laugh at her.

"Ah, no," she said, "I cannot. I cannot go."

Slowly she turned. The day was before her. Already her crime was great. What should she do with these stolen hours when all the other children were in school? How strange to be walking the streets of the city alone at an hour when always she was at her little desk. How strange to be the only child left in that city. But how delightful it was! Her spirits soared. She would have this one day—free. She would not go home and confess to her mother. She would go adventuring.

Her straying feet took her at last into a region where none of the children ever went—a part of the now fashionable Fjällgatan, where lived a colony of Italians.

The children of Stockholm were afraid of these peaceful dark-eyed citizens of the sunny Italy. Some of them were organ grinders, some made little plaster statuettes, a few were balloon makers. In reality they were harmless kindly souls. But not one of us had ever ventured into their land. They were, we were sure, pirates and kidnapers and all manner of things. But when Greta found herself among them she was not afraid; she was fascinated. They were very friendly. They invited her to come in, this small girl who was so very grave but whose eyes were so radiant that they said to one another, "She is beautiful as a Madonna."

They showed her how they made the little statues, the gay balloons, and they showed her the treasures they had brought with them from Italy. Soon she was merry, she was wild with excitement, she danced about with them as though she, too, were a warm-blooded Latin.

And late in the afternoon they gave her a beautiful big red balloon, and the balloon maker himself, taking her hand, conducted her home across the city to her own place. The child skipped along beside him, still laughing, and they chattered away together, though neither could understand one word the other said!

What a sensation there was in our neighborhood when we saw Greta hand in hand with the swarthy dark man, Greta with a big red balloon floating above her blonde head as though it might at any moment lift her out of our realm altogether! Her family was panic-stricken; her brother Sven, her father, her sister Alva were searching the neighborhood. The police had been notified that she had not been to school that day, that she had vanished. Her mother was sitting at the front window weeping bitterly.

And then around the corner came little Greta, laughing more gayly than we had ever seen her.

We clustered about her, frightened by her Italian companion, drawn by curiosity that was stronger than our fear. Had she been kidnaped? How had she persuaded

KAJ GYNT

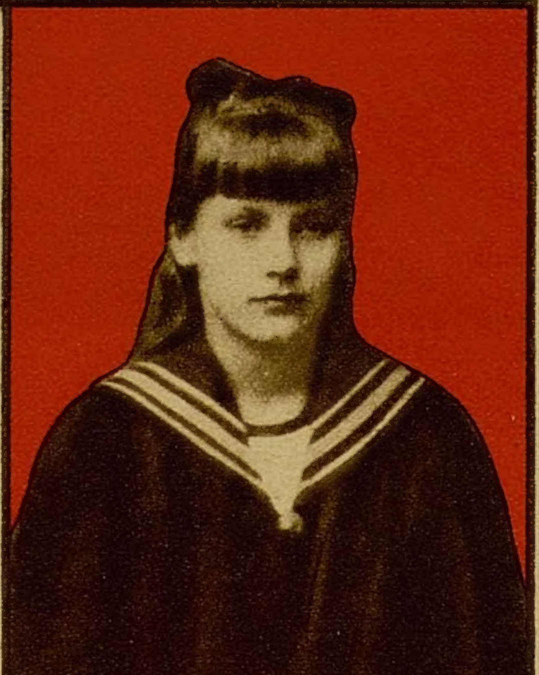
knew Garbo in Sweden from the time she was seven and, coming to America when Garbo was seventeen, suggested that she be brought over. The results were Garbo's first M-G-M contract and the beginning of her screen career in the United States. When Garbo later came to New York, it was Miss Gynt who was her constant companion. This Unknown Chapter contains the first intimate account of her friendship with the star that Miss Gynt has ever written for publication.

Right: The schoolroom. That's Greta back there wearing a checked blouse. Of all her studies the one she liked best was geography.

Below: Her brother Sven as he looked on growing up. His family resemblance to her and to their father is noticeable.

Below: Greta at the age of ten or thereabouts. Would you have recognized this as a childhood picture of the Garbo you know on the screen?

U. & U. photo



the villain to bring her safely home? Where did she get the big red balloon? One of the boys reached out and pinched it; the balloon broke; it was no longer a gay thing soaring toward heaven but just a piece of red rubber trailing at the end of a string.

Greta looked at it, looked at our faces. The tears choked her. Her little face went very white. Her hands began to tremble violently. She looked at us with great reproachful eyes. And then she began to weep as I have never seen a child weep, and stooping, she pressed her cheek a moment against the Italian's hand and then ran swiftly to her home.

That small pitiful face, upon which the dreams and gayety had been shattered before our eyes, I can still see. I know now that it was incredible that a child's face should portray such depths of emotion.

But the aftermath of that day of adventure was very serious for little Greta. Before the whole class the future queen of the screen had her small panties unbuttoned, was turned across the teacher's knee, and while we all looked on was soundly spanked.

It wasn't a very hard spanking as spankings go. But it almost broke Greta's heart. The humiliation of that public chastisement wounded her beyond anything that had ever happened. We all noticed how from that day she shrank more and more into herself. Now she never joined in the games. She stood aloof and watched, her face white, her great eyes unreadable. Now she never talked with the teacher, and even when she was praised for her work she only stared gravely, or said "Thank you" in a small shy voice.

It was—that spanking—the end of Greta's childhood.

And more and more she turned to her father, whom she adored, and to that other great friend of her youth, her Uncle David.

How she loved Uncle David! It was not only that his pockets were always stuffed with good things for his favorite niece. He was so hearty, so full of life and the joy of living, and yet he did not frighten her as did so many people. When Uncle David arrived and began to call for his little Greta, she would always appear instantly from one of her hiding places, sit upon his knee or at his feet and listen to his merry tales.

TODAY Uncle David is the owner of a big taxi business in Stockholm. "Alva, Greta's sister, was mild and friendly," he says. "It was easy to be friends with her. She was just like other children. Greta was different from any other kid I ever knew. How pretty she was! The prettiest little girl I ever saw. I used to think it strange that so pretty a child should wish always to hide herself away. She would crawl under a table and sit there for such a long time. 'What are you thinking of, darling?' I would say to her, and she would look at me with her big shining eyes and say, 'I am thinking about what I am going to do when I grow up.'

"It made me chuckle at first, she was such a little thing to be so serious. 'And what will that be?' I asked her. Quick as a flash her head would go back and she would cry, 'Why, first of all I shall be a great diva, and then a princess.'"

Talking it over now, Uncle David will stop and shake his head at the memory.

"Can you imagine that, coming from a little kid her age?" he will say.

Ah, she did not conform then—or after, when I was with her in America on her first trip.

Nor did she conform as she began to grow up and have her first love affairs. How she stands out in my memory in the growing-up days of which I shall tell you!

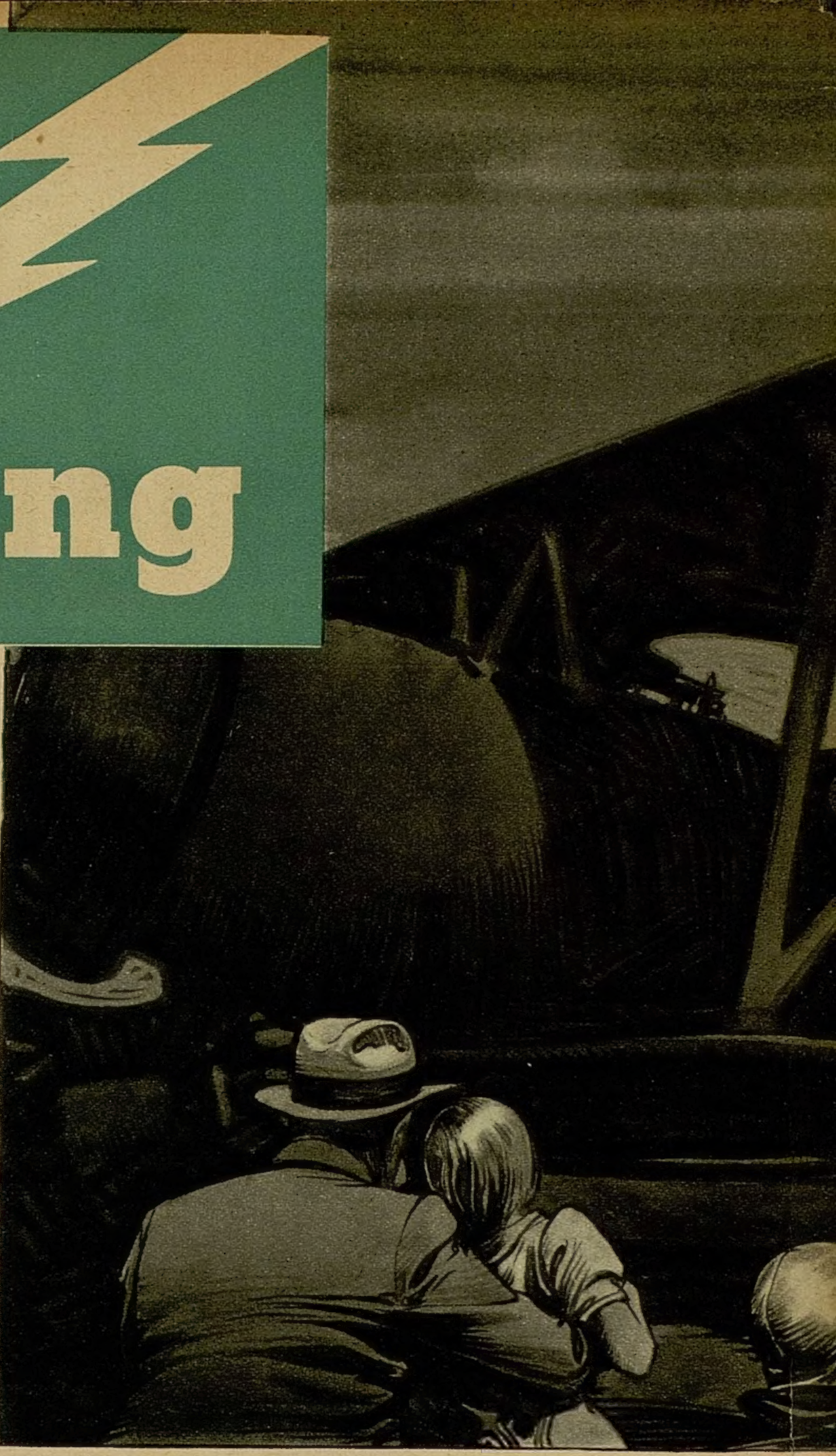
"A few years from now I will be famous," the future Garbo in her teens said quietly to a dressmaker who was fitting a hand-me-down frock to her. Did the dressmaker believe it? Could any one have doubted? The answer will appear in next week's, the concluding installment, of Kaj Gynt's revelation. So will the story of the youthful Greta's very first love, with fascinating glimpses of her as department-store hat model, strawberry grower, mermaid, dramatic school student, and newcomer in America!

Blue Lightning

Romance
Guild

The Story of One Look at a Girl that Led to Amazing Adventure—A Breathless Tale of Thrills in the Sky and a Lovelorn Reporter's Stratagem

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 50 SECONDS



● The whole scene was vividly outlined against a blood-black horizon. The kidnapers' plane headed for the sea. Thin white wicked pencil lines—tracer bullets!—darted on both sides of them.

MR. WILLIAM JEREMIAH WAYNE presented himself and his credentials (oral not documentary) to Lieutenant Shea of the U. S. Naval Air Service unit at North Island, San Diego. Mr. William J. Wayne, girded with personality as with a sheet of galvanized tin, greeted his old pal boisterously, recalled the not far distant days when they left college together bent on carving their names on some part of the globe not occupied by water, had gone their separate ways, and now behold! here they were again: Mr. Shea a lieutenant in a branch of the Navy, and Mr. Wayne a Washington Post correspondent and special writer for the World Feature Syndicate, Inc.! What Mr. Wayne wanted was a human-interest story of the U. S. Naval Air Service. Was it, in other words, worth the jack the government and the taxpayers were spending on it?

" Hail, old pal," was the greeting. " Flattered to show the distinguished journalist around. Let's go."

Oddly enough, Mr. Wayne's clothes didn't indicate any great share of distinction. A button was needed on a serge coat that had no material relation to the tweed pants; a much sat upon chapeau carelessly adorned the granary of his fertile imagination; and tobacco for a chipped and mildewed pipe was kept loose in his pocket. He had a narrow face, tanned with a burnt-in brownness, nose short and blunt, roguish eyes with a side look not exactly frank, and there was about him something vital and daring and likable.

At the risk of having the secrets of the Navy bared to the world, nothing was concealed from Mr. Wayne. The new pursuit planes were mounted with a machine gun having a bullet capable of piercing the armor of a tank. They climbed 5,000 feet in a few minutes and had a diving speed of 300 m.p.h. The scouts were even faster. The single-seater hell divers constituted the deadliest war weapon yet invented. No other nation had anything to compare with them. They were equipped with an electrically controlled gun that fired a drum of 1,180 steel-jacketed bullets and in one burst could shatter to fragments anything in the air.

Well, well! Mr. Wayne was tremendously impressed, but it was not any part of him to say so.

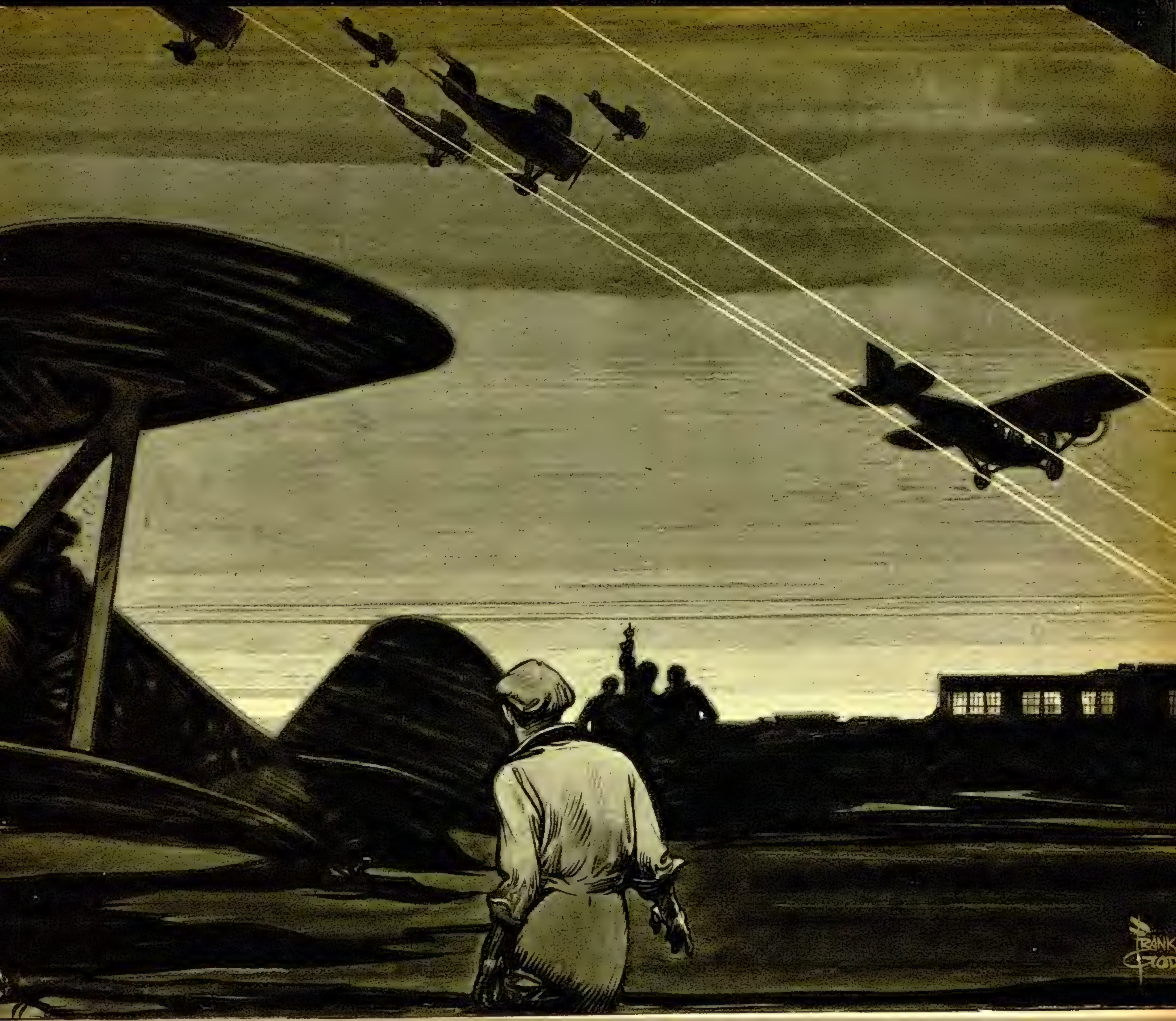
Far above he could hear the hum of a division practicing maneuvers and by stretching his neck it was possible to make out a faint V penciled across the blue. Couldn't make any cracks about those birds. Lord help the Japs if they ever came over! He gave his attention to a group of flying officers airing themselves in the warm summer sun.

" Yep, a dog's life, all right! " he decided pleasantly. " Nothing to do except take joy rides in the ozone all day, and soft beds to lie on till nine or ten in the morning."

" That is," agreed Shea, " when we're not playing ping-pong. The boys will be glad to tell you more about that."

" Don't disturb them. They look like they haven't digested their lunch yet." Not twenty yards away a pursuit ship was being warmed up. One of those 300-m.p.h. beauts! " I'd like to take a blow in that old crate," Mr. Wayne remarked idly. " That is, if she don't fall to pieces in the air."

" Wait here," Shea said accommodatingly. " I'll see



by LLEWELLYN HUGHES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK GODWIN

what can be done." He walked over to the ship and after a few words with the pilot beckoned his old pal toward them. "Captain Ranger—Jerry Wayne," he introduced; and the captain said: "All of us like to accommodate the press."

Jerry got aboard and tipped a hand to his former college roommate. "Thanks for taking me around," he said. "I'll make a swell story. When I get back to Washington I'll see what can be done about promoting you to admiral."

"Much obliged," grinned Shea. "Captain Ranger isn't going that far, but the next time you're around here maybe we can fix it for you."

Captain Ranger took the ship off the ground with practiced ease, opened the throttle, and in one hour and twenty-four minutes set her down on the flying field at Tucson.

"Well, Mr. Wayne—here we are."

"What's about where we were?"

Ranger displayed a prodigious surprise. "Didn't Lieutenant Shea tell you?" he asked. "I live in this town."

Jerry climbed out. "So you birds get off week-ends too," he said sourly. "Yes, sir! It's the life of Riley! Where is the nearest telephone around here?"

IT was cheaper to send a telegram, and when he walked into the Western Union office he walked bang into seething excitement and a scoop! Jerry scooted down the street in search of a telephone. In ten minutes he was connected with the Santa Monica Gazette, on which paper two days earlier he had been unwillingly and niggardly engaged as a feature writer.

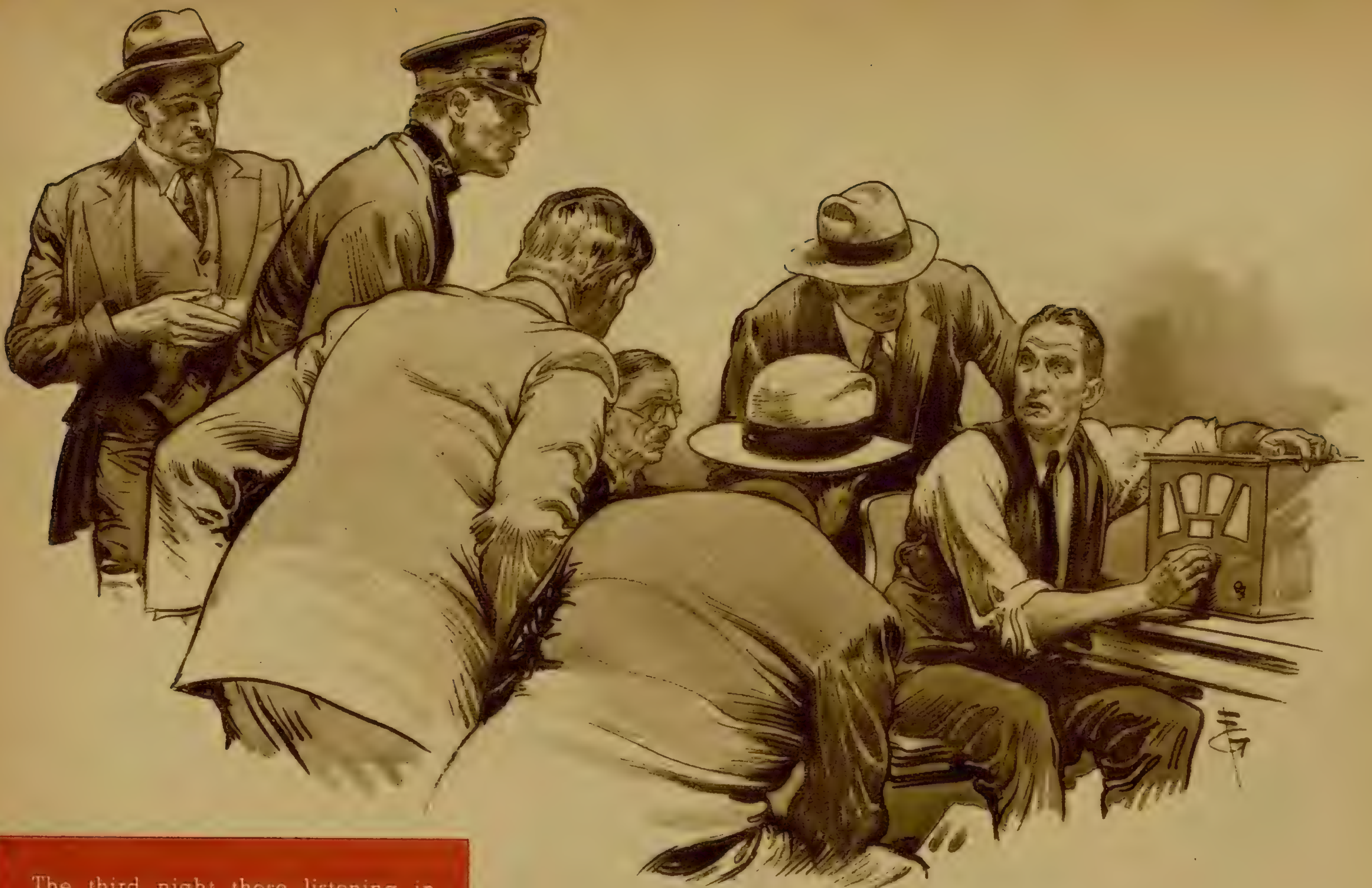
"Gimme Sam Ticknor!" he bellowed frantically.

Sam came to the phone.

"That you, Mr. Ticknor? That you, Sam old kid?"

"Shoot."

"This is Jerry speaking. Say! I've got a swell story



The third night those listening in police headquarters were rewarded. Promptly at 11 p. m. a message came.

for you. I'm in Tucson, Arizona. Listen! Franklin Todhunter, president of fourteen banks and about twenty-two railroads—"

"Who the hell is this?"

"Wayne. I work for you! You sent me over to North Island Field this morning to get a story on the U. S. Naval Air—"

"What the hell are you doing in Tucson?"

"I'm trying my damnedest to tell you—"

And, briefly, this is what Sam Ticknor listened to:

The Todhunters, prominent New Yorkers, terrified by the current outbreak of kidnaping and fearing that their only child might be selected as a victim, had taken the ten-year-old boy from school and come out to their ranch between Tucson and Nogales. Georgie had gone out riding with his tutor. The tutor was found lying on the desert, a bullet in his back. He could give no account of what had happened other than that he had heard a car coming down the road shortly before he was shot. There was no trace of Georgie.

"Now I'm going to interview Todhunter right away," Jerry concluded breathlessly. "For the love of Pete wire me some dough. I haven't even got carfare. And get some one to keep tabs on that coupé of mine which I left outside North Island Field, San Diego. Phone my pal, Admiral Shea—no, lemme handle that gob myself."

IT was two days later—to be exact, at nine forty-three in the evening—before Franklin Todhunter consented to see any one outside his immediate friends and family. Jerry Wayne then was able to see the crushed and broken millionaire only because he was standing on the grand piano looking over the heads of a crowd of police officials and reporters who swarmed into the house. Some fathead had turned on the radio, and while the racked Mr. Todhunter was being plied with futile and senseless questions an orchestra was putting forth jazz! Then, all at once, a startling message blared through the dance music, electrifying all within hearing:

"Calling the Todhunters! Calling the Todhunters!" it announced. "We have Georgie! Stand by for your instructions at 11 P. M. tonight on a wave length of 170 meters!"

There was instantly wild confusion. Contradictions flew back and forth. Some said the instructions were to stand by at 11.20. Others said the wave length given was 720—190—120. For a while Jerry was the king-pin around there. He alone had had sense enough to jot the instructions down.

The police got in touch with the Federal Radio authorities. Precisely at 11 P. M. the outlaw station was heard:

"Calling the Todhunters! Calling the Todhunters! Get $100,000 in old ten- and twenty-dollar bills, and have it ready. We will call you again at this hour some night soon."

THE radio men calculated the approximate location of the station. A check-up with the few direction finders locally available, and lines were ruled across a street map of Tucson, lines that intercrossed on a particular block. Police cars, their sirens splitting the night, rushed to the scene. They found themselves in possession of a three-quarter-vacant block. No broadcasting station had ever existed in the vicinity.

Meanwhile Jerry Wayne was sending through the story over the Todhunters' telephone. "Listen, Mr. Ticknor," he said. "This is something big! I've got an idea how to find the kid, but I'm handicapped without a car to get around in. The Todhunters' ranch is a long ways from Tucson, and I've worn out three pairs of shoes already."

"If you need a car you may borrow mine," said a voice.

Jerry looked over his shoulder and saw a girl. A dress of clinging material indicated the boyish statuary of her body. Her dark hair seemed ready to fall in a rich cascade over her shoulders. She had a short upper lip that showed a glint of teeth, her brows were dark, her lashes long and powdery, her eyes a soft dewy gray, unbelievably beautiful. Jerry *(Continued on page fourteen)*

93 HORSEPOWER · · · 85 MILES PER HOUR · · · 15 MILES PER G

A STRAIGHT EIGHT

Body by Fisher

NOW, Nothing Less Than Buick for You at Its *New* Low Price

People who buy Buicks look to Buick, and only Buick, to meet their high ideals of dependability, performance, quality, value—and price.

In the newest Buick—the finest engineered car at or anywhere near its price—Buick once more builds to these ideals. Then it names the lowest price in Buick history, a price which makes this Buick the year's unmatched value.

From the day the newest Buick was first shown, buyers have needed little urging; and you see the number of new Buicks increasing all around you.

The newest Buick is made Buick through and through. Its engine, of course, is the Buick Valve-in-Head straight eight, whose flashing 93 horsepower provides 85-mile speed, with 10 to 60 mile acceleration in 21 seconds.

Yet it is frugal to the exceptional point of averaging 15 miles per gallon, and owners write that their cars are exceeding that figure, with 16, 17 and even 18 miles per gallon as their experience. Try to find such performance elsewhere at anything like the Buick price.

Give the newest Buick the chance to tell you about itself. Let its Knee-Action gliding ride, as only Buick gives it, reveal the meaning of real relaxation. Learn the charm of its fresh beauty, of its big, roomy Fisher body with No Draft ventilation, of its rich upholstery in fabrics of exclusive Buick design. Then you will know that this is the Buick you will now want to buy.

Series 40—$795 to $925. Series 50—$1110 to $1230. Series 60—$1375 to $1675. Series 90—$1875 to $2175. List prices at Flint, Michigan. All prices subject to change without notice. Illustrated above is model 48, $865, at Flint, Michigan. Special equipment extra. Duco fenders at no extra charge.

WHEN · BETTER · AUTOMOBILES · ARE · BUILT — BUICK · WILL · BUILD · THEM

THE *NEWEST*

BUICK $795

AND UP — *List Prices at Flint, Mich.*

KOOL

MILDLY MENTHOLATED CIGARETTES

A MOST REFRESHING SMOKE

like a downstream paddle . . .
like a breeze from the sea . . .
like a shower on a dusty day . . .
like a tall, tinkling drink . . .

KOOLS are definitely refreshing. They're mildly mentholated to cool the smoke, save your throat, and to bring out the full flavor of the choice tobaccos used. Cork tips—easy on lips. Coupons packed with KOOLS good for gilt-edged Congress Quality U. S. Playing Cards; other nationally advertised merchandise. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) Send for illustrated list.

FREE HANDSOME GIFTS...

SAVE THIS VALUABLE B&W COUPON
—REDEEMABLE—
KOOL
MILD MENTHOL
Cigarettes
CORK TIPPED
15¢ for TWENTY
25¢ in CANADA

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

(Continued from page twelve)

stared rudely at them, absently dropping the telephone receiver and cutting off the coarse outside world in the rasp of Sam Ticknor's voice.

"Miss Todhunter?"

"I'm Mrs. Todhunter's niece."

He extended a grimy hand. "Glad to meet you, Miss—Miss—" She didn't supply the information, so he went on. "I'm Jerry Wayne, Washington Post corres—" (No! From now on—candor, right living, sobriety, kindness to dumb animals and old ladies crossing the street!) "Well, right at present," he confessed, "I'm on the Santa Monica Gazette."

"I heard you say that you could find Georgie for us"—her quivering voice was the most rapturous sound he had ever heard—"so I thought—if you need the use of a car—you could borrow mine. It's only a coupé—"

"Say! I wouldn't ride in any other! Say! in an emergency like this give me a light car every time!"

"I'll ask Fred, the chauffeur, to have it ready for you."

She was gone. She hadn't even said good night! "I'll love her all the time!" he groaned. "As long as I live and breathe! And there are sixty seconds in every minute, and sixty minutes in every hour! And I a bum reporter!"

From the chauffeur he learned her name—Miss Patterson—and he was driving through Tucson and being hailed by a cop for going through a traffic signal before he realized where he was.

FOR two days and nights nothing more happened. The kidnapers were silent. No clues were dug up, and it became more and more apparent that locating the outlaw radio station was the only way to combat the new menace.

The third night, those listening around the various radios in police headquarters, broadcasting stations, and private homes were rewarded. Promptly at 11 P. M. a message came through:

"Calling the Todhunters! Calling the Todhunters! Tomorrow evening, just after dark, take the money in a standard open two-seater plane and fly over the regular route to Phoenix. Turn west from neighborhood of Casa Grande and fly on in a straight line to the Mexican border. Outline fuselage and wings with red lights to be seen only from above. We will contact you and lower a rope. Fasten money to rope, then leave. Any violation of the instructions and you will never see your son again! Stand by for additional message."

And then those listening, and particularly Mr. and Mrs. Todhunter, were galvanized with terror and relief when they heard the frightened voice of a boy.

"Please do as they say, daddy," he cried. "They are going to take me along with them in their plane, and if anything goes wrong they are g-going to th-throw me out."

In less time than on the previous attempt the authorities with more accuracy calculated the place where the message must have been broadcast from. Again the police swooped down on the spot. But although every person in the vicinity was questioned, every building searched, nothing indicating the presence of the kidnapers or their radio was found. The mystery of the thing, the ghostliness of those engineering it, appalled every one.

Jerry felt foolish when, shortly before dark the next day, Miss Patterson asked him if he had any clues. He hated to say no; he couldn't say yes. From nowhere a brazen idea came to him. Todhunter had implored the police to let him conduct things his own way. He had a standard open plane ready, piloted by an expert flyer, the money packed in a suitcase. He intended to follow instructions to the letter.

JERRY sought a word with him. Would Mr. Todhunter let him take his place in the ship? In the dark the kidnapers wouldn't know the difference. Mr. Todhunter shook his head. Worn out as he was, he'd obey their instructions. Jerry stuck to his point. He was strong, quick-eyed; he might be able to get a line on them. Furthermore, to throw them off, he could make up to look like Mr. Todhunter—wear a false gray mustache.

Miss Patterson swung the project in his favor, and at seven forty-five the plane took off and flew as directed over the appointed route. Later, over a black desert, a large twin-motored spectral ship contacted them, superbly handled in the stiff wind that had sprung up. Jerry watched their rope dangling now on this, now on the other side of him, always just out of reach. Once he almost got his hand on it. Then, without warning, the phantom ship dissolved into the blue-black night.

Shortly after 2 A. M. next morning a radio message told Todhunter to repeat the same operation the following night. The instructions carried a double threat, and once more the frantic plea of Georgie was heard over the air. The story was now getting front-page attention in every newspaper in the country. That night thousands of people gazed up into the starry Arizona sky, cold shivers running up and down their spines every time they heard the sound of a plane.

Unknown to every one save Mr. Todhunter and Miss Patterson (for if the pilot knew it he remained dumb), Jerry again took the millionaire's place; and this time, after an effort that left him bloodshot of eye and exhausted, he tied the money to the rope as requested. Late that night a telephone message informed the Todhunters that their son was safe with the sheriff in Yuma.

Miss Patterson gave Jerry a lion's share of credit for this, but in his heart he knew he didn't deserve it. She

(Continued on page sixteen)

Could YOU stop in time?

THE GOODYEAR
MARGIN OF SAFETY

The Goodyear margin of safety prevented this accident because Goodyears GRIP *and* STOP *quicker! Tests show that smooth, worn tires skid 77% farther—and other makes of new tires skid 14 to 19% farther than the "G-3" All-Weather!*

WE get a bit tired of all the "scare copy" that's crowding into print these days. Collisions, cars overturned, people hurt—just to sell you a tire.

So let's take a look at an accident that never occurred—because *Goodyears stop your car quicker than any other tire—and keep their grip 43% longer.*

Skids—not blowouts—the real danger

The fact is, most "scare" advertising talks about blowouts, and yet only 4/10ths of one per cent of all automobile accidents are due to blowouts *or* punctures.

Five and a half times as many accidents are due to skidding—but tire-makers say very little about that, because their tires lack the sure-stopping *grip in the center of the tread* which you can *see* on Goodyears.

What "the Goodyear margin of safety" means

Look at the Goodyear pictured here—and you will see big, husky, sharp-edged blocks of rubber in the *center* of the tread—the spot that counts, *because that's where the tire contacts the road.*

Your own good judgment tells you that this *center traction* is important—and your judgment is verified by other car owners, who buy more Goodyear All-Weathers than any other tire in the world.

But you do not even need to trust this overwhelming proof of safety. 8,400 stopping tests, using all types of treads, showed that smooth tires skid 77% farther than Goodyears—that the Goodyear "G-3" All-Weather will stop a car quicker than any other tire tested against it. And that's what we mean by "the Goodyear margin of safety"—it's the difference between the spot where you stop with Goodyears and the spot where you stop with other tires.

Of course, Goodyears give you protection as complete as it is possible to give from blowouts, by using patented Supertwist Cord *in every ply*—but remember, that skidding is the real peril.

Why tempt fate on slippery treads, when Goodyears cost no more—and when the spectacular new "G-3" All-Weather gives you a bonus of *43% longer non-skid mileage?*

NRA CODE

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

(Continued from page fourteen) was, now it was over, farther away from him than ever. Franklin Todhunter pressed a check for $1,000 on him and Jerry, living light-headedly in the knighthood given him by Miss Patterson's dewy gray eyes, refused it. The poor sap! The nitwit! And he needed a new suit of clothes. He owed money for his room and board in Santa Monica. His car (if he ever found it again) fairly yelped for new tires. Aw, well—what the hell!

"You've been wonderful, Mr. Wayne." Her smile was a quickly passing expression of some esoteric pleasure; it had the sweetness as of something tasted, a delicate perfume, a fleeting kiss. Lord, how he loved her! It was worse than a toothache.

"What's your first name?" he asked.

"Marlene."

"I knew it! It *would* have to be something like that! Marlene. Mar—no, I can't say it. I bawl like a kid when I hear music like that! Well"—he offered her a scrupulously clean hand—"good-by."

"I hope I'll see you again some day."

"Don't kid me."

"I mean it—really."

"I'll be thinking of you every second of the day and night—if that's any comfort to you."

"Don't be silly."

"Silly? I'm a raving lunatic. When I reach Santa Monica they'll rush me to a padded cell."

Again her smile came and went. She was, Jerry Wayne decided, drenched with beauty, warm as the summer sun with it.

"Call me up if you're ever in Tucson again. I'll be here until fall—when I go back to New York."

"What's the best time to phone you?"

"Any time."

He wanted to make sure. "Eight o'clock in the evening?"

"Yes; I'm always in then."

"Every night—no matter where I am, rich or poor, in health or dying of delirium tremens in the gutter—I'll call you at 8 P. M. Good-by. It was the worst and best moment of my life when I first clapped eyes on you. There's something to this kidnaping game, after all! But no! Here's off to try and be President of the United States! Until then—s'long!"

FIVE weeks later, when, in the editorial room of the Santa Monica Gazette, Sam Ticknor was vigorously conducting an investigation as to "who the hell is putting through these long-distance phone calls to Tucson every night?" the news broke that the nine-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Tiffany Edenholm of Santa Barbara had been stolen! The Negro chauffeur had been shot through the lungs as he was driving the little girl home from a dancing school she was attending. The governess had been blackjacked. For twenty-four hours it was debated pro and con whether the kidnapers were the same gang who had operated in Tucson. Then, paralyzing the parents and challenging the police and radio authorities, the worst fears were realized in a radio message:

"Calling the Edenholms! Calling the Edenholms!"

Transmitted on a broad wave, the outlaw station again set a time and specific wave length for further instructions. The eyes of the whole country were turned on the case. Overnight newspaper comment in special and editorial columns became increasingly critical, and now, bursting out like a raging torrent, the public from coast to coast demanded a solution of this latest and most horrible form of kidnaping and a drastic punishment of the offenders. Because of the friendship of the Secretary of the Navy for Mr. Edenholm and the Secretary's closeness to the President, a shake-up of the Federal Radio Commission was predicted.

The little girl's photograph appeared in the papers, and such was her elfin loveliness, arrayed as she was in her dancing frock, legs bare, one pretty foot pointed forward, so captivating were her dimples, her curls, that she went straight into the hearts of all people. It was known that the police had advised Mr. Edenholm to defy the kidnapers, and this too aroused public indignation.

Amazingly Mild with a NEW KIND of Mildness

"Call for
PHILIP
MORRIS"
Call for
PHILIP MORRIS
Philip Morris

America's Finest 15 Cent Cigarette

A lovely little girl like Chiva Edenholm must not be left in the hands of ruffians while the law and radio authorities used her as a political rag doll to be flung around in their interests.

Jerry dropped in on the district inspector of the Federal Radio Commission. Assistant inspectors, police, and reporters were holding a conference. A direction finder in the room engaged the attention of experts. Its loop antenna was set up on a calibrated dial of 360 degrees, the indicator set at right angles to the face of the loop. The loop and pointer were movable, and in operation the set was tuned to the station to be spotted and the loop turned until it reached the weakest signal strength, the pointer then indicating the direction from itself where the station could be located along a compass line. It was, of course, used in conjunction with other finders set up in different compass points of the city. The several operators worked jointly with one another, the compass lines being relayed by phone to headquarters and plotted down on a map. By this method an outlaw station could be spotted within a block of the exact location, and it was this fact the radio district inspector was driving home to the police.

"There's no let-down on our side," he insisted. "We can spot you that station within a radius of two hundred feet. After that it's up to you fellows! It may be a portable station. A 200- to 500-watt phone could very easily be set up in a truck."

Four days passed without any move on the part of the kidnapers. Then, exactly at 11 P. M., their message came through on the wave length they had given.

"Calling the Edenholms! Calling the Edenholms! Last and final instructions! Tomorrow at 3.30 P. M. take a standard open two-seater plane from Santa Barbara and fly over the regular route to San Diego. Turn inland at La Jolla and fly in a straight line over Coast Range to the Salton Sea. If we don't contact you before you reach there, turn and fly back over your own route again. Have $100,000 in old ten- and twenty-dollar bills, and fasten money to rope we will let down to you. One suspicious move and your daughter will be flung overboard!"

Thousands of people heard that hideous message come clearly and succinctly through their own radios. And thousands of people remained rigid, frozen and helpless, as they stood by for the additional message:

"Mother—daddy—can you hear m-me?" It was a forced, trembling little voice, so pathetic, tearful, and utterly defenseless that women sobbed, men cursed and raised their fists to the sky. "Mother—don't let them keep me—"

A pretty, innocent little girl in a dancing frock, her cheeks dimpling in a smile! And as her prayer went out to her parents, thousands of telephone calls poured into police headquarters, to the Federal Radio Commission building, to newspapers, broadcasting stations, to judges, to the district attorney, the chief of police, and the governor of the state, in Sacramento.

ONE simply couldn't listen to the little girl's voice. It tore at the heartstrings. "Daddy darling—p-please let me come home—p-please do as they say—" Her sobs died away. Then silence! Impenetrable black mysterious silence. Almost as if the frightful tragedy had already occurred, people came out of their doors and talked in horrified tones to hitherto unknown neighbors as they gazed upward.

In the middle of the message Jerry kept turning the dials. To his surprise he got the voice on another reading, and, setting his borrowed direction finder on the new wave, got an entirely different location than the one first indicated!

"What the—"

He went back to the first readings and got the other direction again. "Two stations!" he exploded. "Cripes! I've got it! A rebroadcast! The cops won't find the kid even if they do find the station. The girl's liable to be miles away—in a hut somewhere—maybe in a plane!"

Unfortunately this discovery was too late to be of any benefit. The police, acting swiftly, threw a net around the block the radio instruments had spotted for them. Not a single person went unquestioned, not a vehicle was allowed through the lines until it had been searched; and when they gradually closed in they found a portable station in a small delivery wagon, abandoned.

If those were the kidnapers' final instructions, there was nothing the police could do other than follow Mr. Edenholm's plane when he took off. That was flipping a coin with the girl's life on the turn of it. The gang had too much at stake to be burdened with the girl if anything went wrong with their plans. All they had to do was drop her into the ocean. Undoubtedly they'd sit high up on the ceiling waiting to see if the territory was clear before they came down. Without a doubt they had a fast ship that could lose any open two-seater and be over the border if the police tried to follow them. It was an impasse. There seemed nothing to do except let the Edenholms pay, and work out better plans for the next time.

BUT Jerry Wayne dug up one more idea from his frayed sleeve, and when it came to him he thanked the stars that for once had prevented him from blowing his horn about himself. Nobody knew that he and not Franklin Todhunter had fastened the kidnapers' rope to that hundred grand. Maybe he'd tie their rope to something else this time!

As his plan slowly developed, took definite shape, and metaphorically knocked him right in the eye, he looked at his watch and saw it was 3.15 A. M. He had twelve hours and fifteen minutes in which to get busy.

Grabbing a sandwich, he borrowed a fast car and set out for San Diego. He reached North Island Field five minutes before Lieutenant Shea was scheduled to go up on practice maneuvers. Jerry spent almost an hour there, then drove like a madman to have a chat with the San Diego ground-station radio operator, who would be on duty all that day. Before nine o'clock he was well on his way north again. He detoured at Los Angeles and swore one more confidant to secrecy. This was a man called Jed Weems, the pilot flying the passenger plane leaving the United Airport daily at 5 P. M. for San Diego.

"On no account except an emergency, on no account call your ground station from the time you leave here until you land."

"I get you."

At Santa Barbara the harassed and intimidated Tiffany Edenholm refused at first to have any hand in the proposal. His daughter's life was in the balance and he was determined to carry out the kidnapers' instructions and give them the money. It required a person-to-person phone communication between Mr. Edenholm and Franklin Todhunter in Arizona before Jerry, disguised as Edenholm, took his place in the pay-off plane.

He hopped off at three thirty, timing to reach Los Angeles around four thirty and be approximately *half an hour ahead* of the San Diego plane piloted by Jed Weems. Flying over the regular route at a cruising speed of 100 m.p.h., the Edenholm pilot took the ship inland off La Jolla as instructed, and pointed her nose east, flew over the Coast Range, and went on over the bleak stretches of the desert to the Salton Sea. It had the loneliness of the sea, gray with cactus and chaparral, no sound over it but the gentle murmur of a summer wind and the drone of a lonely plane. Crows, like scraps of burnt paper, drifted away.

Soon the Salton Sea lay before them. At a signal from Jerry the pilot came round and headed back. About halfway over the desert Jerry saw a speck way above and slightly ahead of him like a pin prick of black in the sky. It swooped down at incredible speed, swept around them, and lowered a rope. Jerry, still not definitely sure if they were the kidnapers, then took a chance and sent the routine call-in to the ground station, knowing it might be picked up by the man at the radio in the kidnapers' plane. He said: "Jed Weems in 346 to San Diego. Five south Laguna. Five thousand scattered cirrus stratus ceiling. Unlimited visibility."

The San Diego ground-station operator knew what to do, and he lost no time at it. The rest was now up to Mr. William Jeremiah Wayne, and although his heart was pounding against his ribs he proceeded to play the worried, trembling, butter-fingered Tiffany Edenholm to the life. One important thing to remember was to have his back and the kidnapers' backs to the Coast Range when the time came. That range was an important cover if the plans went through, and Jerry had a mirror in which he could see behind him without turning.

But first of all, as any man would naturally do before parting with $100,000 in currency, he wanted to be sure of things. Was the girl still alive? Were the men in that ship the real kidnapers or another gang trying to get away with $100,000 for nothing? Jerry displayed a strip of board on which was painted:

MUST SEE CHILD BEFORE I FASTEN MONEY TO ROPE

There was a delay before this was read and acted upon, both ships in the meantime going round in a broad circle, Jerry's plane edging nearer to the protective range. The twin-motored cabin plane came alongside at a distance of one hundred feet or so, and Jerry saw the white, strained, and tearful face of a little girl pressed against a small window, her swollen lips vainly calling out a message that couldn't be heard. He also saw two men at the controls, and the dim forms of at least three other men in the cabin. He raised an arm by way of letting them know he was satisfied.

The larger ship then got above him, and for ten minutes the nervous " Mr. Edenholm " tried vainly to catch the rope. There was, quite evidently, nervousness aboard the other plane, for they came down and dived around in an obviously frantic warning to speed things up, one of the men shouting at Jerry and menacing him with a fist.

Again the powerful twin-motored ship got into position above; again their rope whipped back and forth, once striking Jerry across the face and almost knocking off his disguise! With such accuracy of contact, he felt he could not pretend to miss the rope much longer. He got his hands on it, only to spread them helplessly to the men watching when, once more, it slipped from his sweating fingers. He feared that the moment the rope was fastened to the heavy suitcase and they had hauled it aboard, the little girl's body would go hurtling and tumbling earthward to a horrible death on the desert. Jerry prayed fervently as the rope again swung right in front of him. He *had* to grasp it, or else make his suspicious behavior absolutely plain to them.

At this moment in his mirror his eyes caught far above the Coast Range back of him the sight they had been hungering for: a barely discernible flight of ducks migrating south! His heart leaped with suspense. Feeling that he was tying a noose around the neck of an innocent little girl, he made the rope secure to the suitcase, lifted it out, and let it go. It gave an awkward lurch in the air, but the rope held and swung it rapidly upward and away, and even while it was being hauled on board the twin-motored ship was streaking for the border.

THEN a tornado broke loose. Roaring in a perfect formation, shattering the peace of the desert below, a division of nine U. S. Naval Air Service pursuit planes meteored down, throttles full open, and—warning of the frightful destructive power they carried—the foremost section pressed a few bursts from their machine guns. Nothing in Jerry Wayne's life gave him so many shivers on the instant! The division ranged themselves in front, in back, and on both sides of the kidnapers' plane; and lettered plainly and largely on the sides of the ships right and left of the captured one was written:

LAND GIRL UNHARMED

There seemed no need to say more, so implacably were the kidnapers boxed in; but Jerry's radio picked up the division commander's message to his base, saying in effect that they had surrounded and captured a twin-motored craft and were conducting it and the men and a little girl aboard it to Mines Field, Los Angeles, " as requested."

The kidnapers must also have picked up that message, fear gripping their throats. Sweating with excitement, Jerry followed on behind the grim procession. Every second he was fearful that some desperate move might be made. But nothing happened to disrupt the even tenor of that dread pilgrimage. Like some catafalque of the sky, it moved ever northward. There was nothing the kidnapers could do! The Navy pursuit planes were faster; no possible chance of getting away from them! LAND GIRL UNHARMED. Yes, that was enough! It was the only thing on which they could pin any hope, no matter how remote, for their lives. So long as they landed the girl unharmed they were at least safe from death.

LLEWELLYN HUGHES *is the author of a number of short stories and has spent some time in Hollywood. He was born in Wales, spent two years surveying in Canada's northwest, and served overseas with the Dominion artillery.*

WHEN the cavalcade reached Mines Field the afterglow was rapidly failing and the lights in the administration buildings were being turned on. Jerry Wayne saw another sight that thrilled him. The airport was black with thousands of people, kept off the field by what seemed to be half the police force of Los Angeles. Motor cars clogged the roads as far as the sea. Nothing seemed to move or make a sound down below. The vast crowd of people waited in a dread and ominous silence. Only when the Navy planes dipped down and, still surrounding the captured ship, touched their wheels to the ground simultaneously—only then a great shout went up from thousands of parched throats and police lines were in danger of being broken by a half-crazed mob thirsting for vengeance.

And then a frightful thing happened. While the propeller of the kidnapers' plane was still turning, its twin motors ticking over, landing wheels still running over the field, the little Edenholm girl was thrown out! With the mob running toward them, the kidnapers took a desperate chance to escape, and for a crucial moment it promised success. The Navy planes had landed, and curiously enough not one of them made any effort to get in the air again; they seemed willing to let the kidnapers get away in the gathering gloom overhead. And darkness, of course, was their hope of salvation. Their powerful engines were suddenly at full blast. They tore across the field, narrowly missing the wing tip of the forward Navy plane and a wave of shouting men coming toward them, shot recklessly into the air, made a suicide turn, and were off over the ocean!

Then blue lightning struck! From above came an increasing fortissimo as the thunderbolt swept down. Jerry gasped as he looked upward. Unseen, a division of Navy hell divers had accompanied them all the way, watching from a high elevation. Down they came in a concerted diving scream! What was it Lieutenant Shea had told him that day at North Island Field? Three hundred m.p.h.! Steel-jacketed bullets that could pierce the armor of a tank, that in one burst could shatter into fragments anything in the air!

Jerry Wayne hadn't quite believed that; but now, while his protecting arms were around the terrified, partly bruised, but otherwise safe little Edenholm girl, he and thousands of other horrified people like him witnessed the truth of it. The roar of the hell divers, the deadliness of their fire, the quick ruthless execution of it all, the division evidently acting on orders—the whole scene was incredible! It was vividly outlined against a blood-black horizon that caught a glint of light from the cold unruffled surface of the Pacific.

The kidnapers' plane was headed for the sea. First, by way of one final warning, thin white wicked pencil lines—tracer bullets!—darted on both sides of them while the kidnapers kept going at top speed, praying for darkness to blanket the world. There wasn't a sound on Mines Field. Everybody and everything was hushed, all eyes staring west.

The hell divers could no longer hold their fire. In two seconds the twin-motored ship and the men aboard it were blasted—there was no other word for it—blasted out of the air! A burst of red instantly mirrored itself on the glass of black sea as the ship seemed to crack into fragments. Bits of fiery material cascaded down and hissed in the water.

Little Miss Edenholm had her arms tightly clasped around Jerry's neck. She was crying pitifully. Jerry, directed to take her to her parents in a car at the end of the field, was escorted there by a guard of police. Jerry saw that he was being regarded as a hero by all; even the police were solicitous in their attentions. Somebody had let the cat out of the bag.

"Mr. Wayne," said a reporter who formerly had snubbed him, "how many men were aboard that plane?"

"Five. And a rock-filled suitcase."

"Didn't you give them the money?"

"What d'you take me for, feller? A mug like yourself?"

He little knew that by tomorrow he would have upward of $25,000 in rewards, his name on the front sheet of all the newspapers that counted, and, wonder of wonders, a bid to join the staff of the Washington Post!

He was thinking of something closer to his heart. And glancing at his watch he saw that it registered one minute to eight!

"Cripes!" he hollered, dashing through a gap in the crowd. "Where the hell is the nearest telephone around here?"

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If tho same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—Who were the first Quakers to arrive in America and when?
2—How long did it take to complete the Washington Monument?
3—What does the abbreviation A. D. mean?
4—What is the full name of the Prince of Wales?
5—Which is the older, the National or the American Baseball League?
6—What is zymase?
7—How many motion-picture theaters are there in the United States?
8—What is the difference between the functions of a grand jury and a petit jury?
9—What people are nicknamed Bluenoses?
10—Who said, "We must all hang together, or assuredly we shall all hang separately"?
11—What are purists?
12—What famous woman painter often dressed as a man?
13—Where is the Little Church Around the Corner?
14—Who is the author of the saying "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb"?
15—What river is known as "China's Sorrow"?
16—How many men are required to fasten one rivet in a steel skyscraper framework?
17—Who was Tecumseh?
18—From what large city in the United States does one travel *south* to enter Canada?
19—What are Peter's Pence?
20—What is a koala?

(Answers will be found on page 41)

Divvy up!

It's much too good to keep . . . this idea of cooler smokes for the summer-time. Because Spud's gentle menthol-coolness does for hot-weather smoking what a lake breeze does to a dog day . . . or an organdie frock to a midsummer night. *You'll like it!*

Why Spuds refresh you. It's menthol that makes Spuds cool . . . but not menthol in the *smoke*. The menthol does its work *in the cigarette* . . . by simply cooling the smoke. So Spud gives you just pure tobacco goodness . . . *with the heat taken out.*

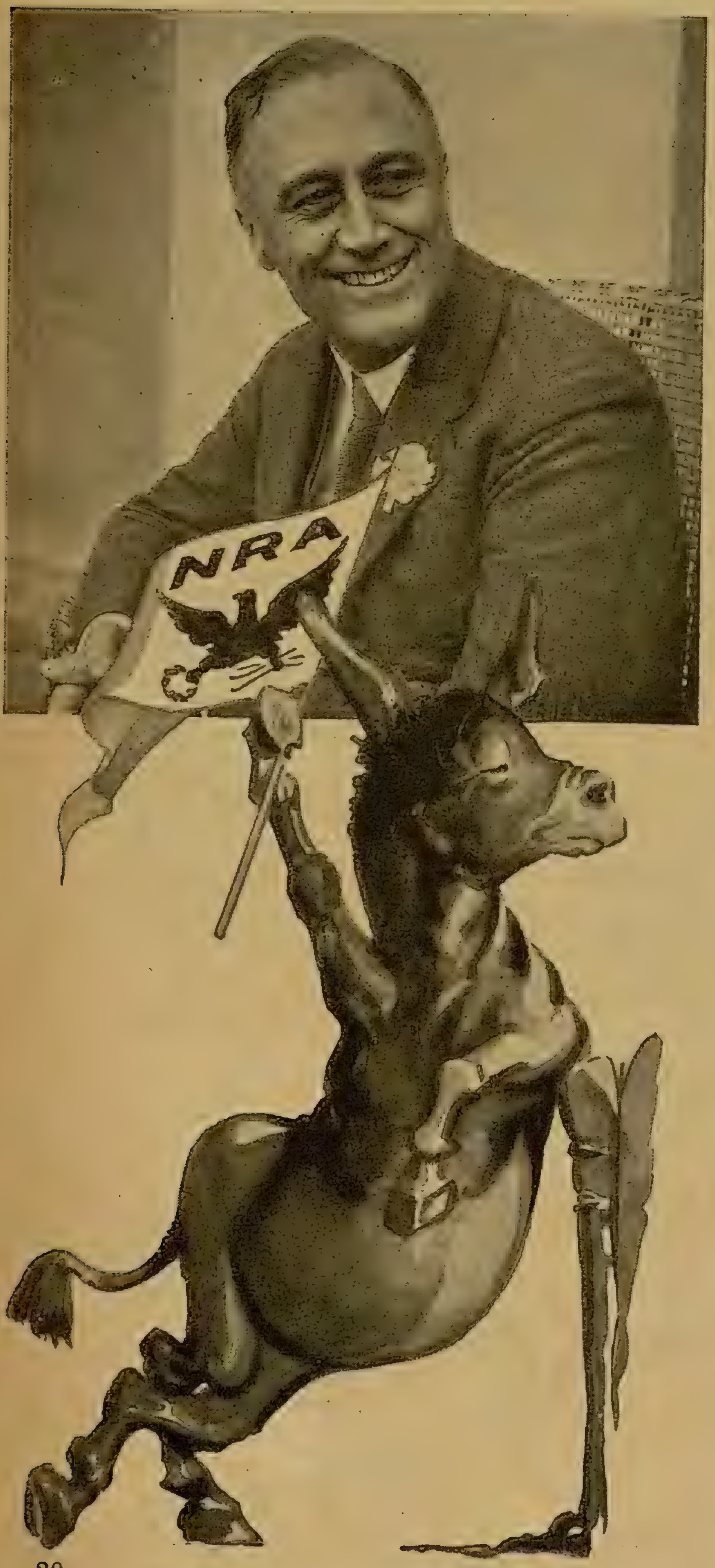
CORK TIP or PLAIN

Spud
Menthol Cooled
CIGARETTES
CHOICE TOBACCO

SPUD
MENTHOL-COOLED
CIGARETTES
15c FOR 20
(25c IN CANADA)

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INCORPORATED, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

What Republicans Will Do Next



The New Dealer, his party, and his "intellectual theorists" will be targets for the missiles listed by Senator Dickinson.

READING TIME • 12 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

THE next political campaign will be a contest between representative constitutional government and an effort to socialize business, control individuals, and regiment their occupations.

It should be recalled that the American people have never cast a majority vote in favor of socialism, collectivism, regimentation, or codification. However, we are experiencing such a program at the present time. In the next battle of ballots it will be shown whether the people are willing to permit the government to assume control over their industries or permit a bureau to direct their farming operations.

There has been a tendency to centralize our population in industrial centers. This has contributed materially to the acuteness of our economic collapse.

Our forefathers insisted that a man maintain a farm, on which he could raise wheat for flour, keep a cow for milk, raise a hog for pork, have a wood lot for fuel, and maintain himself as a self-sustaining citizen. As we have moved from the land, we have become more dependent upon society and the ability of society to employ us and give us a weekly pay check.

Just recently we have noted this same transfer taking place in Russia under the new experiment. Under collectivism they are facing the same problems we are facing here, and the drift in population indicates that their problems will become more acute as their farm lands are depopulated and their industrial centers are overpopulated.

The government that gives the individual initiative free swing is the most effective. Collectivism requires mass movement, with the result that leadership is hobbled and advancement is delayed.

Government leadership and political control always cause delay. Never has the government been successful in operating business. It has been suggested that the Post Office Department, if operated by an individual, could be operated at from 50 to 60 per cent of the present cost. This does not mean that I believe we should turn over to an individual the conveyance of the mail. It is a public service that I believe should be held within the public control.

But in other lines of control the government has not been successful. The railroads have not been successfully supervised; our banking concerns have been no more successful under government supervision than before it was imposed. However, I would not advocate the relinquishment of this control; there is too much of a public interest involved.

The theory, therefore, that we can work out our problems by having the government supervise, either individually or collectively, the people of this country is unquestionably without proof in history.

Collectivism always leads to dependency upon the government. When a man is in the frame of mind that he will say to himself, " I do not need to work; the government will provide for me," we are on dangerous ground.

The Republican Party is against dictatorship. The people did not vote for such a dictatorship or such a transfer of power. This transfer of power has been reflected in the gold bill, the right to purchase silver, the right to issue currency, the Industrial Recovery Act, codifying industry.

The Republican Party is opposed to the delegation of the legislative authority to the Executive. It is for representative government, where the people have the right to be heard. When you take away from the House of Representatives its legislative authority over the rights, the property interests, or the economic policies that affect the various sections of the country, you are abandoning the first essential of true democracy. The Republican Party is opposed to giving the Chief Executive the right to negotiate trade agreements without ratification or approval of the legislative branch of the government.

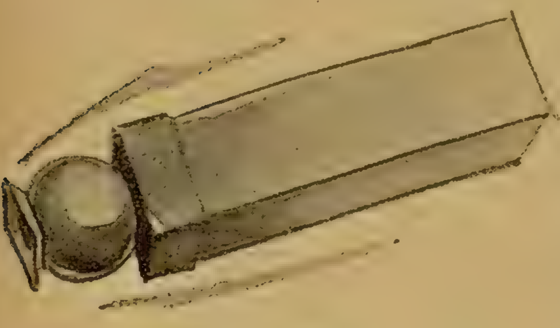
WE now have the delegation of power for the maintenance of tariff schedules and for the purpose of negotiating trade agreements with foreign countries. This is but the beginning of a period of favoritism under the present tariff acts and under the NRA. It is clearly within the power of the Executive to favor any given industry or eliminate it from the trade.

The Republican Party does not believe in such favoritism. It does not believe in giving the authority to any one man to declare any industry inefficient.

Nine tenths of the countries desiring to negotiate trade agreements with us want to sell us farm products, and in nearly every instance they desire to enter our markets in competition with our domestic producers, or they have for export a commodity which is now admitted free of duty.

" Taxation without representation " was the battle cry of our forefathers. At present the duly elected representatives of the people have control over these economic adjustments. In my judgment they should not transfer such full authority to any Executive.

The Republican Party is fully convinced that a regimentation or codification of industry in this country is not practical or workable. In the first place, a code in one section of the country does not meet the requirements in another section of the country.



It has been recently announced that the NRA, instead of " cracking down " on various industries, is now about to crack up in its assumed authority over various interests. Announcement is made that the effort to control fair competition on seven different codes has been abandoned. This includes the cleaning and dyeing industry, the barber industry, shoe repairing, auto storage, bowling alleys, and billiard balls, distribution of advertising and advertising agencies, display billboard advertising. It will be interesting to note what effect this will have on various industries in states that have adopted state NRA regulations covering such industries.

The Republican Party believes that we have tremendously delayed recovery by this unwarranted and unworkable experiment and the assumption by the government of such control over these various service industries.

Business has become afraid. It lacks confidence as to what the morrow will bring. It does not know when it will be " cracked down upon " with some new regulation.

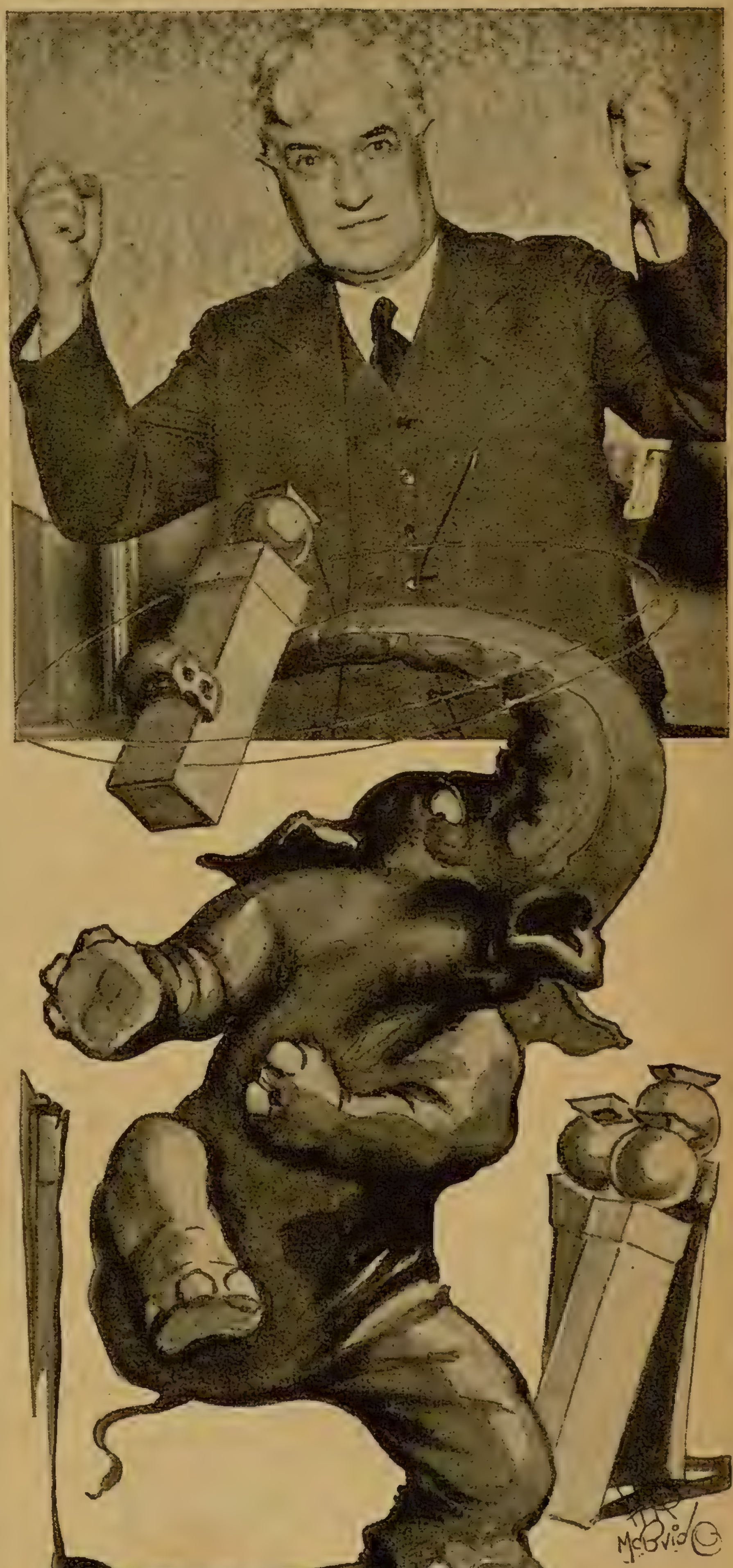
Codification of industry is only practical where you have a limited number of noncompetitive industries. In our

A Challenge and a Forecast of the Coming Fight Against the Embattled Policies of the Democratic New Deal

by SENATOR L. J. DICKINSON

of Iowa, who delivered the keynote speech which preceded the renomination of Herbert Hoover at the Republican National Convention of 1932

CARTOONS BY
H. R. McBRIDE



" It is socialism of the Marx variety!" says Senator Dickinson (above) of the first year of New Deal experimenting.

country you cannot curtail the production of one commodity without either benefiting or damaging another interest. This shows the unworkability of the NRA.

The NRA was organized for the purpose of preventing competition. The Republican Party believes in competition among free men, unrestricted. Only thus can the interest of the consuming public be protected.

The contention that you can pay a certain wage, pay certain rates on a capital investment, pay certain transportation charges, and have the consumer foot the bill, is erroneous. A certain price placed upon a certain commodity means its elimination from the market. This has been proven over and over again in various trade areas.

The Republican Party believes that this program should be abandoned; that industry should be returned to its own resources; that a business man should be put upon his own initiative; that only in this way will the wheels of progress again begin to turn and labor again be employed.

The Democratic Party is proposing to regulate everything through a bureau in Washington. The Republican Party believes that things should regulate themselves by conflict of interests between free men. It is not ready to concede that for three hundred years we have been wrong in aiming at a fuller realization of individual liberties and individual rights; that we should turn back to paternalism, to bureaucratic discipline, and to executive orders.

The Republican Party believes in restricted governmental indebtedness to prevent the destruction of national credit. We are firmly convinced that the present Democratic spending spree savors of a deliberate attempt to make the world safe for every one except those who have property, an insurance policy, or a savings account.

The Republican Party believes in the government paying its obligations in the kind of money promised when the debt was incurred. It believes in giving a government contractor the right to be heard before his contract is canceled and he is branded as a fraud. It believes in the maintenance of a protective tariff sufficient to protect industry, pay labor good wages, and permit the farms of our country to be occupied.

The Republican Party is opposed to all forms of socialism, it is opposed to fascism, it is opposed to communism; and it suggests that the experience in Russia for the past fifteen years has shown definitely that the benefits there accruing are only for the limited few holding government jobs.

The Republican Party is opposed to monopoly and to the trend under the present National Recovery Act permitting business men to formulate monopolies, raise prices, drive out the small business man—and all at the expense of the consuming public.

The Republican Party believes in unhampered free speech, a free press, an uncensored communication system.

The Democratic Party said, through its spokesman for the NRA: "In sixty days we shall know whether the recovery program is a success or whether we are on the way to economic hell."

WE have now had a year of experiment. This experimentation is socialism of the Karl Marx variety, following the principles laid down in Russia.

How long must the American people submit? How long will business continue to regiment itself?

The new bird of prey has been imposed upon the general public. It is called the Code Eagle. It is a semilegal form of coercion. How long are the American people to be coerced under such restrictions?

The theory that any particular policy of any particular group is responsible for existing conditions is erroneous. The present-day depression is the result of the sins of society itself. It was the gambling spirit in practically every walk of life that disintegrated our economic structure. It is this condition that necessitates an economic cure. In finding such cure the Republican Party has a keen responsibility.

When persistent reference is made to the economic collapse of 1929, it is well to remember what happened the previous years. Under the private initiative policy we had prosperity. Our country had increased its wealth; home building had advanced; employment was available to all classes of labor. It was not the fundamental weakness in the system that produced collapse. It was the unrestrained abuses of the system.

But abuses can be curbed. Let us not destroy the system before reform can be attempted. Why send for the doctor to cure the patient after the undertaker has issued his certificate of interment? If death comes, it will be at the hands of the Democratic Party, caused by new and untried remedies, administered by the intellectual theorists now in control in Washington.

It is contended, under the new scheme of things, that we can have a planned economy. Planned economy has only one meaning, and that is restricted opportunity.

IF we adopt the theory of planned society, we will find that there will be no incentive for change. In government affairs, bureau policies are always firm and difficult to modify. Bureaucracy finds its triumph in status quo; private enterprise, in new accomplishments.

Regimentation of industry means the elimination of the small competitor. Regimentation of agriculture means benefits to the favored few but no benefits for the great mass of our food producers.

We are now dealing in a program of balancing everything. The budget must be balanced. If two sets of books will not serve the purpose, we will buy more books.

We will balance grain production to domestic consumption. Acreage will be reduced—and the Lord must send His sunshine and rain accordingly. Pork production must be reduced. But in an even greater and grander scheme, we are now about to balance exports and imports.

The best proof that economic recovery is not the result of legislation is the fact that most of the legislation has been a hindrance. Where is the industrialist that made his own business a success? He has asked his competitor to help run his business. Where is the financial wizard of yesterday? The stable sturdy farmer of yesterday?

Much has been said concerning the condition of the country on March 4, 1933. Without authority the incoming President ordered all financial institutions closed. Naturally there is no executive control over state banking institutions. Many banks were closed that had sufficient cash on hand to liquidate their liabilities in full. Many of these banks have never been permitted to reopen. This was the worst form of deflation that this country has ever known.

It stalemated industry; it prevented any possibility of business revival. Up to this time many banks have not been permitted to reopen that probably never should have been forced to close.

Relying upon the campaign promises that we should have a balanced budget, the first year of the Democratic administration was a period of hope. The second promises to be a period of despair.

About the only thing the new administration can brag about is the fact that the deficit is two billion dollars less than predicted.

Government finances are on the decline. Government expenditures continue to expand. Many observers believe that excessive debt is the road to economic destruction. Other countries have adopted a savings program in order to overcome the depression. The present administration contends that a spending program is the road to recovery.

The Republican Party is a thorough convert to the theory that our budget must be balanced, our spending curtailed; that unemployment shall become a federal, state, and local problem, and some permanent system found whereby the evils of unemployment can be mitigated; that our currency system shall be put on a sound basis, with proper metallic base, through proper legislative authorization in our own country, and through proper international negotiations with the countries of the world.

And, above all, it is the belief of the Republican Party that under no circumstances should we return to the collectivism of the Dark Ages.

THE END

PROPHECY, PUBLICITY, PERPLEXITY

The Movies Warn of War to Come, Explode a Campus into Headlines, Find a Maugham Novel Elusive, and Point the Way Back to the Land

by BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 57 SECONDS

1 star means fairly good.	3 stars, excellent.
2 stars, good.	4 stars, extraordinary.

★★★½ THE WORLD MOVES ON

THE PLAYERS: Madeleine Carroll, Franchot Tone, Reginald Denny, Siegfried Ruman, Louise Dresser, Raul Roulien, Lumsden Hare, Dudley Digges. Directed by John Ford. Story by Reginald Berkeley.

LUMBERING awkwardly through many reels, The World Moves On gathers such power en route that its climax is the most awful, fearful but true presentation of the current era yet to be filmed. The picture is not an indictment of the present age, nor does it suggest a remedy for a world convalescing from one war and preparing for another. But by its almost factual recording of the Girard family—through peace and war, famine and riches, in Europe and America—it attains an impassioned and unbiased realization of today that leaves one a little afraid and greatly moved.

Opening in 1825 on a cotton plantation, the story depicts the rapid growth of the Girard family fortunes in America, Prussia, England, and France. In 1914 the family gathers from all points to meet at the Louisiana manse and plan the future. By now they're practically the Rothschilds of cotton, growing it in America for export to their European mills.

Franchot Tone does the American manager who falls in love with his English confederate, and with her descendant some hundred years later. Madeleine Carroll, Fox's much heralded newcomer, handles both rôles with skill and charm.

Their love having been thwarted in 1825 because the girl already had a husband, the new couple, after a lot of mysticism reminiscent of Berkeley Square, finally get married while Tone is on leave from the war, which seldom has been more excitingly photographed.

After the war the story concentrates on the lives of Tone and Miss Carroll, skimming over the many cousins who have the uncanny knack of being on the spot when any history-making event is taking place.

By 1929 the Girards stand in a good way of cornering the world cotton market. Tone, now living in New York, has just planned the coup, when comes the crash. Then a youngster, grown up since 1918, declares, "What business needs is another war."

It is then, with startling newsreel shots of black-shirted Fascisti, Hitler's Storm Troops, Russia's highly mechanized Red army, the Japanese

Madeleine Carroll and Franchot Tone in The World Moves On.

Edward Nugent, Bing Crosby, and Miriam Hopkins in She Loves Me Not, another film with a college background.

Reginald Denny, Bette Davis, and Leslie Howard in Of Human Bondage, taken from Somerset Maugham's novel.

Thrill to PHILCO'S WORLD-WIDE Performance!

PHILCO 45L . . . $59.95

IF you really have the spirit of adventure within you, if you'd love to visit strange and distant lands—then you'll thrill as never before to the reception of this sensational PHILCO 45 Lowboy.

At a turn of the dial, it takes you to England, France, Spain, Germany, Italy, South America and many other parts of the world. And, whenever you wish, you can return to programs here in America!

You'll marvel at its delightfully clear, natural tone—its power—the beauty of its graceful cabinet—and the extremely reasonable price!

Properly installed with a PHILCO all-wave aerial, this remarkable 45 Lowboy will give you thrilling reception of both foreign and American programs.

Your PHILCO dealer will be glad to accept your present radio toward a new 45 Lowboy—or any of the many other 1935 PHILCOS. There are 49 superb new models from which to choose!

HOME RADIOS $20 to $600
AUTO RADIOS $39.95 to $75

Listen to BOAKE CARTER over key Columbia Stations. Also PHILCO'S program from EAQ, Madrid, Spain (9.87 on your PHILCO dial) Sundays at 7 P. M., Eastern Daylight Saving Time.

PHILCO REPLACEMENT TUBES IMPROVE THE PERFORMANCE OF ANY RADIO

PHILCO
A musical instrument of quality

and English fleets, and the American Air Corps, all armed to the teeth, that the picture delivers its punch.

VITAL STATISTICS: Picture, designed as peace propaganda, released unfortunately during hottest weather when people are least interested in war. Original story thought up by Winfield Sheehan, Fox superman, probably trying to crowd the success of Cavalcade. Sheehan is ex-secretary of ex-N. Y. Police Commissioner Waldo and was started in pictures by William Fox, whose position he has taken as Fox head. Actual screen play written by Reginald Berkeley, who once served in English Parliament. . . . Picture forty-nine days in making, cost near half million. . . . Gracious, lovely Madeleine Carroll was imported from English pictures for lead. Was born in West Bromwich, Staffordshire; a blend of French and Irish. A graduate B.A. of Birmingham (Eng.) University, she taught school to earn the $200 necessary to continue cherished dramatic education. . . . Franchot Tone was born at Niagara Falls and is Cornell graduate. His relations with Joan Crawford remain in *status quo*. . . . Reginald Denny is making what is technically known as a comeback after his disappearance from Universal Pictures' light romantic humorous rôles some years ago. Was Royal Flying Corpser during war. . . . Siegfried Ruman is stage actor making screen début. Was German war lieutenant and taken prisoner. At war camp was induced by two American naval officers to come to America to continue stage career interrupted by war. . . . Raul Roulien is South American Noel Coward, being author-composer-playwright-producer-singer. Knows five languages; his written tangos have sold millions of copies. Made screen début in Delicious with Janet Gaynor. . . . Dudley Digges is Irish actor and charter member of Theater Guild.

★ ★ ½ SHE LOVES ME NOT

THE PLAYERS: Bing Crosby, Miriam Hopkins, Kitty Carlisle, Edward Nugent, Henry Stephenson, Warren Hymer, Lynne Overman, Judith Allen. Directed by Elliott Nugent.

BING CROSBY, who is, we might as well admit right now, our favorite screen personality, again appears in a college background. Now it's She Loves Me Not, based on Edward Hope's novel and the stage success.

Crosby, comedian and crooner, is given little chance for comedy and but few songs. One ditty, though, called Love in Bloom, which he yodels with Miss Kitty Carlisle, will become one of the big hits of the season.

Wanted as witness in a Philadelphia night-club murder, Curly Flagg (Miriam Hopkins) escapes to Princeton University, where she is given food and lodging by Paul (Bing Crosby) and disguised as a boy. When another student taps his father, a motion-picture producer, for a job for the ex-chorine, the publicity attracts the murderer, newspapermen, politicians, cameramen, the dean, Paul's fiancée, and the dean's daughter, whom Paul loves.

Events work out in speedy but not always funny doings that may leave you wondering what some of it is all about and will set Princeton students to asking themselves where they have been spending their four years.

VITAL STATISTICS: Picture from play of same name made from magazine novel by Edward Hope. After spirited bidding Paramount secured it for only $70,000, well out of the range of such value. Picture practically same as play except for pruning of one character: the rich student who was also a communist. Pruning done probably out of deference to the tender feelings of Princeton University and the Republicans in the movie audiences. . . . Sweet-bellowing Bing Crosby is wedded to Dixie Lee, show girl, by whom one child plus twins, first to a Hollywood star. Due to careful grooming by film executives is only radio star who made good as movie star. That includes Vallee, Amos 'n' Andy, Ed Wynn, etc., too. Salary, $75,000 a picture. Nicknamed Bing when child because he rode down and killed Indians with a louder Bing! Bing! than any other kid. Real name Henry Lillis Crosby. Played traps and sang after college with classmate Rinker and got start with Paul Whiteman as vocalists through Rinker's sister, Mildred Bailey, eventually forming nucleus of Whiteman's Rhythm Boys. . . . Miriam Hopkins is a Geo'giuh girl, suh; is exactly five feet tall and weighs exactly 100 pounds. Her hair is naturally what you know it is. Made success as lead in Garrick Gaieties after appearing in chorus of Music Box Revue. Divorced from Austin Parker, screen writer. . . . Kitty Carlisle came from a New Orleans convent and her picture advent is causing a local pride daown thar in gumbo Creole country, suh! . . . Lynne Overman is featured Broadway veteran trying to make good in pictures.

★ ★ OF HUMAN BONDAGE

THE PLAYERS: Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, Frances Dee, Kay Johnson, Reginald Denny, Alan Hale, Reginald Owen. Directed by John Cromwell.

OF HUMAN BONDAGE, a conscientious, sincere attempt to bring Maugham's novel to the screen, may disappoint those who love the book and bore those who never read it.

Leslie Howard gives his usual restraint and charm to a part that cries for something more than restraint and charm. All the parts are well taken care of, though, especially the unsavory, repulsive rôle of the waitress Mildred by Bette Davis, who is admirably courageous in playing the tawdry flirt for all she is worth.

Utterly faithful to the novel, the picture covers clubfooted Philip Carey's life from the time he renounces painting, through two unhappy love affairs and an operation, to his peaceful marriage. The story is intrinsically the biography of an attitude, and, as such, not photographable.

The studios, in tackling new and bigger subjects, are meeting a few defeats along the way, but they are definitely on the path that should lead to an abundance of varied, intelligent, and provocative entertainment.

VITAL STATISTICS: William Somerset Maugham is about sixty. Had melancholy youth; was medical student; gave it up for struggling writership. Now is paragon of fastidiousness, extremely British, and views the world (especially Society) through an intellectually cynical monocle from over a wall of cool quiet aloofness. Was war Intelligence Department officer. Of Human Bondage is largely autobiographical. Only part of novel has been filmed. Maugham is divorced from Syrie Maugham, international interior decorator. . . . Immaculate, restrained, thoughtful Leslie Howard was born Leslie Stainer in London about forty-one years ago. Left bank clerkship to join war. Invalided from British army in 1917 and went on stage to emerge better known and liked in America than on the home grounds. Made screen début in '30 in Outward Bound. . . . Bette ("Betty" not "Bet") Davis is ash blonde dyed yellow, has blue eyes and real black eyebrows, and is much lovelier than the wretched flat-chested Mildred of the book. Is twenty-six; was born in Lowell, Massachusetts. Married school-days friend Harmon Nelson, Jr. (called Ham), the jazz bandmaster at Hollywood Colony Club. Bette's figure's insured for $50,000. . . . Frances Dee was "discovered" by Maurice Chevalier in studio dining room, is married to Joel McCrea, eats two or three apples a day, and took two days to acquire the necessary cockney accent for Bondage.

★ ½ OUR DAILY BREAD

THE PLAYERS: Tom Keene, Karen Morley, John Qualen, Barbara Pepper, Addison Richards, Lloyd Ingraham. Directed and written by King Vidor.

HOLLYWOOD, which has been discovering a social conscience with a bang, offers another little item based on today's headlines.

This time it advocates the back-to-the-farm movement for the unemployed.

Karen Morley and Tom Keene are the young city folks who take over an abandoned farm and open its gates to any one willing to work his share. Directed and written by King Vidor, the basic idea is creditable enough, but its treatment is so unknowing and ridiculous that it draws laughs in the wrong places.

The picture is supposed to end on a happy note, when, after digging all day and night, the coöperative farmers complete an irrigation ditch from a brook to the drought-scorched cornfield.

That the uncontrolled flood of water would be just as ruinous to the crops as the drought occurs to none of the farmers.

They'll learn their lesson, but you won't believe in the picture if you've ever spent more than a week-end in the country.

VITAL STATISTICS: Story, direction, supervision, and financing all by King Vidor, now independent producer. Born and reared in Texas, King Vidor started as newsreel cameraman in 1914, becoming one impromptuly in answer to an ad. Most successful picture was Big Parade, a sentimentalization of the war. Supposedly sold percentage interest in Big Parade for $25,000, thereby losing a potful. Has been married successively to lovely Florence Vidor (now Mrs. Jascha Heifetz) and Eleanor Boardman. Divorced from both. Shoots crowd scenes in public places with hidden camera in order to preserve naturalness. . . . Karen Morley always "walked alone" à la Garbo after début in pictures, caring "more for her chemistry lab" than for men. Now married to Charles Vidor, director, and no relation to King, and appearing in her first picture since her first baby, born recently. . . . Tom Keene is a recruit from Westerns. Was George Duryea until RKO official gave him a cowboy name so's to "fit" him better in horse operas. Wrote short story, made his own screen test, and sent it to De Mille when he learned De Mille needed hero for the ill-fated Godless Girl, and so made screen début. . . . Blonde Barbara Pepper chucked an impending Virginia finishing-school career for the Shubert chorus, appearing in a bathing suit to get a job in The Little Racketeer. . . . Addison Richards is a college worked-his-way-througher, professional ball player, three-letter man at Washington State, Pasadena Players graduate. . . . John Qualen is a minister's son; played the Swedish janitor of Street Scene on stage 1,000 times, on screen once. Was Iron Man of play, never missing a performance. . . . Picture cost Vidor probably around $300,000.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—One Night of Love, Twentieth Century, Tarzan and His Mate, Viva Villa! The Big Bad Wolf, No Greater Glory, The House of Rothschild, It Happened One Night, The Lost Patrol.

★★★—Cleopatra, Treasure Island, Grand Canary, The Last Gentleman, The Affairs of Cellini, The Man with Two Faces, Murder on the Blackboard, Little Miss Marker, Midnight Alibi, Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back, Manhattan Melodrama, Double Door, All Men Are Enemies, Sisters Under the Skin, Glamour, Stand Up and Cheer, The Witching Hour, I'll Tell the World, Famous Scenes from Pagliacci, 20,000,000 Sweethearts, You're Telling Me, Men in White, Wild Cargo, The Crime Doctor, As the Earth Turns, Looking for Trouble, David Harum, Wonder Bar, Carolina, The Cat and the Fiddle, Catherine the Great, I've Got Your Number, Nana, Four Frightened People, Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen, Massacre, Moulin Rouge, Hi, Nellie, Fashions of 1934.

In the review of The Man with Two Faces, Liberty, July 14, Tom Reed was named as author of the screen play. In reality the screen version was the result of collaboration of Mr. Reed and Niven Busch.

Johnson's
BABY
POWDER

● *"What's that you're telling me, Mr. Rooster... you honestly never heard of this powder?... my goodness... the whole Nursery's talking about it!... It's softer and finer than any we ever used before... and it certainly has made a big change in me! Remember how chafed and cross I used to be?... well, now I'm much better, thank you!... You really should try it yourself..."*

Baby Powders *are* different, as your Doctor will tell you, too—though their looks are deceptive. And here's a simple way for you to discover this difference just the way he would under his laboratory microscope:—

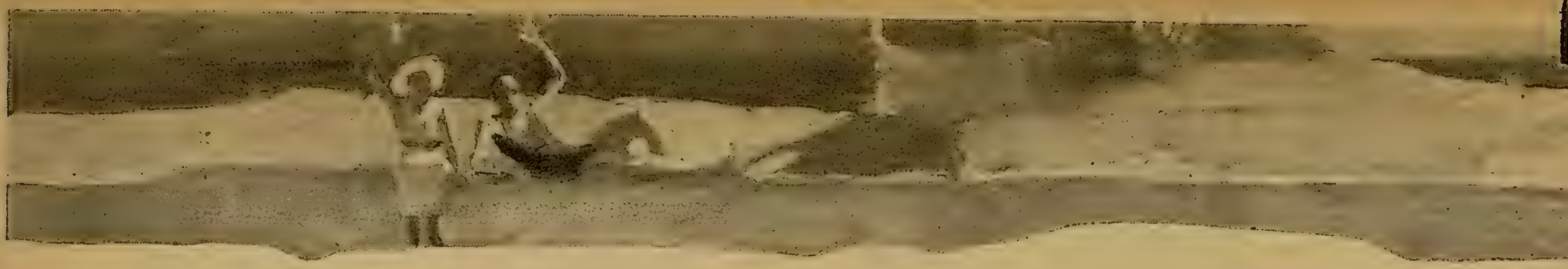
First, try several popular powders between your finger-tips. You'll sense at once the surprising coarseness of some. In others you will discover hard, sharp little particles. The presence of such impurities is an indication that these powders are made from inferior talc.

Then try Johnson's Baby Powder. You'll find it remarkably soft, smooth, and so fine that the most intense pressure does not discover any unevenness in texture. This superfine quality is obtained through use of the best grade of Italian talc—a talc composed of light, feathery flakes. It is important to remember, too, that Johnson's Baby Powder contains neither zinc stearate nor orris-root!

Send 10¢ in coin (for convenience, fasten coin with strip of adhesive tape) for samples of Johnson's Baby Powder, Soap, and Cream, Dept. 147, Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.

Johnson & Johnson

JOHNSON'S *Baby* POWDER



Designing Female

A Story of What May Happen to Those Who Think They Know All About LOVE

by JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 34 SECONDS

MALCOMB wanted to engage her. She was young, athletic, sensible, and her extraordinary prettiness would be an asset with Cordelia, whose quaint little mug became irradiated with worship before any form of beauty. And yet he still held back.

"Look here," he said bluntly. "Aren't you too young, too pretty, to take charge of a little girl?"

She gave the objection serious consideration. "I am older and plainer than I look," she told him. "I am twenty-nine. And when my permanent wave runs out I am a sight. But I admit it's a new one."

She had made him laugh. "How long do they last?"

"Oh, five or six months, so there is no hope for this summer." Her hand gave it an experienced touch under her smart hat. "Why are you so down on youth and beauty? Have you had bad luck with them?"

"Far from it. I mean I haven't tried them. Your five predecessors—well, they weren't."

"Five!" She was rather daunted. "You have had five governesses in a year and a half?"

"Five, of varying ages and sizes," he said grimly, rising to cope with the topic. "And they every one without exception set out hell-for-leather to marry me!"

She started; but his hands, motioning her down, forbade interruption.

"No—wait. I am not fatuous. I'll tell you about it." He took a long breath, then plunged. "When my wife died, I tried sending Cordelia to a boarding school while I lived about in clubs and hotels. We were both miserable. I am not a bachelor! I can't go back and be a bachelor. So I opened the house and looked about for a nice woman, a lady, to run the servants and Cordelia. My cousin, Miss Dunbar, wasn't free then to live with us, so I naturally tried to find some one rather settled." He stood four-square before her, accusingly. "Women are never settled!"

"How true," she murmured.

"Now look at me." His widespread arms invited her inspection. "Plain, wouldn't you say? Nearing forty. The sort of fellow that women lecture about his bridge and brush his coat off for him and sit on his jokes. I never needed any protection against them while I was a married man. And then, almost overnight—" His hands went up to his rough head. "It's awful," he told her solemnly. "An awful state of society where nice women have to scrabble so to get a home."

Her nod admitted it. "Well, you wouldn't have any such trouble with me," she promised.

"No, of course not," Malcomb said hastily, resuming his chair. "It wasn't a question— A girl like you—"

She interrupted: "That is why I am taking a rest from being a private secretary. You see, it is my experience that *men* are never settled." Her eyes met his with so clear a candor that his next question seemed a natural one:

"Why haven't you married?"

"I nearly did. In fact I came within two weeks of it, and the experience left me a bit—well, off the idea." She rose. "Call up my references and then you can let me know. I hope you will take me."

She shook hands and was gone, leaving the office a duller place than it had ever seemed before.

Malcomb telephoned her references, hoping for some sound objection, for she really was too young and pretty; but he met only enthusiastic indorsement. He sat for a long time considering Sarah Andrus.

"Well, the elderly and plain haven't been a success," he concluded. "Let's try youth and beauty. Allie will be there—" . . .

Malcomb and Cousin Allie Dunbar sat on the wall, visiting comfortably in a glitter of morning beauty. He had sent his household down a week before, but he had followed only last night.

"Good here, isn't it!" he exclaimed.

The house, low and brown-shingled, running about like a pumpkin vine, opened wide casements to sun and sea. Cousin Allie blinked at it with a sigh, as though she foresaw homesickness for this lovely spot.

"Pretty good," she said—"until you spoil it."

Cordelia and Miss Andrus were running down the lawn in scanty bathing suits to meet the rising tide. Cordelia waved to them, arm strained up, hand signaling extravagant happiness. Malcomb waved back.

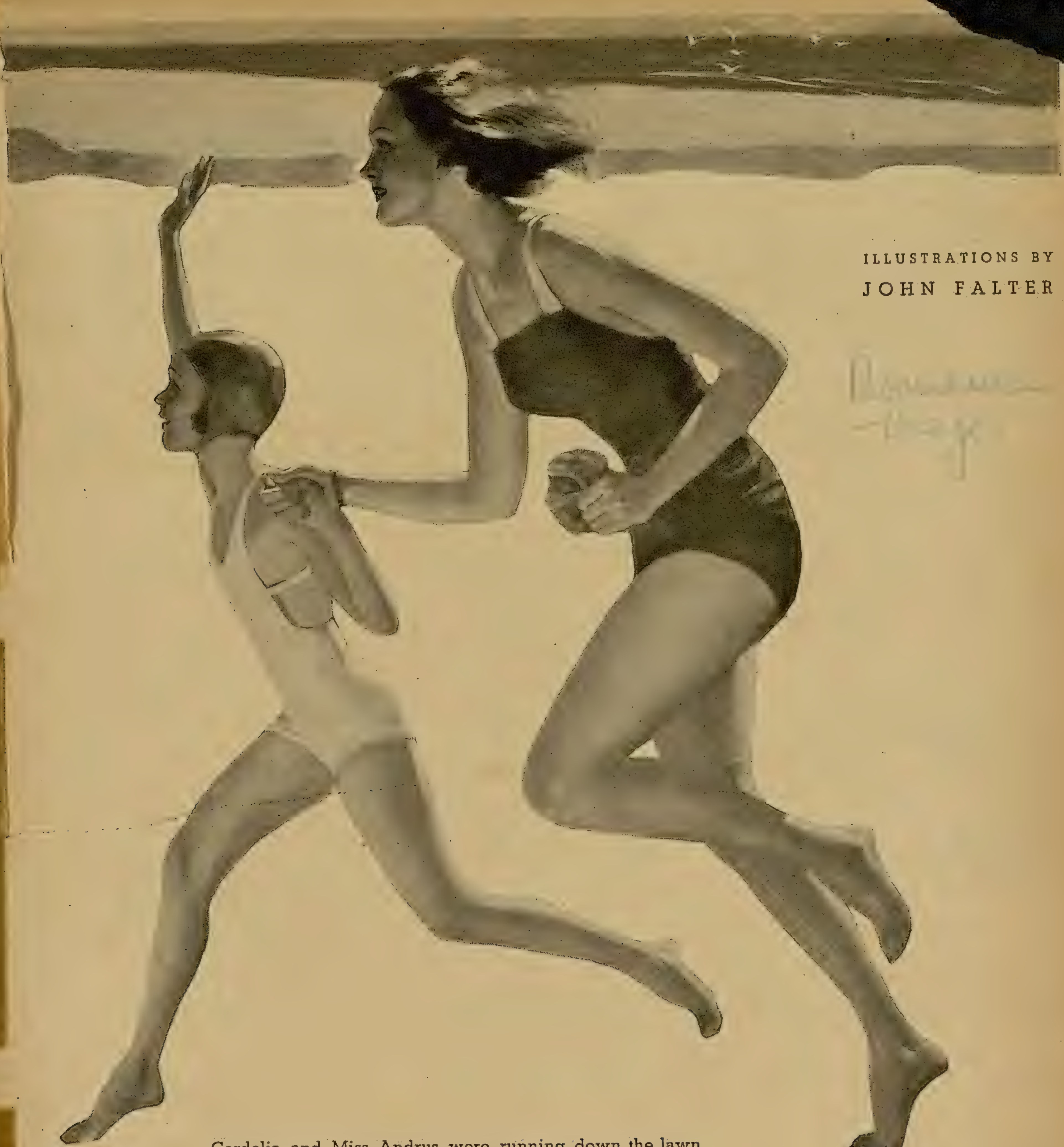
"Nice girl, Miss Andrus," he said.

Allie's "Um" lacked enthusiasm, and he was startled.

"Anything wrong?"

"No, of course not. Very nice girl." Allie spoke with repentant heartiness. "I was only wondering whether

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
JOHN FALTER



Cordelia and Miss Andrus were running down the lawn in scanty bathing suits. Cordelia waved, arm strained up, signaling extravagant happiness. Malcomb waved back.

it was good for Cordelia to be quite so enamored. She has a fearful case."

Malcomb laughed. "It won't hurt her. The child has had a lonely time of it since—" He broke off, rose. "I'll have a swim myself," he said, then turned back to ask, "Oh, what did you mean—that I might spoil it?"

"Make a stupid marriage," said Allie. "Get caught by some designing female."

His nod showed him fully awake to the danger. "My good Allie, five doughty old girls have tried it and I'm still free. We'll hold the fort," he promised her, and went off.

Malcomb raced Cordelia to the raft, and they sat there side by side, happily kicking. He had not taken a real vacation in two years, and he had forgotten that one could feel like this, exuberant and alive all over. Miss Andrus was burrowing through the water, face hidden, arm shooting ahead, and they watched her admiringly.

"Good to have Cousin Allie here," Malcomb said.

Cordelia had only one topic: "Miss Andrus won a cup once. She's going to teach me to dive."

"Did you and she do some work this morning?"

"It doesn't feel like work, with Miss Andrus. I never supposed that history could be interesting—did you, father?"

"Never suspected it."

"Well, it is, with Miss Andrus. You get her to tell you about Valley Forge." And Cordelia flopped off, to herself imitating the piston strokes of her

Malcomb lounged in the sun, thinking long thoughts about homes and marriage. He did not want to marry again. It seemed to him that a husband was always in the wrong, always in the attitude of appeasing and apologizing, and he liked being free to drop his ashes on the floor. But he could not forget about marriage, because it was being subtly suggested to him every time he went out. The past year had been full of single women in the thirties who looked at him with new eyes—appreciative, amused, welcoming eyes that seemed to say, "Mightn't it be a good idea? Shan't we think it over?" Feminine hands were always lying about near his or dropping on his arm. Especially Enid Crosby's. Already that morning Enid had telephoned. And even those who had no designs on him had been celebrating his freedom; they had an air of saying, "Now we can have fun!" He resented it the more hotly because of his own secret sense of release.

Miss Andrus, last night, had been just right: at ease, friendly, unconcerned. After dinner she had gone upstairs with Cordelia, and she had not come down again. He had been rash saying to her what he had said in his office, for a less experienced girl would have resented it or been made self-conscious; but Miss Andrus had met him frankly on a real difficulty. He knew from much telling that he was given to saying the wrong thing, but perhaps there were young women with whom one could be simply truthful, like that. And he had always been comfortably at home with Allie. He had liked having Allie there last night, knitting under the lamp and letting him read his paper in peace. At least in his home he was safe from attack! All those beckoning women—hadn't they any decent shame? Or did they suppose that he didn't see it?

"Scrabbling!" he muttered wrathfully, and dived in to get away from thought.

Enid Crosby drove over that afternoon, tooting until Malcomb came out to her car. She liked to talk to him from the car seat while he stood in the drive; the wheel under her hands seemed to give her power. Enid was an heiress in a modest way, so perhaps she really liked him.

"You are coming to dinner," she told him, assuming authority to hide the docility of her heart. "Thursday night at eight. To meet a very distinguished painter."

"Hooray!" was the placid answer.

"And we are doing a picnic Friday," she went on. "Bring Cordelia to that. I shall have a nice little girl for her."

"And a nice big girl for me?" Malcomb asked—then wished he hadn't; Enid liked it too much. She felt so gay and strong that she could come right out with the question that had brought her: "And who is the pretty girl who has been driving about with Cordelia? Is she visiting Miss Dunbar?"

MALCOMB, having known perfectly well that Sarah was too young and pretty, answered with exaggerated casualness. "Oh, she is here for the summer, looking after the kid."

"Oh—governess!" Enid hung between relief and uneasiness. "I suppose she calls herself a sports mistress or something of that kind."

"I suppose so," he assented.

"Well, don't forget the dinner. And the blessed Cordelia for the picnic." She smiled down at him with a teasing intention. "And bring the pretty governess if you like!"

Sarah Andrus was at the front door and must have heard. She smiled broadly as the invitation was repeated.

"Oh, but it would be such a wonderful chance for me to have a day off," she said. "Thank you very much, Miss Crosby, but if you will excuse me—" She passed on with her flower basket and scissors.

Enid had an affronted frown. "Where did you pick up this Miss Andrus?"

"She picked me up," Malcomb said.

Enid, feeling her momentary power deserting her, floundered badly: "Does she have to have all her meals with you?"

"Of course not! We hand her a plate out on the back porch."

Enid recognized a joke and laughed, but her eyes were strained. "I suppose you know all about her."

"Oh, Lord, no!"

Enid saw only levity, missing his anger. "Well, I am glad you have your cousin to look after you. You certainly need some one," she said, heavily arch, and drove off on that.

Malcomb strolled after Miss Andrus, who was on her knees picking nasturtiums from the bed by the wall.

"SO the pretty governess scorns the picnic," he began. She looked up, untroubled, amused. "It was very kind of her."

"Then why not? You would meet pleasant people and they would ask you some more. You don't have to lead such a dull life."

"It isn't dull. And I have letters to write. Do take the blessed Cordelia." There was mockery in that.

"If I can pry her loose from you. We can picnic ourselves, the four of us."

Miss Andrus sighed. "Even the cook gets a day off!"

"Oh, all right, all right," he said crossly.

Malcomb came away from Enid's dinner with rasped nerves and a melancholy heart. Enid had tried the ancient device of paying marked attention to her painter, a pleasant mild sort of fellow named Hartley Randall—famous perhaps, but Malcomb had never heard of him. Afterward, out on the terrace, she had dropped that to settle herself beside Malcomb, and she was so intent on chance meetings of their hands and arms and eyes that she was incoherent. Malcomb rose to get a light and remained standing. There was no wifely eye to remind him that he was apt to say the wrong thing, and when Enid tried teasing him about the pretty governess, out it came.

"Yes; I've tried them plain and stringy and elderly, and they've all got marriage on the brain," he said deliberately. "I thought youth and beauty might let me alone."

Enid had shrunk back, rather white, and several of the women looked self-conscious.

"And does she?" some one asked, filling the pause.

"I'll say she does!" was the hearty answer.

Malcomb took his leave early. "Oh, Enid, I find I can't come to the picnic tomorrow," he said over a brief handshake. "I have to run up to town."

Brown eyes mortally hurt looked up seekingly into his, but met only hard refusal. Malcomb drove home feeling as though he had run over a child and left it lying in the road.

"I can't help it. Let them leave me alone!" he burst out.

The night was hot, breathless, forlorn with the light of a waning moon. Malcomb could not sleep; so at last he put on his bathing suit and slipped out, hoping that he might swim away from distress. The lawn felt comforting to his bare feet; the quiet ocean rose and fell like the deep breathing of sleep. This was the right place to have come.

He nearly stepped on his child before he saw her. A rug had been spread on the sand just under the bank, and there lay Cordelia, pyjamaed legs outflung, sleeping soundly in the face of the moon. Towels and dry bathing suits suggested a sunrise swim; a vacuum bottle and a tin box must mean crackers and milk. Truly Sarah Andrus knew how to make a child happy! Even in sleep Cordelia had a beaming and buccaneering air. The sight did Malcomb good—made him laugh. He looked about for Miss Andrus.

She sat not far off, her arms about her knees, and she had not heard him until he laughed. At the quick turn of her head, Malcomb saw with relief that she was not so tremendously pretty, after all. He was irritated with the prettiness of women constantly held up before his eyes. Disordered hair and the dark line of a Chinese coat worn over her pyjamas made her look quite her age. When he came closer he saw that she had been crying.

"I wish I could do that," he said, looking down into

It was no shower but the beginning of an all-day rain. Cordelia needed consolation; so they played games, with much laughter.

her frankly lifted face.

"It is marvelous," said Miss Andrus with a final sniff. "I ought to have tried it before. I had forgotten that one could."

He dropped down beside her. "Anything wrong here?"

"Oh, no! Rather not. Now and then the ghost walks, that is all." She tucked her handkerchief into a breast pocket. "My mind doesn't care any more; it is only my body that mourns. Funny how the two can stay so separate, isn't it?"

"Do you want to tell me about it?"

SHE considered. "But could I make you see it right? As it really was?"

"Try."

She weighed a handful of sand, then flung it away. "Oh, I am sick of seeing it right myself! We are all so abominably high-minded and just. My father lost his money and had a stroke and died, all in a minute. All right—an ambitious young artist couldn't be expected to go through with it. It was I who broke it off. And I should have completely recovered by this time if he hadn't had blue eyes and a cleft chin. Aren't we fools?"

"What became of him?" Malcomb wanted to put it, "What became of the swine?" but realized that that would not be welcome.

"Oh, he lives abroad mostly. He is becoming quite well known, but I don't suppose he has made very much money. He does sea pictures. And if he had had a wife on his hands— It is all quite right and as it should be. I don't really care. But now and then I run across his name or something and have to do a little drama. Why aren't you sleeping?"

"Temper," he decided.

They sat silent, relaxed, letting the night draw out their pain. There were no waves—just the slow, heavy breathing of dark water. The moonlight down here had lost its forlorn pallor; the sand seemed to turn it to mellow gold. Salty sea odors brought hunger for life.

"Perhaps there is happiness. There might be such a thing," Malcomb said suddenly.

She looked up, kindling. "Wouldn't that be wonderful!"

"Let us believe in it," said Malcomb.

"Let us go and find it!" She jumped up, throwing off her coat, and ran down to the water.

The direct simplicity of action filled Malcomb with delight. Any woman he knew would have had to go back to the house and get completely ready, even though the mood chilled while he waited. He had a thrilled glimpse of new freedom as he followed. They struck out on the moon's pathway, rocking in the long, lazy swell. Strange what a charm there was in being swung up and down—no wonder that babies liked it. They did not speak, but swam with their faces toward each other, smiling their content.

When they came in they looked young and sleepy and happy, and nodded good night without words.

AFTER several hours of deep sleep Malcomb awoke with a sense of impending bad news. He opened reluctant eyes on a golden shimmer of early light. What was bothering him? Not Enid. Enid was a goose and deserved what she had brought on herself. Then Enid's painter materialized before him: very blue eyes, so blue that even Malcomb had noticed them; a cleft chin; a painter of coasts and seas.

"Oh, rubbish!" he exploded. There must be dozens of blue-eyed marine painters. Sarah Andrus could not have seen him, as he had arrived only that day. Then he remembered how she had explained her mood: "I run across his name.” Malcomb stole downstairs and hunted up yesterday’s papers.

He found what he sought on the arts page, a blurred reproduction of a headland and a stormy sea by Hartley Randall. Here was Sarah Andrus’s ghost in the flesh, identified beyond denial. Malcomb had a shocked memory of the joking about the pretty governess, then realized that Sarah’s name had not been spoken. So neither knew that the other was in the neighborhood and the next move was clearly up to Malcomb.

Cordelia’s happy voice, coming up the lawn, drove him back to his room where he lay staring at the inevitable consequences of bringing those two together. Sarah had never got over caring, though she pretended that she had; and if the man had forgotten, seeing Sarah would stir it all up again. A man could not lightly get over loving a girl like that, no matter how shallow and worldly his desires were. But would Randall make her happy? That was the question that kept Malcomb glooming at the ceiling—or he told himself it was. Hadn’t she grown beyond this fellow? The simple answer that that was for her to decide was met by the angry declaration that women fooled themselves. Malcomb finally decided that he would keep his hands off—let them find it out. It was none of his business.

Of course he did not keep his hands off. The road to the village ran along famous bluffs beloved of painters, and Randall had spoken of working there, not a quarter of a mile from the house. When Miss Andrus came down from lessons, he was waiting for her.

“Tell me, how are Cordelia’s clothes?” he began, making a serious matter of it. “Does she look all right?”

Sarah’s face lighted. “Oh, I have wanted to get my hands on her clothes,” she said with a real enthusiasm. “They are all wrong, and she is growing out of them anyway. Her hair, too— I could make her look like another child. It wouldn’t cost much.”

“All right.” Malcomb consulted his watch. “Stir her up and I’ll drive you both to town.” And he turned away lest his guilty secret show on him. Their innocent joy in the expedition made him feel treacherous and ashamed.

“Hang it, we can drive to town if we want to!” he flung at a harassed conscience. “I told Enid I was going, anyway.” The road to town did not run along the bluffs.

They came back late and happy, their arms full of boxes. After dinner Cordelia was allowed to put on her best dress to show Cousin Allie. It was a pink linen, simple enough, and yet it transformed the child. With hair cut in a new way, the radiant little mug was charming.

ALLIE’S admiration was somewhat forced. After Cordelia and Sarah had gone upstairs she told Malcomb that the dress was handmade and imported and a ridiculous extravagance for a growing child.

“Of course you can afford it, but it is unnecessary,” she said, stiff with annoyance. “Why give her silly ideas?”

“Allie,” he said slowly, thinking it out, “Cordelia hasn’t looks. And women need—something. I don’t want Cordelia scrabbling for a home! Or for a man. I have seen so much. Nice girls, too. But scrabbling. If Sarah Andrus can show her how to have charm, or whatever it is that girls need, I shall be on my knees to her.” He was not looking at Allie and so did not see her deep flush.

“It is natural to want a home,” she muttered.

The next morning Malcomb awoke to a welcome dripping from the eaves. It was no shower but the gray beginning of an all-day rain, and he came downstairs in wickedly high spirits. Cordelia, who counted on going forth in her new clothes, needed consolation; so they played games, with much laughter.

Perhaps there really was such a thing as happiness. The sense of enveloping pleasantness lasted all through that wet day and the next. Allie did not mind strewn sand or scattered newspapers or anything he wanted to do, and this complete domestic liberty was a revelation of what home could be. Allie had white hair and a dumpy figure, and it never occurred to him that she was little more than ten years his senior. He thought a good deal of the fact that Sarah Andrus was ten years his junior and must look on him as an old codger. He completely and relievedly forgot Enid, who had stopped telephoning, and he would not think of Hartley Randall. Sarah was no lovelorn maiden—she was as jolly as possible. Why worry?

“What fun we do have!” Cordelia said when she kissed him good night.

“We’re going to have a lot more,” Malcomb said. He was brewing a mischievous plan of putting them all in the car early the next morning and going off for a week or two. Randall couldn’t paint up there forever.

MALCOMB turned to the library to look up routes. The room was chilly after the rain, and he lit the fire—a pleasantly lawless act, for there was already a fire in the drawing-room and he might not sit up long enough to see this out. He was thinking of the perfectly run home, contrasted with the perfectly comfortable home, as he twisted a paper from the wood basket to brighten the blaze. He had stooped to thrust it in when his eye was caught by a square hole in the page.

He knew instantly what had been there; he scarcely needed the page’s heading to tell him that the reproduction of Hartley Randall’s painting had been cut out.

The fire flickered out, forgotten. Had Malcomb come on Sarah prostrate and sobbing, it would not have seemed to him a more poignant revelation than the treasuring of that forlorn scrap of paper. If Sarah cared like that, nothing else mattered and only a selfish beast would try to keep her and Randall apart. And what was he, to think that he could matter to her? Ten years older than she was. The sort of fellow that women lectured about his bridge and brushed his coat off for him and sat on his jokes. Sarah must have her chance. Then she would go away, and Cordelia’s heart would break, and the world would be laid waste.

When Cordelia and Sarah came out from lessons the next morning, Malcomb proposed that Sarah should go alone to market while he photographed Cordelia in her new clothes. Cordelia could not resist that. Malcomb diverted her for a patient hour, then took her swimming. When at last he was free, he strolled up the village road. He was not spying on them, but he had to know.

There they were, on the bluffs. Sarah sat on the car step. Randall lounged in the grass, leaning on a long arm and looking up at her. Even at a distance Malcomb felt them absorbed and still and aware only of each other.

If Malcomb had not seen with his own eyes, he must have guessed from the way that Sarah Andrus came into the dining room at lunch time. She was swift, erect, vital, secretly but terribly happy. Very quiet, of course—Allie noticed nothing—but now and then the joy spilled over on him. If Malcomb had not seen what he had seen, he might have misunderstood and been terribly happy himself.

All that bleak afternoon Malcomb played atrocious golf. After dinner, when Cordelia was in bed, Sarah went out into the garden. Malcomb, sitting near a window, could see the whiteness of her dress pausing by the flower beds, then fading down the lawn toward the beach. Perhaps she was meeting some one. Allie had gone to bed long before she came back; but Malcomb was waiting.

She paused in the doorway, elusive, incandescent. He felt her trying to tell him something.

“You are happy,” he said, to help her.

“Yes. Oh, yes!”

“Something good has happened?”

“Something very good.”

“Do you want to tell me about it?”

“Not just yet.”

That night on the beach was in his mind. “Are you afraid that I won’t understand it right?”

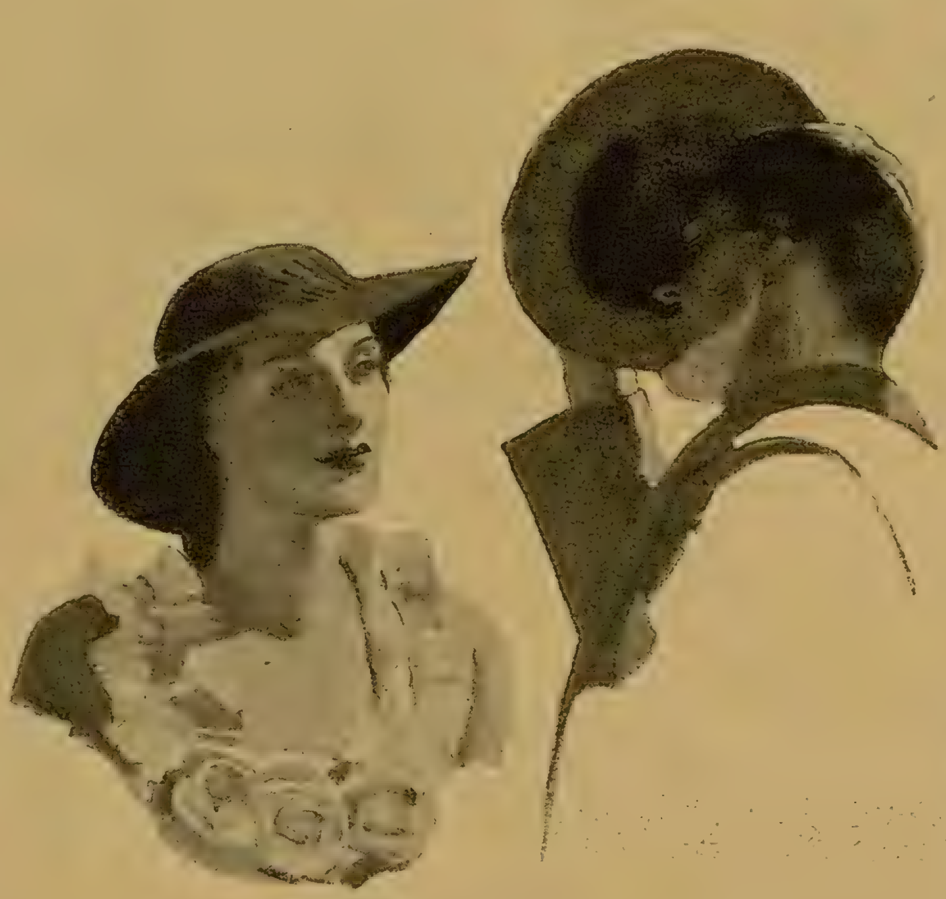
She paused on that and he could see a mounting laugh. “No—I’m afraid you will!” It came on a shake of laughter, and she went away.

Malcomb spent the night facing it. Sarah was moonstruck, mad with happiness, and he did sincerely want her to be happy, no matter what became of him. But he could not stay there and look on at her joy. That was asking too much. Before the house was awake in the morning he had gone back to town.

For a week Malcomb, working furiously, tried to get away from pain. But every night it caught up with him, and Sunday was torture. Monday noon Allie came in. He was so glad to see her that he kissed her cheek.

"How is everybody?" he asked.

Allie had flushed. She looked almost pretty today. Her white hair had been curled and she wore a new blue hat with a scarf of the same color.



He had been pacing the sidewalk for half an hour when she came. Sarah was composed, prettier than ever.

"All right. I had some errands. Come and lunch with me." Her blunt voice flung rather than offered the invitation.

"You lunch with me," Malcomb said. But Allie was firm and took him to a dismal little college club. When he saw that she had no news to tell, he realized that she was trying, quite simply and kindly, to entertain him. She must have wondered about his sudden departure. Perhaps she had guessed his trouble and had come to comfort. He was so touched that he stayed a long time and played up valiantly. And then, at parting, Allie froze his blood.

"You're lonely and so am I," she said abruptly. "We could have good times together."

Malcomb hid a startled recoil. That was what all the scrabbling women had been saying to him this past year; but of course Allie couldn't mean anything like that!

"So we could," he said, and hurried off, his spirit unaccountably chilled.

"Good old Allie! I'm getting hipped on that subject," he scolded himself.

Late in the afternoon Enid Crosby's card was brought in to him.

"It is good to see you, Enid," he said, putting her into a chair by the desk. "Tell me what I can do for you."

ENID had it well rehearsed. "I want advice," she began, her hands pressed tightly together and her cheeks burning. The gentle brown eyes were not far from tears. "It is about a man," she plowed on. "I've known him for some time, but it really began a week ago, at a club dance. We danced together a long time and then we went out on the porch. I hadn't bothered to talk much and neither had he. Suddenly he said, 'You are very sad, aren't you!' And I said, 'Yes.'" She paused, but Malcomb was afraid to speak or stir. His heart was sick over what might be coming.

"He said, 'I am, too. Tell me about yours.' So I told him." Her voice trembled but she drove it on. "I told him I loved some one but he didn't love me. And he said that he had loved some one for years, and that that very day it had all ended. She didn't care for him. And it was such a relief to sit there and not have to keep up. We comforted each other, some way. And since then—well, it is only a week, but I have been with him all the time, and he wants me to marry him." Again she looked up, palpably waiting.

"Well, my dear, if he is a nice fellow, why not?" Malcomb patted her hand, put on age to help her. Then, seeing her eyes fill, he gave her something more real: "That is my own situation, Enid. I care very much for some one and she cares for some one else."

"I don't see how she can," Enid faltered, then struggled to her feet. "You think I might do it?"

"Give it a chance, dear," he advised, walking with her to the elevator, his hand under her arm. "Tell me about him. May I know his name?"

She shook her head. Enid was suddenly faintly cheerful. "A sweet sort of fellow, and so good-looking. Blue eyes and a cleft chin. Not a dimple—I'd hate that—but a little nick—" The elevator clanged open and took her in.

Malcomb, brushing aside business, called up his home and demanded Sarah Andrus.

"I want to see you," he said loudly.

"Oh, and I want to see you," was the cheerful answer. "Cordelia's bathing suit has simply—"

"That can wait," said Malcomb. "I can't get home tonight—I have a conference. Will you come up tomorrow and lunch with me?"

"I'd love to," said Sarah. "I need to—"

"Everything else can wait," Malcomb said. "Oh, Sarah—"

"Cordelia wants to speak to you," said Sarah.

HE had the table reserved and the lunch ordered and he had been pacing the sidewalk for half an hour when she came. Sarah was composed, prettier than ever, with secret flickers of laughter for his impatience.

"Sarah," he began across their little table, "I saw you, that morning, up on the cliffs. With the man."

She nodded. "I thought you must have."

"I saw you," he repeated. "Why did you come home so happy? So boiling happy?"

She was still boiling happy. "Oh, did you never lay a ghost? Why, face to face, all that old misery blew up. I didn't love him one bit! I was free of him! He's sweet and nice and gifted, but beside a real man— Oh, no! That is over."

"And is there a real man?" Malcomb's hand was on the edge of the table, with three feet of linen, china, and silver separating it from hers; but the table had had a long experience in carrying messages. "Is there?"

"I have been offered a very good job," said Sarah.

"Oh, really?" He had only a laugh for that.

"I must consider it for the autumn, when the child goes back to school. Will you give me a letter of recommendation?"

He took out a notebook and wrote: "Sarah Andrus is capable, cheerful, faithful, honest, sober, kind, and the darling of the world. She may be trusted with one's dearest possession. Address her in my care for evermore." He signed and folded this and handed it over to her.

"You don't have to read it now," he said.

She slipped it into her bag. "Did you say nice things?"

"Nicer than were true," he said severely. "I called you kind."

"Well? Aren't I?"

"Was it kind not to tell me it was over, all this horrible week? Sarah, how could you?"

She made him wait for it, her smile deepening. "I thought it would help things on," she confessed at last. "I was scrabbling—yes, I too. Hell-for-leather!"

THE END

Do Marriage an

Can Wives Be Successful Champions and Champions Successful Wives? Well, Consider the Evidence

says
HELEN HULL JACOBS

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

U. & U. photos

Mme. Mathieu, the French woman champion (at the right) with Mlle. Rosambert, Miss Jacobs, and Sarah Palfrey.

At right: Mrs. Hazel Hotchkiss Wightman, famous donor of the Wightman Cup, with her children, George, Virginia, and Hazel.

Keystone View photo

Below: Mrs. Mallory, whose marriage mixed well with tennis and her husband, the late "Frank" Mallory.

ONE day in June, 1929, the London papers carried a story of a former American and Wimbledon champion, the mother of several children, who had just won her way into the quarter-final of the English championship. On her way to the round of eight she had defeated many of England's young hopes, one of whom had been expected to go into the semifinal.

The performance of the American, Mrs. Bundy, had upset all the "dope." Wasn't it against the accustomed order of things for a player who had won championships before most of her opponents knew how to play to hold her own against youth and endurance and progress in the game? When the American, Mrs. Bundy, had won at Wimbledon, hers had been the game of progress, hers the youth and the endurance. But that had been many years before.

In self-defense, the prognosticators now sought about for reasons that could explain Mrs. Bundy's great playing. Most of them missed the point.

Mrs. Bundy has always played tennis. She taught her children how to play, all the while keeping up her interest in the game, a certain amount of her endurance, and her excellent health. She apparently found that it was much more desirable to keep herself as near championship form as possible than to let down after her marriage and become satisfied with average physical condition.

I saw Mrs. Bundy play in the English championships in 1929. In the quarter-final she met Joan Ridley, at that time one of England's first five ranking players. I was particularly interested because I had to play the winner in the semifinal. Mrs. Bundy had the match well in hand. There was only one reason why she did not win. A linesman provided that reason.

In the final set Mrs. Bundy hit a line shot that she and most of the spectators thought good and the linesman called out. He had committed one or two other errors in the match, but to none of these had Mrs. Bundy taken obvious exception. On this last decision, however, she turned to him, put her hands on her hips, and, as nearly as I could observe from the stands, left him completely disillusioned about his ability as a linesman. From that point on she gave as good an example of throwing a match as I have ever seen, and she didn't care who knew it. We who had watched her play so hard and so well against a strong opponent found it difficult to blame her.

Even though she lost she created quite a stir among the journalists who had persisted in the opinion that once a woman has reached the age of thirty and has married, her successful tennis days are practically over.

After all, mixing tennis and marriage is like mixing marriage with any other career or interest. The two must be carefully balanced. It is a question of temperament and the ability and willingness to adjust the two lives to each other.

There are innumerable examples of successfully married tennis players. Mme. Simone Mathieu has been champion of France ever since I first went to Paris in 1930. There is an amusing story that when she was playing in the junior championship of France her baby lay in its perambulator at the side of the court, and when she won the final point the baby rose up in its carriage, waved its bottle, and cried, in French, "Well played!"

Mme. Mathieu seems to improve her game every year. I have played against almost all of the French players and I find none of them as difficult to defeat as she. Those

d Tennis Mix?

who say her endurance isn't what it was three or four years ago should have seen her match against Helen Moody in 1932, when she went to set point and ran Helen to deuce sets; or they should have seen our match in 1933. There was a heat wave. The match was long and strenuous, and the heat and humidity beat down my own endurance until what was left of it was just enough to carry me from one court to the other when we changed sides. Mme. Mathieu looked tired, but when I tried to make her run I discovered that she had enough endurance for both of us. She won, as she had won from me the year before in Paris, and though I managed to defeat her both years at Wimbledon, I am impregnable to suggestions that her game might be declining.

Occasionally an ideal situation arises in marriage and tennis when both husband and wife play. As Hazel Hotchkiss, Mrs. George Wightman became America's leading player. After she married, Mrs. Wightman continued to hold her prestige, becoming almost invincible in doubles. Her husband, George Wightman, was a great tennis enthusiast, played himself, and was at one time president of the United States Lawn Tennis Association. The Wightmans are the ideal tennis family. All of their children play, not expertly, but well enough to derive real pleasure from the game and their mother's successes.

Acme photos

Mrs. Bundy with her children, Billy and Dorothy, and (at her right) the strenuous Miss Eleanora Sears.

Left: Both Van Ryns are stars, renowned as internationalists.

U. & U. photo

Below: "QueenHelen" Wills Moody with her husband, F. S. Moody. At present her throne has another occupant, since Miss Jacobs is U. S. woman champion.

One of the most interesting tennis marriages was that of John and Marjory Van Ryn. For years John has been a member of the Davis Cup team, and Midge has been on the Wightman Cup squad several times. They seem to have found a great deal of pleasure in making their tennis trips together.

If the improvement in their games has any significance, then I should say the argument in favor of marriage and tennis is very strong.

When Helen Wills married in 1929 the public thought she might give up tennis. Instead, as Mrs. Moody her game was even more convincing than it had been before her marriage.

THE European attitude toward marriage and tennis is different from the American. As a rule, Continental women marry younger, and it is so much a matter of course that the press makes little or no comment when a tennis player marries. The public does not expect that the games of married women players are going to fall off, and the players themselves have no intention of allowing it to happen.

It was interesting to me to notice in Berlin two years ago that almost all of the contestants in the German championships were married, and at least half of these were between seventeen and twenty-one. Some of them had children who sat in the gallery, applauding their mothers vociferously. In Vienna I found the same thing to be true, and the married players were quite my most difficult opponents.

I should think that a woman whose interests, through tennis, became diversified, whose experiences with people and life were amplified by reason of her contacts, would be more attractive to her husband than one whose interests were narrowed down to a small sphere of household cares.

Not long ago I met a man who was very proud of his wife's athletic achievements, but the point he kept stressing was that sport had done so much for her. "Since I have known her she has never had a sick day," he said. "Of course she has had to keep herself in wonderful condition." That, it seems, is a rather important point in a happy married life.

Mrs. Molla Mallory was just as successful in combining tennis and marriage as she was on the court. Her husband, Frank Mallory, had an inordinate pride in her game.

To be sure, Mrs. Mallory did very little training aside from actual playing and seldom missed interesting social affairs.

A player can have a great deal of leisure time during the fall and winter. It isn't difficult to understand a husband's objection to his wife's tennis career when she follows the season right through the year from the Riviera to Bermuda, White Sulphur, et al. Somewhere in the world it is tennis season all year round. I wouldn't care to play that much and I have no other tie to prevent my doing it than my desire to make something of my life other than a long series of tennis matches.

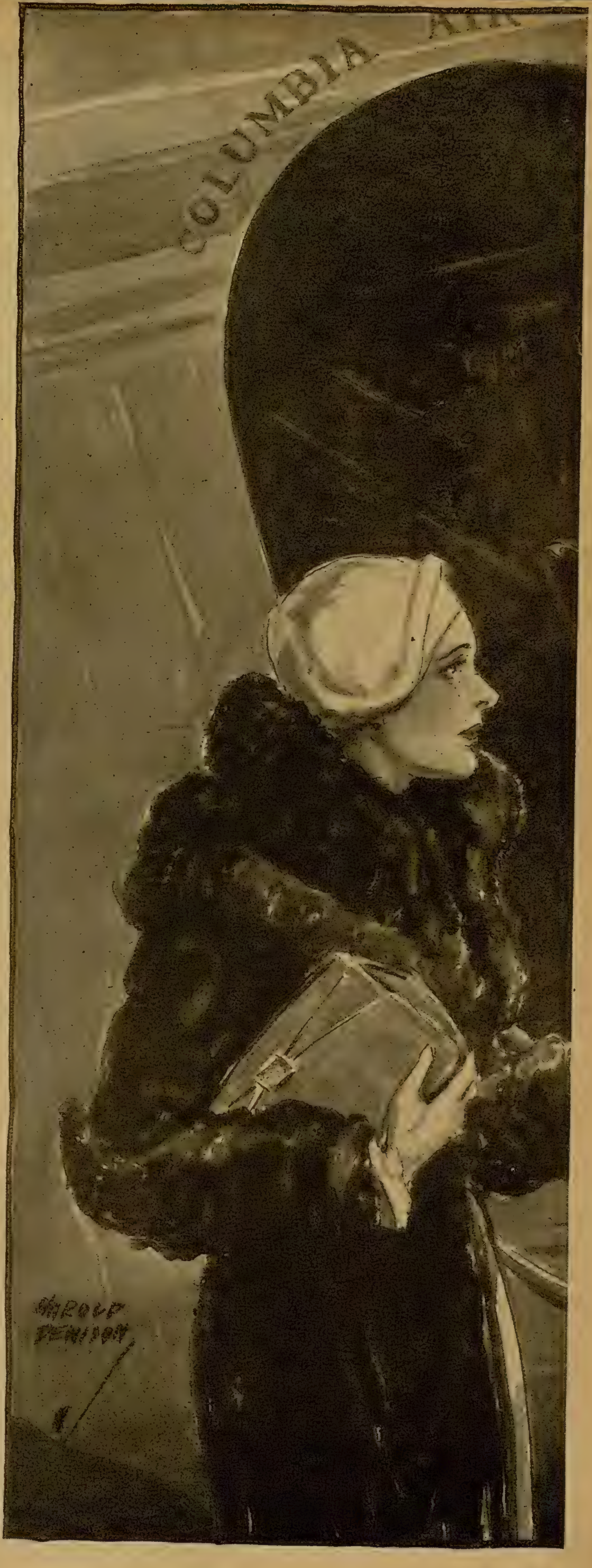
If observation is dependable, I think I can draw the conclusion that the successful coalition of marriage and tennis is the rule rather than the exception.

THE END

Storms Threaten and Mystery Deepens in the Stirring Romance of One Mad Flight

Wild Wings

READING TIME ● 29 MINUTES 27 SECONDS



JACK VOLER knows his airplanes. He is chief pilot for Columbia Airlines. And he knows his women. At least he thinks he does until he meets Felice Rollins. Then—well, as Jack tells the story, it happens this way:

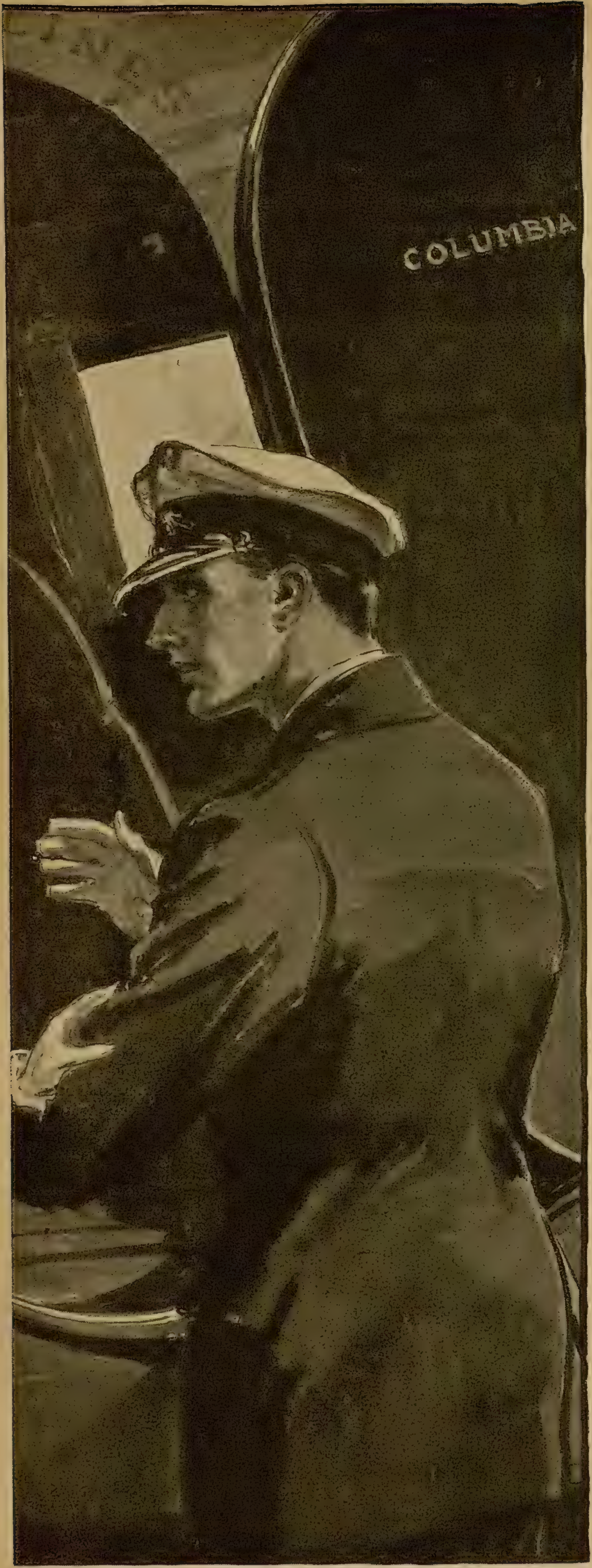
Jack boards a big Columbia airliner at Newark to fly out to Salt Lake City as a passenger and relieve Jake Berger, pilot on the Salt Lake-San Francisco division, who had broken his arm. Other passengers include: Egbert, alias Sonny Boy, spoiled youngster; Baggerly, a scenario writer; Dr. Evans, brain specialist; Palmer, a man Jack thinks he knows but can't place; Mrs. Harkins; and Miss Rollins.

The pretty face and chic attire of Miss Rollins attract Jack. Vi Johnson, the stewardess, warns him she is the society girl who recently knocked a count loose from his bridgework in Paris by way of breaking their engagement; but Jack, forgetting a telegraphic date he has made with Trixie, an old girl friend, bets Vi two dollars he can take the haughty beauty to dinner in San Francisco the following evening.

During the twenty-minute stop-over in Chicago, Jack overhears Miss Rollins in a violent argument with a strange man who is demanding that she abandon the flight. Jack intervenes and, when the man draws a gun, knocks him down and sends Miss Rollins back to the plane. The stranger, Stephani, takes passage on the plane, and at Omaha Miss Rollins tells Jack he is the count's brother. She ridicules the possibility of his making any further trouble and promises Jack that if he will get her to San Francisco on schedule she will dine with him there. Then she asks him to have a certain train watched when it passes through Salt Lake City, to ascertain if a girl with a scar on her cheek is aboard, and Jack wires ahead to Pop Andrews to do this.

Miss Rollins says the girl with the scar is her sister Katherine, but declines to make any comment on her argument with Stephani, and this mystifies Jack. Also he wonders at the sly interest Dr. Evans displays in Palmer. All along the route the brain specialist gets radiograms reporting the condition of a patient he is hurrying to attend in San Francisco, and Jack sees him spying on a telegram Palmer is sending.

Then Jack remembers where he has known Palmer before. Jack now continues with the story.



She went panicky for an instant. "Oh, you mustn't! You wouldn't dare—" I cut in with: "Wait a minute—keep your shirt on."

by

Bogart Rogers

and

Frank M. Dazey

ILLUSTRATIONS BY

HAROLD DENISON

PART THREE—THE GIRL WITH THE SCAR

YOU know, ever since you came aboard at Newark I've been trying to place you," I said.

Palmer smiled politely and said: "Yes?"

I nodded. "Yes—you're Buck Hales."

His eyebrows tightened, puzzled. Then he laughed and shook his head.

"You've got me mixed up with somebody else."

That stopped me for a second or two—and no longer. The mere fact that he denied he was Buck Hales didn't make him somebody else. I said:

"Two people couldn't look so much alike."

He said: "Perhaps they couldn't—but I'm afraid they do."

"Ever know Buck Hales?"

"Never heard of him."

This was exasperating. I knew just as sure as I knew my own name that he was Buck Hales. I thought to myself, "O. K., brother; I'll just run through the whole story and see how long you can deny it."

Out loud I said: "He was quite a guy. I met him in Tallahassee—just once, which was plenty for both of us."

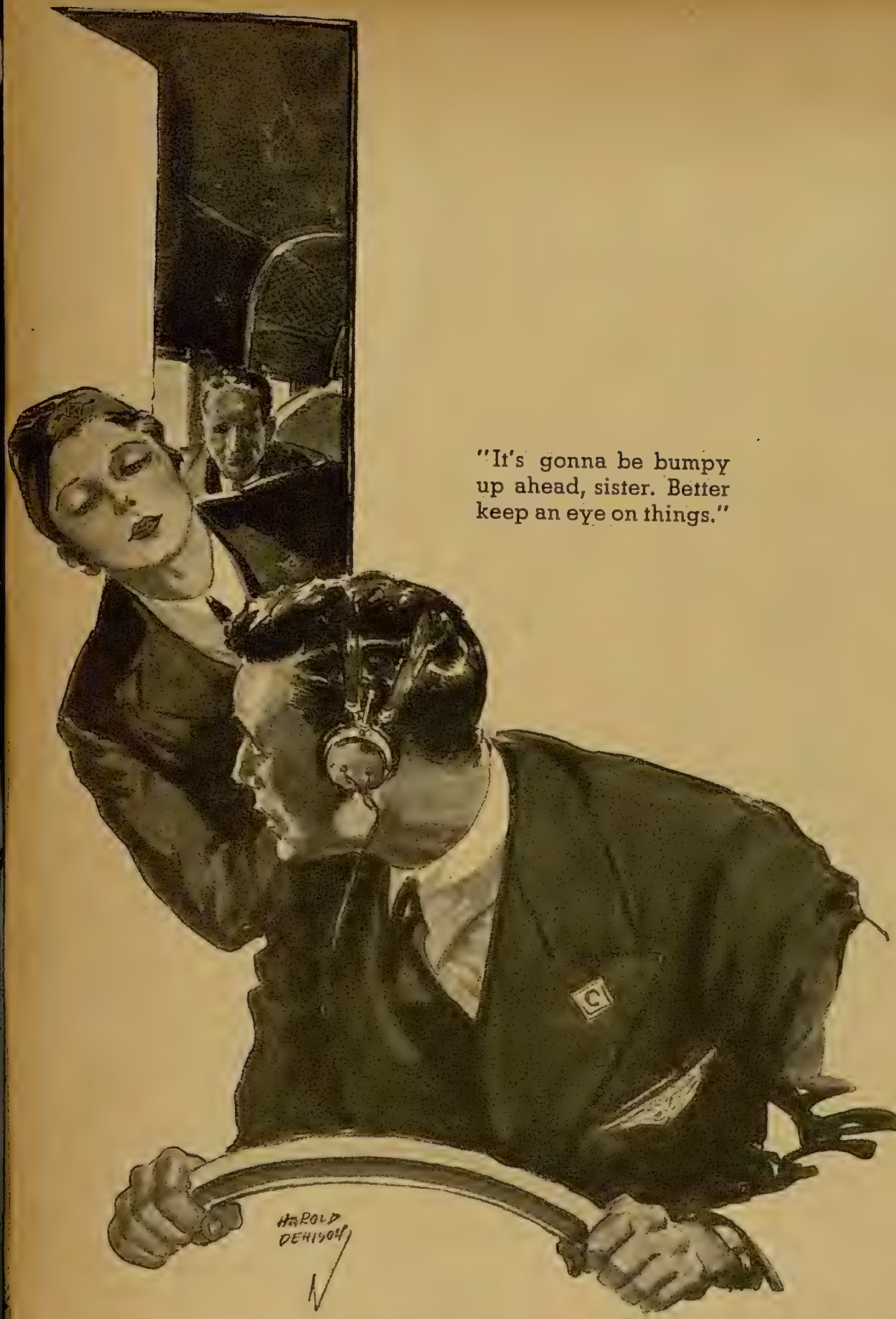
The story I told him, briefly, was this:

A couple of years after the war I was barnstorming the hinterlands in a Jenny—the old routine performance, stunts and trick flying and short rides at five bucks a hoist. A big flying meet was held at Tallahassee, which drew the boys in from all around. The races and contests offered a chance for a few extra dimes. Among other stunts was a balloon-busting tournament. Toy balloons were released from the ground. Pilots dived at them and tried to break them with their propellers. On the last day the finalists had simmered down to me and a fellow named Hales. I didn't know him—or had met him only once. There was a $500 prize for the winner, heavy sugar in those days — heavy sugar in these days!

Hales and I were to dive alternately at the balloons as they were released from the ground. The first fellow to bust ten was the winner. I was good at it—so was Hales. It got along to the place where I had nine balloons and he had eight. It was his turn. He clicked, making it nine all. Then it was my turn. When I started after my number ten he started after it too—even though it wasn't his turn. He tried to bluff me out of it. Both of us dived, neither giving an inch. At the last instant we both weakened and tried to pull out—too late. Wings locked, we went down in one of the messiest crashes you can imagine.

"I never saw him again after that," I told Palmer. "He went to one hospital; I went to another. He was busted and cut all to hell. The boys told me that among other things they took fifty-some stitches in his left arm."

That was the weak point in his armor. I



"It's gonna be bumpy up ahead, sister. Better keep an eye on things."

knew it. An almost imperceptible flicker of his eyelids told me so. I paused. He broke the silence with:

"It must have been quite an experience."

I said: "It was—and I'll tell you what I'll do. You roll up your left sleeve. If there aren't any stitch scars on your arm I'll pay you five hundred dollars. If there are you pay me five hundred cents."

He studied my face for a long count of ten. Quite casually he said: "Next landing's at Cheyenne, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Let's talk about it then."

I said: "O. K., Buck."

I moseyed up and asked Tex Riley: "Ever know a guy named Buck Hales?"

Tex thought it over. "Never did."

I went back to my seat and squeezed the memory. Nothing much came out at first, except that I recalled having been terribly sore at Buck Hales at the time we'd crashed in Tallahassee.

Every one agreed it had been his fault and was very bad sportsmanship. He had made some nasty cracks about me while he was in the hospital and—

Now wait a minute! Hadn't some one told us Hales had been flying booze into Florida from the Bahamas and drawing down heavy coconuts — and then been arrested for a hijacking murder and then skipped out and changed his name—not to Palmer—and gotten into a lot more trouble? I strained a couple of brain cells trying to remember, but couldn't quite. It was several years since I'd heard it. But if this gossip had been true I wondered more than ever what he was up to now.

When we landed at Cheyenne, Palmer (I'll keep on calling him that to avoid confusion) said: "Let's get a little air."

We strolled off together. When we were away from the rest of the crowd I said:

"Well—want to take up that bet?"

He said: "No."

I said: "O. K. It's none of my business anyway. You can call yourself Joe Doakes for all I care."

I could distinctly feel a little current of antagonism vibrating between us. He must have felt it too.

I ASKED him if he had recognized me when he got on the plane at Newark. He said he had, vaguely, and knew me for sure when he heard my name. There aren't many Volers lurking around in the bushes. I accused him of not being anxious to renew our acquaintance—such as it had been. He said:

"I've got reasons. I'm doing a little undercover job, if you know what I mean."

I didn't know whether to believe him or not. He sounded convincing. I said: "I got it. Are you—tailing somebody, as we boys say?"

"Maybe I am and maybe I'm not."

I said: "Don't incriminate yourself. Working out of Washington—or where?"

"What difference does it make?"

"None — not a smidgeon — except I distinctly recall somebody telling me you were flying booze in from the Bahamas—" I looked up at him quickly, thinking I'd catch him off guard. Maybe I did but he didn't show it. Instead he nodded.

"That's right. I was down there eighteen months working with the prohis—and on the inside most of the time. We turned in eighteen guys finally—and convicted fourteen of them."

That sounded reasonable, but I thought I'd try him with:

"Then I heard you were flying—"

"Booze in from Canada," he cut in. "I was. That job followed the Florida one."

We strolled along in silence for a moment. Abruptly he asked:

"Who's this Dr. Evans?"

"Brain specialist from New York."

"Are you sure?"

"That's what he told me. I'm not taking bets on who or what he is."

"How come he's getting messages over your radio? That isn't customary, is it?"

I repeated what the doctor had told me about the emergency case in San Francisco.

"Know what the message said?"

"It said, 'Situation critical. Patient may not live until night.'"

I wondered if I should have told Palmer. After all, it was a private message to Dr. Evans.

But under the circumstances I couldn't see where it would do any harm.

Palmer's answer to this was: "Hm-m-m-m. A New York specialist, you say. Know his full name?"

"J. J. Evans." I remembered it from the passenger list.

Palmer said: "Let's go back."

Which we did. Mechanics were fueling the plane. Every one was stretching the legs and enjoying a bit of chilly mountain sunshine. I eased away from Palmer and moved in on Miss Rollins. She was talking with Mrs. Harkins and Ruth Bradford. Stephani was doing a solo marathon—keeping strictly to himself. I chatted with the ladies for a minute, then adroitly cut Miss Rollins out of the group. We started walking. I said:

"There's a swell little sea-food joint out at Fisherman's Wharf."

"That might be nice," she said.

"Or we could go to Tait's-at-the-Beach—they call it something else now. Same place, new name."

"I'd like that too."

"Or the Mark Hopkins."

"Why not all of them?"

"I've thought of that."

She looked at me solemnly. "Provided, of course, we reach San Francisco tonight."

"I'm beginning to think you mean that."

"I have *never* been more serious about anything." A convincing timbre crept into her voice.

"Is it any business of mine why?"

She smiled pleasantly. "None whatever."

I said: "I didn't think it was. But you can't blame me for being curious."

"I don't. Some day, when it's all over, I may be able to explain."

We were over by the station then. I noticed that Palmer was inside. He was sending a telegram. I also noticed that Dr. Evans was strolling back and forth just outside the station door.

FROM the take-off we thundered up the eastern slope of the Laramie Hills and streaked past the highest flying beacon in the world—on Sherman Hill at the summit of the continental divide. As Snow Mountain looms straight ahead the course turns north and follows the railroad to Rawlins, a regular landing in the pioneer days but now only an emergency field—and a very welcome one when the quick and vicious weather of the Laramies catches you unawares.

We passed Rock Springs at fourteen thousand feet. The panorama was magnificent—snow-capped mountains to north and south and the menacing brow of Porcupine Ridge visible through crystal atmosphere fifty miles ahead. Elegant scenery on a clear day—but in stormy weather it's hell on wings, with pilots twisting their way through cañons and passes, battling snow and wind and constantly in danger of busting their silly necks against a mountainside.

Mrs. Harkins had on her hat and coat and was all ready to get off when we sped by the saw-toothed crest of the Wasatch Range and started the glide down to the Salt Lake City field.

Miss Rollins said: "About this Mr. Andrews—"

"He'll be waiting at the field for us."

"I hope so," she said.

I assured her she could depend on Pop—and also depend on me to help her in any possible way, from buying a packet of chewing gum to tweaking Stephani's nose or kicking all his teeth out. The only answer I got was a pleasant:

"That's very sweet of you."

No, I got more than that. I caught an expression in her eyes that told more surely than words that she appreciated my interest. She said:

"You've been most considerate—and I'm grateful."

I said: "You're pretty easy to consider"—and I didn't mean maybe.

Salt Lake City is a division point on the airline, like Chicago, where a complete change of plane and crew occurs. The load may split three ways—straight through to San Francisco, north to Portland and Seattle, and south through Nevada to Los Angeles.

Every one behaved about as usual when we landed. Sonny Boy headed, swiftly and instinctively, for the lunch room and candy machine. Palmer strolled into the station. Dr.

"How can she be so dumb when she's so smart?"
"He's swell! But is he human? He never looks at me!"

He: "It isn't as if she were stupid. She's really downright smart. Attractive to look at, too. That's what 'gets' me."

She: "*Is he an icicle!* I'm not so hard to look at. But you'd think I was fifty and a fright!"

The smartest girl is stupid when she allows the ugly odor of underarm perspiration to make her person unpleasant.

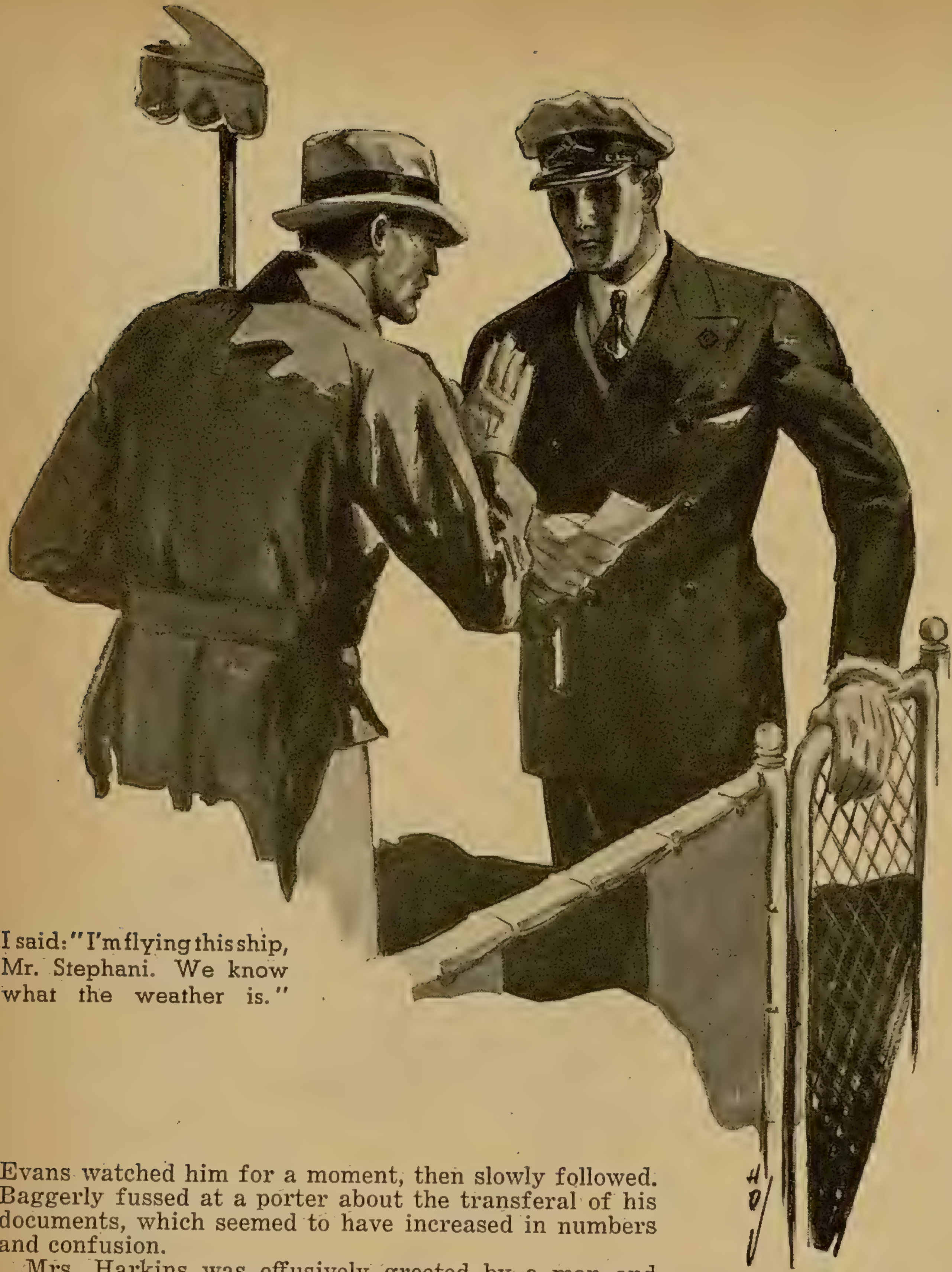
It takes just half a minute to keep your underarms fresh, odorless *all day long.* With Mum!

Use Mum any time, before dressing or after. It's perfectly harmless to clothing. And it's so soothing to the skin you can use it right after shaving your underarms. It does not prevent perspiration itself, just the ugly odor.

Try Mum. All toilet counters have it. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., N. Y.

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

TRY MUM FOR THIS, TOO. On sanitary napkins Mum acts as a sure deodorant which saves worry and fear of this kind of unpleasantness.



I said: "I'm flying this ship, Mr. Stephani. We know what the weather is."

Evans watched him for a moment, then slowly followed. Baggerly fussed at a porter about the transferal of his documents, which seemed to have increased in numbers and confusion.

Mrs. Harkins was effusively greeted by a man and woman and hurried away.

Miss Rollins and I found Pop Andrews, who was visibly impressed by the importance of his mysterious mission. I asked:

"How about it, Pop? Was she aboard?"

The old boy doesn't believe in direct answers. Instead:

"What's the girl's name you're lookin' for?"

Miss Rollins said: "I don't know what her name is."

"Then how do you know she's the girl you're lookin' for?"

"I mean she isn't traveling under her right name."

"Well, what name *is* she usin'?"

I cut in with: "Wait a minute, Pop. Did you see a girl with a scar on her cheek?"

"Which cheek?"

MISS ROLLINS said: "The left one."

Pop said: "Yep, she was aboard"—and added she had walked around the station, bought a chocolate bar and a magazine, and sent a telegram. The porter had told Pop the initials on her bags were K. L. R.

Miss Rollins sighed with relief. "That's she all right."

Pop said: "Well, if you expected her to get off here, she fooled you. She got back on the train and went right on."

I asked if the train had pulled out on time. Pop said it had. Miss Rollins asked:

"It gets into San Francisco at ten tomorrow morning, doesn't it?"

I said it did.

"And we get there at seven thirty tonight?"

Pop, ever the optimist, said:

"If nothin' happens you do."

"You don't think we'll be delayed?" she asked anxiously.

I SAID I didn't think so, and left her. I had plenty to do in the scheduled fifteen minutes' lay-over. I took my bag into the pilot's room and changed into my uniform. I'd been riding in mufti, but the company insists pilots fly in uniform. The theory is that a uniform lends an air of disciplined authority and is reassuring to the passengers. Then I went into the dispatcher's office and pounced on Pete Stivers, an old pal I hadn't seen for several months. Some of the other boys drifted in to say hello. It seemed like old-home week.

Last but not least, Jake Berger came limping in, his arm in a sling. He naïvely explained he was limping because when a man had a broken arm he should do something besides carry it in a sling.

Pete handed me the weather sheets. They were bad. Shafter, west of Salt Lake, reported fair: Elko bad: Battle Mountain worse; and from there on into Reno it was zero and zero, which means no ceiling and no visibility. I said:

"This is a swell way to greet an old pal."

Pete said: "So you're all softened up, huh? That's what cushy jobs and high living do to a man."

Jake Berger said: "This weather ain't bad. You c'n always follow the railroad tracks."

If they were having a good time I wasn't. I know my Nevada weather like a book. It's treacherous. It sneaks up without warning. I asked Pete when these reports had come in. He said:

"Two o'clock."

"How's the emergency field at Halleck?"

Jake said: "Swell—if you stay on the runways. But *you* won't have any trouble. You're the best pilot on the line—at least you've always *said* so."

"I still say so. How about Elko?"

"Great—for flying boats." Pete turned serious. "It don't look so hot, Jack. Maybe you better wait till I get some later reports."

I suggested he query Elko, which he did. They reported it still bad there, but no worse than before. Reno reported a little ceiling and about two miles' visibility. It was fair over the Sierra hump and clear in the Sacramento Valley. I said:

"That's good enough. I can climb through this stuff and stay above it till I get there."

That's what I said, but I wasn't sure. It's one thing to say you'll climb above a storm and ride across it to clear weather, and another thing to do it. I've seen clouds so thick and high that Professor Piccard couldn't outclimb them with his stratosphere balloon—right in Nevada, too.

Mrs. Harkins met me outside the door. She was bubbling over—so happy she was almost crying. She said:

"I just wanted you to know that everything's all right. The folks came down to meet me, and my son's had a turn for the better. It was wonderful of you to make the trip so pleasant."

I said: "That's what we're here for, Mrs. Harkins, to get you where you want to go in a hurry."

She said she hoped she'd catch my plane on the way back, because she had already decided she was going to fly back to New York.

It made me feel pretty good to have her thank me like that. You see, flying passenger schedules back and forth gets pretty monotonous and sometimes it seems pretty useless. And then along comes a Mrs. Harkins who makes you feel like the work you're doing is really worth while.

I turned away from Mrs. Harkins. Stephani was at my elbow. He hadn't opened his clacker to me, or any one else, since he got on at Chicago—just remained detached and aloof. I started to ignore him but he said:

"I want to talk to you."

His whole attitude and manner had changed. He was neither the hard-boiled egg of the previous night nor the disdainful passenger of the morning. He was business—all business.

"Make it snappy—I've got things to do," I said as uncordially as I knew how.

He didn't beat around the bush any. Without changing his tone he said:

"How would you like to earn five thousand dollars?"

When I'd picked my chin up and put it back in place I said:

"I'd love it. How many people do I have to kill?"

"Oh, no—nothing like that!" he hastily assured me—and proved he had no sense of humor.

"Well, what then?"

He glanced around cautiously, turned back to me:

"The weather ahead is very bad, I understand."

"Terrible."

"Very well. If you should be forced down—away from the railroad—and couldn't get started again until, say, tomorrow morning, it would be worth five thousand dollars to me."

NOW, I won't act noble and say the proposition didn't interest me. Any time a guy offers you five thousand pineapples you're interested. What with the new scale of pay, I'd have to fly many a cold and bumpy mile for five thousand dollars. He must have thought I was weakening, because he egged me along with:

"It can't harm any one. I'd naturally expect you to pick out a safe field—away from the railroad. The bad weather gives you a logical excuse—"

I snapped out of it—suddenly. Quite calmly I said:

"Five thousand dollars is a lot of dough—a hell of a lot of dough. And I could use it." I stopped to let that sink in.

"The answer is—"

"The answer is, you dirty little ingrown hair, that you can take your five thousand bucks and choke yourself with it!"

I walked out on him, sore as a sprained thumb. I was mad at him for offering me that much money, and madder at myself for refusing to take it. I had, at one time and another, violated most of the codes of ethics for nothing—free gratis—and then a guy comes along and offers me big money to do no more than look the other way—and I turn him down. At least I was still an amateur. But I couldn't do it. For ten years I had been pushing mail and passengers here and there from Boston to San Diego. Never once in that time—not once!—did I fail to try like hell to get through if it was humanly possible. That was my record. I was proud of it, and I wasn't going to break it now, not for five thousand bucks or any part of it—said the Rover Boys in unison.

Miss Rollins stood by the plane. She had been watching us. She hurried over to meet me, her eyes searching my face closely.

"What did he say to you?" she asked. She was taut, suspicious.

I said: "He's a louse."

A NEW DEVELOPMENT IN TOOTH POWDER

"TWICE A DAY AND IT LASTS 14 WEEKS!"
NRA CODE

ECONOMICAL and *more* economical—no wonder whole families are flocking to Forhan's Tooth Powder. Don't confuse this with the old-fashioned kind of tooth powder. It is a *new development*—so smooth and fine you can hardly feel it between your fingers. Yes, you may trust your teeth with *this* tooth powder, so economical that a package seems to last forever! All the dentifrice experience and reputation of the House of Forhan stand behind the quality of Forhan's Tooth Powder. All druggists sell it. Forhan Company, Inc., Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

FORHAN'S
TRADE MARK
TOOTH
POWDER

FORHAN'S TOOTH POWDER

She repeated her question: "What did he say to you?" It was almost a demand.

I let her stew in her own juice for a minute. Then: "He offered me five thousand dollars to make a forced landing between here and San Francisco, and to stay grounded until tomorrow morning."

She went panicky for an instant, then pulled herself together. Her eyes flashed. She said:

"Is that what you're going to do?"

Kiddingly I said: "What would you do?"

"Oh, you mustn't! You don't dare—"

I cut in with: "Wait a minute—keep your shirt on. I told him to go to hell."

She suddenly dissembled—went completely feminine. "I'm sorry—terribly sorry. I shouldn't have said that. You've been perfectly swell."

I said: "I'm probably a sap not to do it. Five thousand dollars is a lot of coconuts."

"Do you think we can get through?"

"I'll try," I said.

"How's the weather?" she asked.

I said: "Bad."

She suddenly clutched my arm. "Can't you do something about him—complain—have him held here?"

I laughed. "Don't worry about him."

"But I do worry. He'll make trouble—I know he will. He'll try anything to keep us from getting through."

I said: "Forget it—we'll take care of him."

We picked up two new passengers at Salt Lake, both for San Francisco—a couple of kids that looked to be about nineteen or twenty. Their names were on the passenger list as Williams—brother and sister or husband and wife. Who could tell?

The girl was wrapped up in a big college-boy coonskin coat. She looked as fat and chubby as a kewpie doll.

Freddie Miller was my co-pilot and Anne Conlin the stewardess. They were both that way about each other. When they looked at each other you could almost hear wedding bells.

I liked Freddie. He was a nice kid who had come to us as a grease monkey four years before and earned his license by determination and hard work.

Anne had a telegram for Palmer. I pointed him out. She delivered it to him. A moment later—I'd been aboard the plane checking things with Freddie—I bumped into Palmer and Dr. Evans. They had apparently just gotten together. Palmer said to the doctor:

"Mr. Voler here says you're Dr. J. J. Evans."

The medico smiled affably.

"I'm afraid I can't deny it."

Palmer said: "From New York?" His eyes seemed to suddenly burn through the doctor as he waited for the answer.

Dr. Evans hesitated a fraction of a second. "No; I'm from Boston."

The flame slowly died in Palmer's eyes. Quite casually he said: "That's one town I've never been to."

I left them still talking. I wondered why Palmer was so interested in Dr. Evans—and why the doctor had hesitated before he said he was from Boston.

As I remembered, he had told me he was from New York.

WENT through all the usual formalities—signed for my mail load, strapped the automatic around my waist, and picked up a last-minute weather report from Pete Stivers.

It was so bad I could smell it. I was studying it when Stephani entered the dispatcher's office. He ignored me, went straight to Pete.

"I want to protest against this plane taking off," he announced.

Pete looked up at him in astonishment.

"Whassa matter?"

"You are deliberately concealing the facts," Stephani protested loudly. He was working himself up into a nice lather. "The weather west is very bad—so bad that trying to fly through it will needlessly endanger the lives of the passengers."

Peter seemed more amused than anything else. "Naw—it ain't that bad," he said.

"Where's your manager — your superintendent?" Stephani demanded.

I stepped over in front of him, said:

"I'm flying this ship, Mr. Stephani. We know what the weather is and it's good enough to take a shot at."

"It's suicide!"

I said: "You don't have to go, Mr. Stephani. If you think it's too dangerous the company will be glad to furnish you with rail transportation to the coast; but the ship's taking off on schedule."

We jabbered back and forth for a moment or two.

Pete and the boys strung with me, of course—tried politely to convince him we knew what we were about; repeated the offer of a railroad ticket. But when it came to the show-down and he saw we were leaving anyway he pulled in his ears and said he'd go—against his better judgment.

WE started back to the plane again. As I passed the door to the waiting room a brilliant idea jumped out and bit me. I stopped and waited for Stephani, who was following. I glanced around furtively and said, sotto voce:

"I just got the latest dope on the weather—" and paused dramatically.

He fell for the gag with an eager "Yes?"

"It's pretty bad—bad enough to give an alibi in case I had to sit down—"

"You mean—"

I looked around cautiously. "Come on inside here where we can talk it over."

I led him into the waiting room and beyond to the men's room. Both were deserted. I said:

"I've got nothing to lose. I'm gonna take you up on that offer."

For the first time since Chicago he really smiled.

"Well, now, that's more sensible."

I smiled too—but not for the reason he thought, the dumb rabbit! I suddenly pretended to be alarmed, whispered:

"Wait here a minute!"

I slipped cautiously out the door, closed it behind me, locked it softly, put the key in my pocket, and went across the waiting room and out on to the field at a full gallop.

I heaved a prodigious sigh of relief on the run—a good trick if you can do it. There might be great gobs of trouble ahead—but at least I wouldn't have to worry about Stephani.

I was headed for the plane when Pete Stivers called me from the door of his office. I shook my head and yelled:

"I'm late!"

Pete insisted. I hurried over to him. He was honestly concerned when he advised me:

"Keep a sharp eye on that Stephani guy who was just in here."

I said: "He'll be O. K."—and started to make the break.

Pete caught me by the arm. "I'm serious. If he starts anything, you come right back here—or land. I think the guy's a little bit screwy."

I said, "O. K.," trotted over, and climbed aboard. To Anne Conlin I said: "Everybody on?"

She said: "No—the little boy and that Stephani fellow."

I said: "For God's sake find that kid—we're late now. Never mind Stephani—he's going by train."

We looked frantically around. No Egbert. We shouted his name—and he strolled leisurely out of the hangar. I yelled: "Come on—or we'll leave you." He began to run. I told Anne to drag him aboard, and started forward.

On the way I stopped at Miss Rollins's seat.

"Stephani doesn't live here any more," I said.

She looked up at me inquiringly.

I said: "He accidentally locked himself in the ca—in the little boys' room."

Her face lighted up incredulously.

I entered the pilot's compartment, closed the door behind me, and settled myself in the pilot's seat, which is on the left side. Doggone me!—it felt good to be strapped in again with little Freddie Miller beside me, the control wheel between my legs, my feet on the rudder pedals, and the old engines clanking over out on the wings. For the first time since we left Newark I really felt comfortable and at home. I'm no back-seat flyer and never will be.

Freddie gave the radio the final test by monotonously droning into the transmitter: "One—two—three—four." An answering drone came back through the earphones from the dispatcher at the field office.

"All set?" I asked.

Freddie said: "Yep."

"All the passengers aboard?" From where I sat I could not see Egbert getting on the plane, as the entrance is on the right side at the rear.

Freddie turned, opened the door a crack, and looked back into the cabin, said:

"O. K. doke—let's aviate."

AND we did. The wind was straight from the west. I took off directly into it and climbed evenly. As we gained altitude the whole vast panorama unfolded before us. Directly below was the lake, which stretched grayly north for miles. Antelope Island rose from the middle of it, with the railroad trestle barely visible on the horizon. The great salt beds which border it glinted like a trillion facets in the afternoon sun. Beyond stretched mile after mile of flat desolate terrain—the Great Salt Desert or the Great American Desert, as you prefer. By any other name it's a gosh-awful expanse of utterly useless real estate.

Beyond the desert, the mountains. And above the mountains, clouds—black, ugly, and menacing. Like every other good pilot, I know my weather. That's part of my job. The weather ahead was bad—plain ordinary bad. Perhaps I could sneak under it, or over it, or even through it. I knew every cañon and pass blindfolded. And then again, maybe I'd have to turn back. We'd see when we got there.

I pressed the button for Anne. She stuck her head through the compartment door. I said:

"It's gonna be bumpy up ahead, sister. Better keep an eye on things."

"All right," she said. "And, oh, by the way—Mr. Stephani said to tell you he'd decided not to go by train after all. He would much rather fly with you."

"Stephani!" I exclaimed. I swung around and looked back into the cabin. There, in his regular seat, sat the boy friend. He glanced up at me, smiled that mocking, maddening smile, turned casually and looked out the window.

"How in hell did he get aboard?" I snapped at Anne.

"He just came running up at the last second," she explained.

I settled back at the controls, my so-called brain spinning like a gyroscope. Freddie glanced across at me.

"What's the matter?" he inquired.

I said: "Matter, my dear boy? Why, nothing is the matter. Everything is simply delightful."

I looked ahead. The clouds were dropping lower.

Bad weather is reported ahead—zero temperatures, low-hanging smoldering clouds, and threats of heavy snow. Mountains and deep cañons hold forth little hope for any plane in distress. Will Jack get through? And what sinister trickery may Stephani be planning to thwart Miss Rollins's aim to reach San Francisco? Hair-raising thrills and a startling surprise await you in next week's installment.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 19

1—Ann Austin and Mary Fisher in 1656.

2—Thirty-seven years—1848-85.

3—Anno Domini: In the year of our Lord.

4—Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David Windsor.

5—The National, 1876; American, 1900.

6—A ferment found in yeast.

7—16,885 wired for sound; 2,504 not wired. Total 19,389.

8—The former only hears evidence and returns indictments; the latter is a trial jury and renders verdicts.

9—The natives of Nova Scotia, Canada.

10—Benjamin Franklin, when signing the Declaration of Independence, July 4, 1776.

11—People who are overparticular in their use of exactly correct words.

12—Rosa Bonheur.

13—On East Twenty-ninth Street, New York City.

14—Laurence Sterne.

15—The Hwang Ho, because of its annual and destructive floods.

16—Four: a heater, a catcher, a bucker-up, and a gunman.

17—A chief of the Shawnee Indians who served with the British during the Revolutionary War.

18—Detroit.

19—The voluntary contributions raised by Roman Catholics for the Pope since 1860.

20—A small Australian mammal of bearlike appearance thought by many to have inspired the manufacture of Teddy bears.

"Lost your Mirror?
—USE THE CAR!

Look yourself over in that MOBILWAX shine

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE Mobilwax to make cars glow with smartness and self-respect.

It's a special blend of waxes, *emulsified* to go on smoothly... and polish with a fraction of the usual "elbow grease."

Clean car first with Mobilgloss polish. Apply Mobilwax, get a gleaming shine that lasts for months. Convenient 25c tube.

Mobil-wax
Mobilwax
Mobil wax

• A CAR WAX worthy of the Mobil name. Get Mobilwax from stations and dealers where Mobiloil is sold.

Mobil
Handy Oil

• HERE'S FIRST AID OIL for car or home. Specially compounded. Won't clog or gum. A long-life lubricant for long-life lubrication. Mobil Handy Oil made by makers of Mobiloil.

• MOBIL UPPERLUBE, in gasoline or lubricator, oils upper cylinders, rings, valves. Cuts carbon. Quiets the engine.

Mobil-Products
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF MOBILOIL
SOCONY-VACUUM

NEXT WEEK

HELL HOUNDS

RETURN TO LIBERTY IN ANOTHER GREAT SAGA OF THE FOREIGN LEGION IN THE DRIFTING SANDS

Beginning next week, Liberty presents another great saga of the famous French Foreign Legion. Like HELL HOUNDS, which startled the world last winter with its authentic word pictures of Legion life in Morocco, this coming story, HELL HOUNDS AT BAY AGAIN, is revealed by Ex-Legionnaire No. 1384. Again he has the collaboration of W. J. Blackledge in presenting his thrilling narrative for your enjoyment.

If you were among the great army who thrilled to the heroic episodes of HELL HOUNDS before, you will need no second invitation to share in the lusty events of this new record of danger and daring from inside the lines. If you did not read HELL HOUNDS last season, by all means begin HELL HOUNDS AT BAY AGAIN as soon as you have your next week's Liberty.

"HELL HOUNDS AT BAY AGAIN"

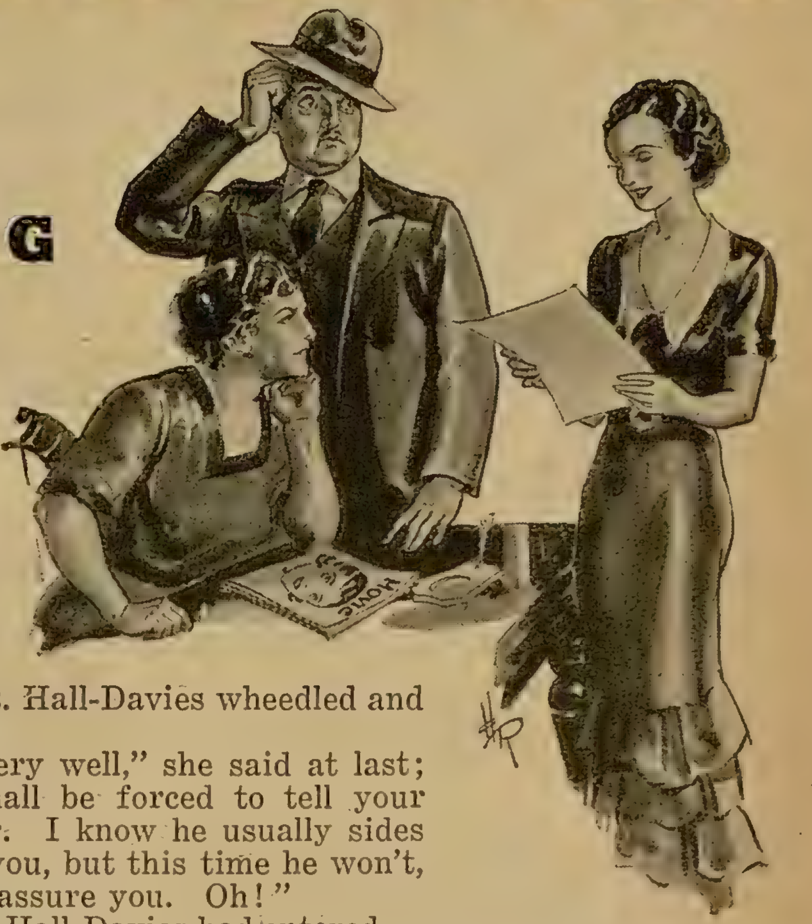
Father Knows Best

A Short Short Story

by

ALEXANDER LAING

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 36 SECONDS



IS that all? Let me see the other letters, Marguerite."

"Both for Miss Betty, madame."

In proof, the maid extended her salver, bending to reach her mistress, whose curves lay strewn like a small mountain range in the middle of an enormous pink bed.

Mrs. Hall-Davies was turning her daughter's letters over and over as if hoping that the exercise would make them open of their own accord.

"I can't understand this at all, Marguerite, can you?"

She held up one letter, originally addressed on a typewriter: "ELAINE, Box 331, The Saturday Review." This had been scored out. A hasty uphill pencil had substituted: "Miss Elizabeth Hall-Davies, 1119 Park Ave." The maid shrugged her shoulders and averted her eyes.

Two hours later at luncheon a mother's tactful inquiries about the morning mail fell upon indifferent ears.

"If you want to be secretive, Betty, that's your affair. Do you mind at least telling me where you are going after lunch?"

"Oh, just to visit some fauns and satyrs I know of."

"Real friends share their secrets, darling."

ALEXANDER LAING

was born in Great Neck, N. Y., and entered Dartmouth in 1931. He started to write in college and has kept it up since. He also has been an editor, advertising writer, teacher, seaman, and machinist.

"And respect each other's judgment. A real friend doesn't pester you for things it's best not to tell."

This remark put Mrs. Hall-Davies into a torment of that special agitation which the mature and wise feel for the pitifully confident young. After her daughter's departure she phoned a news dealer for a copy of the current Saturday Review. If she had bothered to look in her husband's library she would have found a complete file of the same journal; but Mrs. Hall-Davies never could see how any one found time to read books. She kept the library door shut on its musty smell of old bindings, and entered the room hardly once in a year's time. This, however, may really have had nothing to do with the fact that her husband spent most of his evenings with his books, when able.

On the next to the last page of the Saturday Review Mrs. Hall-Davies presently discovered exactly what she was fearing to find — an "agony column" of personals, one of which read:

FORLORN MAIDEN, bored to tears with Astolat and dull young males, seeks friendship of cultured gentleman. Object? Let's have a look at each other and then decide. ELAINE, Box 331.

When Betty returned at six o'clock, cool and collected, whether or not intact, she was snatched at once to her mother's bosom.

"Dear child, do tell me it's all right! What happened? Truly, I'll try to understand."

"Nothing happened, silly. I just made the round of the shops."

"Sit down," Mrs. Hall-Davies said firmly. "This pretense has gone far enough. You know quite well I'm no snoop, Betty. But—well, I confess I did notice that queer address on your letter this morning. I insist on seeing what was in it. A mother has some rights!"

She produced and pointed with dramatic emphasis to the advertisement.

"I'm sorry, mother, but I'll have to remind you of what you've always said yourself—that personal correspondence is sacred."

Mrs. Hall-Davies wheedled and raged.

"Very well," she said at last; "I shall be forced to tell your father. I know he usually sides with you, but this time he won't, I can assure you. Oh!"

Mr. Hall-Davies had entered.

"Why the Amazonian civil war?" he inquired mildly.

"John, Betty's had a letter from some revolting person, and I insist that she show it to one of us. She won't show it to me."

"All right," Betty said; "I'll read it to both of you. You'd better both compose yourselves for the ordeal."

She went to unlock a jewel case and returned with the letter.

"Here goes. It says:

"DEAR ELAINE:

"Lancelot grows old and has acquired the decent dull morality of Galahad. If this be not too vast a disadvantage, he too would like in little ways to escape a castle grown dull. At five o'clock this Friday, ask the head waiter at the Marguery for Mr. Lancelot's table.

"I shall not look up. You can leave without embarrassment to either, if you like, after glimpsing me from afar."

"That's not till tomorrow," Mrs. Hall-Davies exclaimed. "Thank God!"

"I think your mother is right, Betty," her father said with some emotion. "Let's talk it over in the library. Will you excuse us?"

His wife sighed and nodded. When the thick door was closed, John Hall-Davies stood staring at the rug and scratching his chin.

"Your mother wouldn't approve of my methods, my dear. But how much to forget about that—er—shall we say rendezvous?"

"Well, you see, I did quite a lot of shopping this afternoon, daddy. I wanted to look my very best, of course, for—Lancelot."

"Lancelot be hanged! You're a vixen. Two hundred cover it?"

"Every woman has her price. But better make it three, darling."

The check and letter changed hands. A match flared. Betty and her father stood arm in arm, watching the letter dissolve the damning epistle.

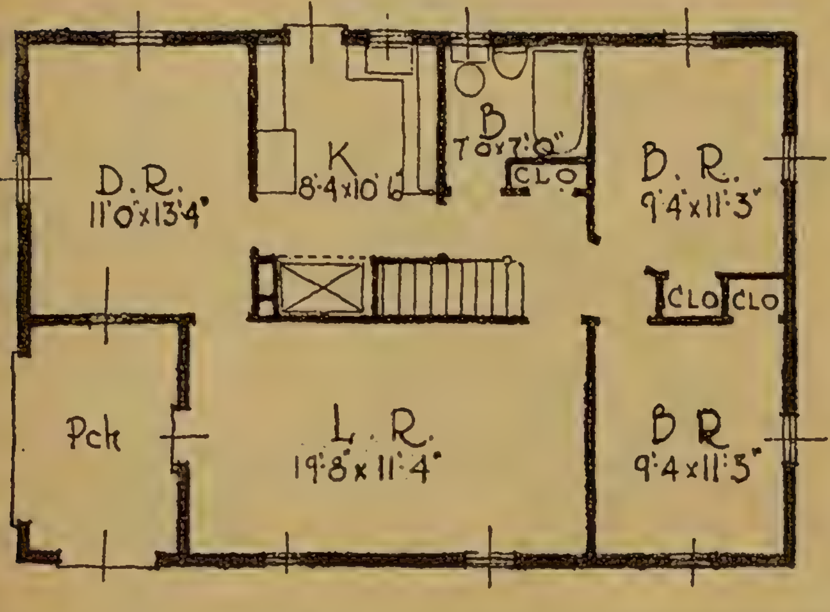
"You know, chick," said John Hall-Davies, "in my plunging days I've probably written costlier letters than that one. But there's no questioning that it's the silliest one I ever wrote."

THE END

A HOUSE

The Story of a Remarkable

Here's the plan of the first $1,000 house built at Middletown. It has an attic, in which two additional rooms could be made.



READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

EARLY last winter one of the officials of the American Rolling Mill Co. at the Middletown, Ohio, headquarters called up the manager of one of its plants in another city which had been working part time for some months.

"We're making up an unemployment relief budget," he said. "How much will you require to take care of your people? Twenty-five to thirty thousand, I imagine."

The branch manager laughed. "All I want is $2,000. Not a nickel more."

"Only $2,000? Why, there must be at least a thousand families that haven't any money."

"Oh, more than that. More like 1,200 families."

"But you need only $2,000 for 1,200 families?"

"That's right. You see, most of my people live on little plots of ground. Some of them own half an acre. Some have as much as ten acres. They live out in the country—five, ten, twenty miles away. Many come to work in flivvers. They grow food on those little patches of ground. Most of them have poultry. A few even have cows and pigs."

"Then why do you want even $2,000?"

"For the poor families that live in town and haven't anything but a flat in a slum."

All the officials of the American Rolling Mill Co.—Armco for short—began to discuss this amazing situation.

And out of their discussions came a plan of decentralization and rehabilitation similar to that preached for so many years by Bernarr Macfadden, publisher of Liberty; a plan which the president of the concern, Charles R. Hook, has submitted to Washington.

A plan and a $1,160 house—potentially a $1,000 one.

Armco has always looked after its employees. It has never had any labor difficulties. It has always paid good wages; it has given its employees good working and living conditions, a voice in the management, opportunities for advancement, their own mill committees.

It has doctors and nurses to look after them and their families.

"Looking at it in a selfish way," said Mr. Hook, "we are merely investing in the good will of those working with us. By giving them our best, we get the best that is in them."

"What this company needs," Armco decided, "and what this country needs is the back-to-the-land movement. We have 12,000 employees. That represents possibly 60,000 men, women, and children. If each family had a house and a patch of ground of its own it wouldn't have to care much whether school kept or not. If the majority of the people of the United States could be as independent and secure as those employees in that one plant of ours, there'd be no depression, no hunger, no exploitation."

And so C. H. Murray, assistant to the president, in charge of personnel, went to work on the company's "plan for the permanent rehabilitation of the unemployed."

Instead of providing unemployment insurance this plan "proposes to move the totally or partially unemployed worker to the farm through the creation of a public fund with which to purchase land, shelter, and equipment. The beneficiary would then purchase the property on small installments. These payments would be used to rehabilitate other families."

How much would it take to buy a house and a little farm for a family now in some city slum? I asked that question when I visited the Middletown headquarters.

"We've just built an experimental house for $1,160," said Mr. Chapple, a vice president of the company. "Would you care to look at it?"

It was a five-room house with an attic. With little trouble and expense two more rooms could be made in the attic. It was attractive, roomy, with plenty of light and air. It was fireproof and rustproof and weatherproof—and even timeproof. It was made of steel and lumber and a mixture of concrete and asphalt.

The walls were hollow, so that they would hold the heat. The windows were cunningly weather-stripped with sheet steel. The floors, made of that concrete-asphalt mixture which the inventor, Robert F. Berryman, calls "steelasco," were resilient, enduring, easy to clean.

"You heat this house with stoves," Mr. Chapple explained. "There's a well—good water, too. When the wiring and plumbing have been finished, the cost, including labor, will not exceed $1,500."

"But," said Mr. Berryman, "if I can make these houses in quantities I can bring the cost per house down way below $1,000, including everything."

Berryman, who has been a teacher in the government service in the Philippines, a lawyer, and a banker, started building cheap houses in 1923. In 1930 he got his "big idea" of building a cheap house out of steel and lumber and concrete and asphalt. But he couldn't get any one to back him with capital.

He lived in Woodcliff Lake, New Jersey, with his wife and his twin sons. Finally, with money he scraped together, he built a house there—and was arrested for violating the building code. Later he built a house for $1,000 near Clinton, Tennessee. He sold it. It had eight rooms, and the cost included plumbing and wiring but not the fixtures.

When he arrived in Middletown, Ohio, and met Bennett Chapple, he was broke. Mr. Chapple listened to him and caught fire from him. He called in an architect, a subdivision man, a lumberman, a cement man, a sand-and-gravel man, a plumber, an electrician, and a well expert. They all agreed to coöperate and take their money when the house was sold. The architect drew the plans for twenty-five dollars. The lot was bought—about half an acre. And the house began to rise.

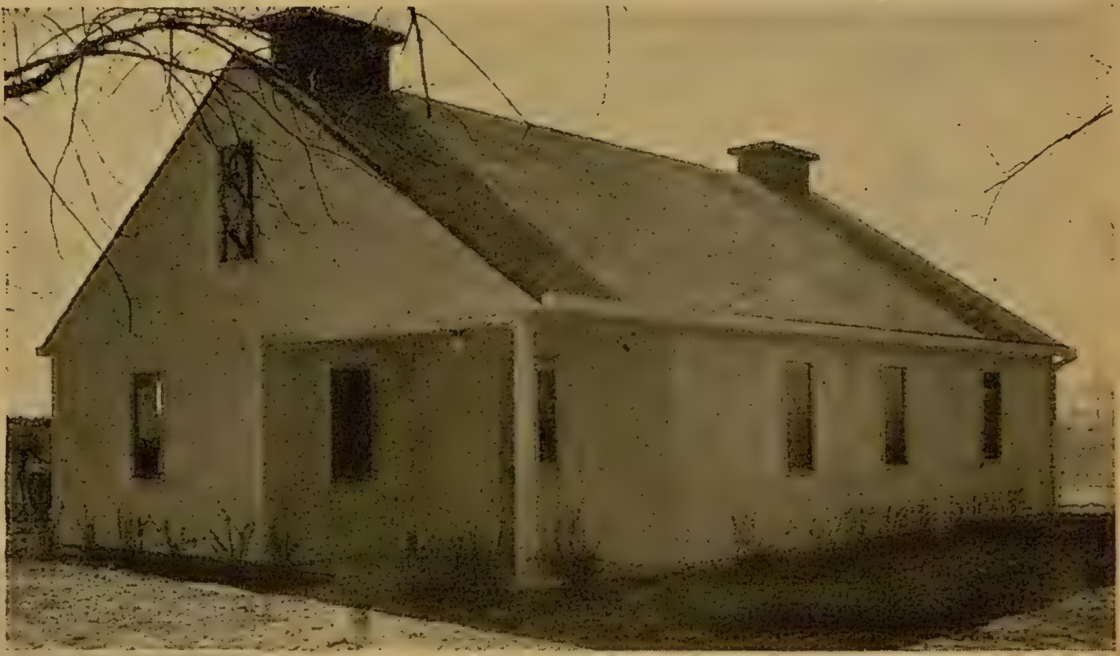
The walls were fashioned on the ground of sheet steel and lumber. Then the "steelasco" was buttered on the outside and the walls were raised into place. The roof was put on, and the gutters fashioned by turning up the overlapping steel. The roof was buttered with the concrete-asphalt mixture. Then sand and gravel and concrete and asphalt were mixed to make the floor. And then came the plasterers and others to complete the job. The house was finished on the outside with a coat of stucco.

"I can build any sort of house with these three materials," Berryman says: "one third steel, one third

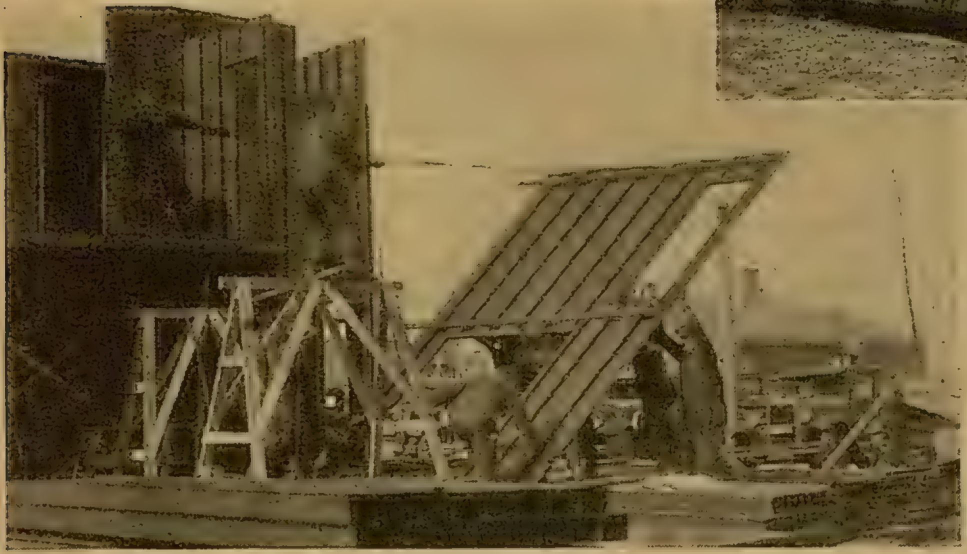
FOR $1,000!

Experiment in Self-Support and Economical Living

by EDWARD DOHERTY



The first $1,000 house, from the plan on the opposite page. Built in quantity, such houses will cost less than $1,000.



Erecting the house. Up comes a wall section, 11 by 20 feet, and within a few minutes it's fastened into place.

wood, one third cement and asphalt. The mixture I use protects the steel and furnishes a tackiness that holds the stucco. Neither heat nor cold affects this mixture. We're going to experiment next with a house that will cost, with labor, $846. It will be only four rooms, but it will be a house any man could be proud of."

"We figure, here in Armco," Mr. Hook said, "that it costs us $5,000 to retire a man.

"If we could put him in his own home, on his own acreage, we would give him something to do—give him a newer, fresher interest that would lengthen his years."

Mr. Murray figured it would take $3,000, approximately, to put one family "in clover." His figures were:

Land—10 acres at $60 an acre	$ 600
Building—5-room house and outbuildings	2,250
Equipment and live stock	150
	$3,000

"Taking 1932 statistics, the total labor force in Ohio," he says, "is estimated at 1,500,000. The average number employed, either fully or partially, is less than 1,000,000. The average number totally unemployed is 500,000. Under normal conditions Ohio has an average of 130,000 nonemployed nonworkers, leaving some 370,000 unemployed workers who honestly want employment. These represent individuals, not families. Assuming there are 270,000 families in need of rehabilitation, the total sum required for this purpose at $3,000 per family would be $810,000,000.

"On the average, building-and-loan associations require a first payment of 25 per cent. Obviously the family that needs rehabilitation could not make even this.

"A state or government fund might be used to supply the initial payment; and the remainder could be borrowed from Farm Loan or Home Loan banks, or the new Housing Act. The initial payment would be secured by a second mortgage, while the main loan would be covered with a first mortgage. Beneficiaries would also be required to give a chattel mortgage upon all goods and equipment. The interest rates should not be high, certainly not over 5 per cent, and the amortization period could be extended to fifteen years, with corresponding monthly payments instead of the usual 1 per cent per month.

"The beneficiary should not be required to begin his monthly payments for two years, and all homesteads would have the first two years' taxes and interest added to the original loan.

"ASSUMING each of those homesteads required an initial cash outlay of $750, including interest and taxes for the two-year rehabilitation period, the lump-sum outlay would only be approximately equivalent to the amount expended by charity to maintain the family, if totally dependent, for a two-year period.

"Through this program the family would be permanently enabled to earn its own way—and the money would come back into the fund, to be expended on some other family.

"As a further protection, the lives of the beneficiaries could be insured to the value of the property to protect the state or the government in event of death."

Mr. Murray's figures were drawn up before Mr. Berryman appeared on the Armco horizon with his $1,000 house.

Chop $1,000 off the estimated costs, and the sum needed for a perpetual rehabilitation fund for Ohio would be not 25 per cent of $810,000,000, but 25 per cent of $540,000,000, or $135,000,000.

"Many of our homes," said President Roosevelt in his message to Congress last May 14, "are not fit for human habitation. They need repairing and modernizing to bring them up to the standard of the times. Many new homes now are needed to replace those not worth repairing. . . . The federal government should take the initiative immediately to coöperate with private capital and industry in this real-property conservation."

THE END

From Hollywood . . .

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

by PRINCESS

Linguist, Friend of the Famous in Europe

JESSE LASKY

SO accustomed are we to thinking of the picture business as a modern development that we lose sight of its comparative antiquity. Twenty years leave a sizable dent in any man's life. Jesse Lasky has been at it for twenty-one years. He's an old prospector. Outwardly he doesn't look a bit like those dreamy old boys who go bumbling around the desert in a full set of whiskers, hunting for lost gold mines. But in spirit he is one of them.

He remembers Hollywood *when.*

"When the California sunshine really meant something to us," he said. "We brought our business out here in the first place because of the sunlight. And now we're all sun dodgers. The talkies have driven us inside. Too much sound machinery for outdoor work."

Mr. Lasky remembers when high-class theatrical talent felt obliged to apologize for doing picture plays. They didn't think the movies were quite respectable professionally.

"Geraldine Farrar was the first of them to change that viewpoint," Mr. Lasky told me. "She was a landmark in the dignification of Hollywood art."

His reminiscent mood harked Mr. Lasky back to early days when he rode to work on horseback, brought his lunch with him in a pail, made his movies in a rented barn. During the two decades of his Hollywood career he has produced more than a thousand pictures, including such *epics* as The Covered Wagon—and that one, you know, has implanted its name in our American language.

WOMAN trouble, love trouble, drink trouble, money trouble! Hollywood is terrified of them all. "Keep out of trouble," the executives warn the stars. "If you can't, we don't want you."

Certain executives take a high moral attitude. When they drop a disorderly star they claim it is for the good reputation of the industry. Others explain their discipline by saying that stars who get mixed up in notorious escapades lose box-office appeal.

The studios have another reason—just as practical if not more so—for cracking down on a naughty star.

They know from experience that the stars cannot do satisfactory work while they are worrying about some mess they have made of their private affairs. A star in trouble is a time waster, a scene spoiler, a nuisance.

One of the big directors told me case after case to show how true this is. For example, the popular young actress who ruined her scenes every time she had a quarrel with her boy friend. And the splendid actor who forgot his lines half the time because he was deeply in debt. And the alcoholic star who disappeared for days. And the star who worried herself into inconvenient fits about her divorce.

A number of companies now compel their stars to save money and behave themselves. It goes into the contract. But it isn't a moral measure. It's economic.

DO you movie fans think up star combinations that you would like to see on the screen? I often do. Here are some of the teams I wish we could get together:

Adolphe Menjou playing his smooth and polished humor against the delightful rough-house of Lupe Velez. . . . John Barrymore and Elsa Lanchester as eccentric soul-mates. . . . Edward G. Robinson mixing one of his black moods with the rice-pudding sweetness of Ann Harding. . . . Greta Garbo in a violent love story with Clark Gable.

Among life's spices, contrast is just as exciting, I think, as is variety.

THE first orange grove I have seen in California. Six hundred acres of trees! As far as my eyes can reach I see the fruit hanging, golden, yellow, bronze. It is a handsome sight. A wonderful sight!

They call it an orange ranch. Why they call it a *ranch* I cannot imagine. Ranches, I have been told, are *ranges* where cattle scamper about. I have yet to see a scampering orange.

The people who own all these fruitful acres live in a Spanish castle on a hill. They built the castle themselves. It had a royal housewarming. Prince Shuvasti, the King of Siam's father-in-law, was one of their guests when they moved into the place.

Prince Shuvasti brought with him seven Siamese retainers. None of them could sleep on soft American beds. They had to have hard felt mats stretched on low wooden tables.

Carpenters were sent for in a hurry. The carpenters had never before built Siamese beds, but they set to work with a will. They must have made an intelligent job of it, for the Siamese visitors were as happy as larks in the morning.

California hospitality is like that. Ready for anything.

CONCERNING the director Wilhelm Dieterle, there is a legend that he always wears white gloves, that he is superstitious about them, that he puts on a fresh pair when he begins a new picture, and will not change them until the picture is done.

He was making his Du Barry film when I met him. He had on white gloves. They were very soiled. I asked him about the legend.

"Ach!" he exploded. "Doze bublicity men!" He snatched off his glove and offered me his hand. "Hand iss clean," he said. "Gloff iss dirty. Dot's why I wear gloff."

THE wisdom of our adolescent young gives me a twinge of jealousy. Their shrewdness disturbs me. I envy them.

I can't help wishing that I, at their age, had possessed their knowledge. It might have rescued me from so many hapless situations.

I am not trying to be sarcastic. I mean it. Think of the heart pangs I might have avoided had I known, years ago, what this young lady writes to me on the subject of *kitten love!*

"Kitten love," she says, "is different from calf love. Calf love is moonstruck sentimentality. Boys get it worse than girls. Kitten love is mischievous, teasing love. Girls get it more than boys. A girl who marries for kitten love is no safer than a boy who marries for calf love."

So there you are. Calf love and kitten love are not to be trusted.

... *to the* Ladies!

ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

and Descendant of the First Czar of Russia

The young woman who sent me this information added a note even more profound. "If I married a boy because I could tease him," she said, "I would probably become a nagging wife."

I LIKE books about localities, books about certain towns or states. I liked Stars Fell on Alabama, by Carl Carmer. (Published by Farrar & Rinehart.)

HAVE you noticed how different you seem to look when you see yourself in a mirror away from home? Our own mirrors get so used to us, we might say, that like our own families they appear to lose interest in us.

As far as mirrors are concerned, this condition may be remedied quite easily. It is a question of lighting. Experiment with your dressing-table mirror. Place it so that a bright *uncomplimentary* illumination falls upon you. Half lights are no good for make-up. Those electric lights that clamp on the sides of your mirror are the best arrangement. Professional actresses always use them.

Try two strong merciless lamps, one at each side. Dressing tables insufficiently lighted are to blame for most of the bad make-up we see.

LUNATICS hear noises. Some of them hear voices and some hear bells. Noises are also heard by certain people not officially demented. I mean imaginary noises.

In almost every family there is at least one noise hearer. They hear footsteps, floor creakings, window tamperings, muffled thuds in the cellar. They get you up out of bed in the middle of the night to chase nonexistent burglars.

They hear bad men walking around the yard. They hear tramps at the back door. They hear all sorts of deviltry going on in the dark.

In the morning they laugh at themselves; but the next night they hear noises just the same. You can't cure 'em. They're hopeless.

BULGARIA is the home of this unusual luncheon dish. It was served the other day by a friend of mine who has visited that country. I found it delicious. And it is easy to prepare.

Use lamb's liver. Cut in 1-inch squares, soak 5 minutes in lukewarm water, wipe dry, and roll in well seasoned flour. Have ½ clove garlic crushed in the flour. Fry the liver in hot oil for 5 minutes. Take out and drain on paper. Meanwhile fry in butter an equal quantity of diced cucumber and green pepper. Mix this with the liver.

Serve on crisp lettuce leaves.

ARRIVING in a distant city on business, a woman I know was grateful to find her hotel room filled with flowers—tokens of welcome sent by local acquaintances. But the attention that most of all delighted her was a little packet she discovered on her writing desk. It was a box of soberly elegant stationery with her initials engraved thereon.

Inside was a note from a friend saying, "Just in case you want to write personal letters and the hotel paper isn't what you fancy."

Wasn't that a thoughtful gift to send a traveling lady? So many of us—I, for one—neglect to pack our own personal stationery when we start on a journey.

SCANDALS in fur: More than one baby opossum is born with a raccoon tail. Plenty of infant raccoons come into the world wearing skunk stripes. Baby muskrats sometimes betray a suspicious likeness to the raccoon family. Perhaps I haven't repeated the gossip absolutely straight, but you can see for yourself what a scandalous affair it must be.

The news comes to me from Chester D. Judis of A. Hollander & Son, who do a large part of the world's fur dyeing. They dye fifteen million skins a year. Naturally, the mongrel pelts I mentioned above rather bewilder them.

Ninety per cent of all our furs are dyed. The only furs never monkeyed with are Russian sable, chinchilla, genuine mink, ermine, and silver fox. Hollander operates two fur-dyeing plants in the United States, two in Canada, and one in France. They used to import plain ordinary water from Leipzig, Germany, because it was the best for dyeing Persian lamb. Then they found water just as good at Middletown, New York, so they built a plant there.

Mr. Judis told me about one of the late Wendel heiresses ordering an automobile robe of Russian sable to match a sable coat she had just bought. The fur dealer was shocked.

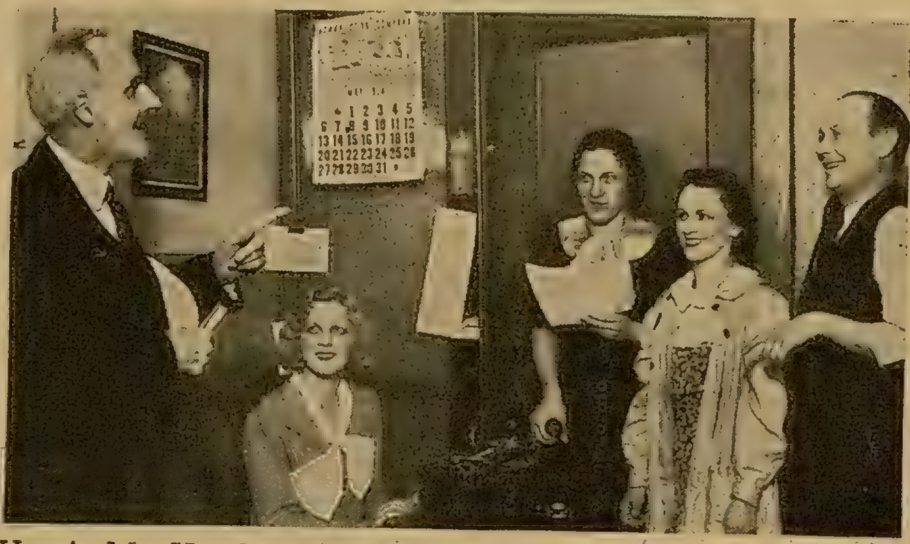
"But, madam," he gasped, "a robe like your coat will bring the bill up to thirty-five thousand dollars." She didn't care. She liked the feel of that stuff. *(Oops—end of the page! I've got lots more to tell you about furs. More on this subject next week.)*

An Actor Beats The Depression

The Story of One Who Stood on the Bridge—and Decided He Wasn't Licked!

by CHARLES B. HAMLIN

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS



Here's Mr. Hamlin putting on his one-man show before an office-force audience. Will they go to that restaurant!

SHAKESPEARE was right: "One man in his time plays many parts." I've played many since I was fourteen and created the part of young Nat Berry in Shore Acres, at the Boston Museum in 1892. But I'm playing one now that I never dreamed I could or would play.

I stood on the bridge at midnight, hungry and alone. I wouldn't be hungry any longer; I wouldn't worry about my bed for the night.

There was no one about. I took off my coat. There was a shine on my shoes; I carried a rag to keep them looking neat. So I took them off, too. Why? I don't know. I climbed up on the rail. I started to count—one for the money; two for the show; three to get ready—

And then I threw my head back and laughed. Cy Prime had arrived just in time. Cy Prime? He's the rube in The Old Homestead with the chip on his shoulder. I have played him a thousand times. He put a chip on my shoulder then, and I was done with suicide.

I put my shoes and coat on and walked until the sun was high in the heavens. Meanwhile I hit on my plan. In the weeks I had been broke in Milwaukee I had passed a German restaurant on Third Street many times. I had looked in hungrily. Now I walked in and asked for the boss.

"I've got an idea to increase your business," I said. He shrugged.

"Listen to me. I'm hungry, but I'm not asking for food. I'm asking for a chance to earn it."

"I've got more business now than I can handle."

"I can get you customers, hundreds of customers."

He smiled. "You eat now and then we'll talk."

I ate slowly. I was afraid I would eat too much. Then I outlined a proposition. He laughed at me. I left and tried a dozen other restaurants. On the second day I went back.

"I won't leave," I said, "until you give me a chance." I struck a pose. I became an actor again. I was Wallingford—Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford. He watched me. Several customers watched, amazed. The waiters came to watch. I did a scene, taking all the parts.

"I remember that play. You ought to be an actor."

"My God, man!" I almost shouted at him. "That's just the trouble! I am an actor—and I'm starving. Well—you enjoyed that old scene, didn't you? I know a hundred parts. Let me go out and advertise your restaurant."

"By golly, maybe you could," Mader said. "But I can't afford to pay you anything. Just meals."

Then I ate again. I walked to the main stem, Wisconsin Avenue, and started at the lake end of it.

I went to the top floor of the first building and into a large office. There was no one but girls in it. I bowed and said, "Girls, you're too young to remember The Old Homestead, but not to be fond of Marie Dressler! Would you like to hear a little story about Marie?"

"Sure," a pretty blonde answered. I started in to tell one typifying Marie's big-heartedness.

I put that simple but true story on with such vigor that the girls applauded. The noise brought the boss in. The girls were scared stiff. But the bold blonde spoke up: "He's an old actor and he was telling us a story about Marie Dressler."

"I was just about to tell your pretty and competent assistants about Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," I said.

"Did you play in Wallingford?" the ogre inquired. "I always liked that show. Sit down."

We chatted for half an hour and then I spoke of Mader's restaurant. He said, "Hamlin, I'll take all these girls there for dinner tonight. You be there."

I was there and he kept his word. It was a gay party. I had to eat with them and Mr. Mader was pleased. But that was not the only party I brought in that day.

IN the days that followed I perfected my approach. In a large insurance office one man sat alone. I bowed and asked, "Have you ever dined at Mader's?"

"No," he said. "Please don't bother me."

Next week I called again. Every week for three months I called. "If I ever see you in this office again I'll call the police," he said finally. "No, I won't—I'll shoot you on sight."

"Very well, sir," I answered. "You'll have the opportunity to shoot me at exactly 2 P.M. next Thursday."

At that hour I opened the door and walked in.

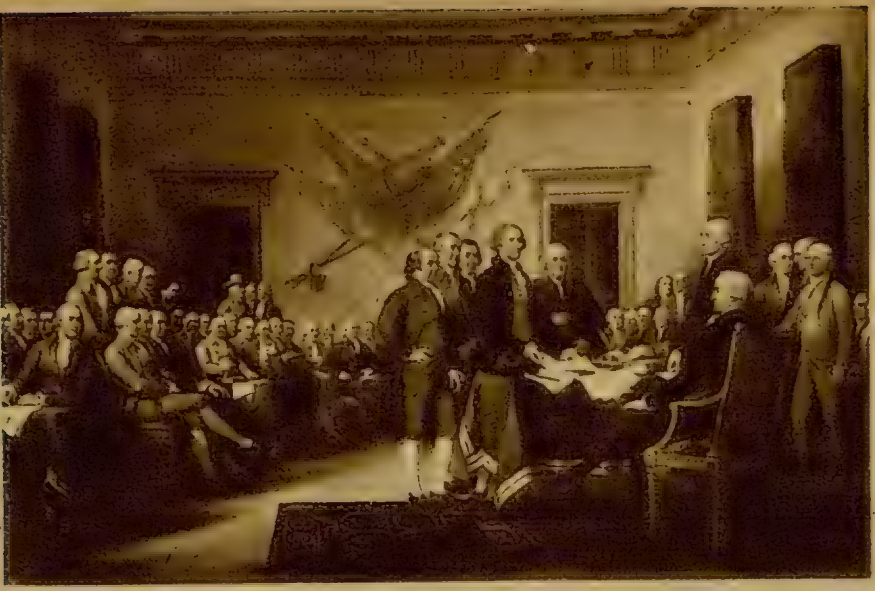
"Hello, Hamlin," he said. "Sit down. Say, I told my wife about you, and she made me take her to Mader's. We enjoyed it. Have a cigar."

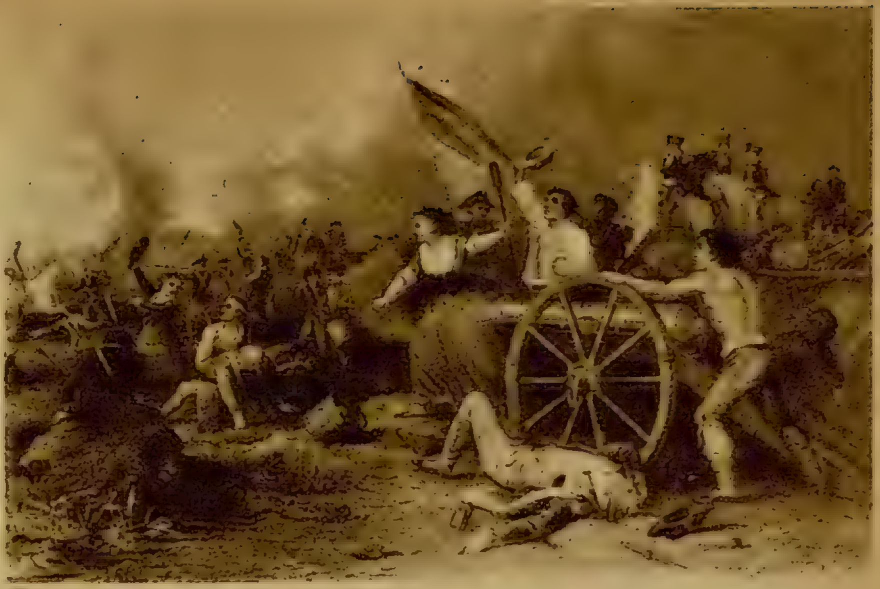
He has been back several times, nearly always with wealthy friends. More than a hundred meals have been served just because I was not bluffed by him.

I've met excursion boats and on the docks put on an impromptu act. I've counted as many as fifteen persons at one time that I had led to the place.

For a week after starting I got nothing but my meals. Then I asked for cash and for a room. I got it. Raises came slowly. First I got a dollar a week. Now I'm getting twelve dollars and fifty cents a week, my hotel room, and my meals. I'm prouder of that salary than of $500 a week I have earned on the stage.

THE END





The RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will reproduce three famous pictures illustrating notable events in North American history. There will be thirty pictures in all.

2. Each picture will be well known to the reading public through reproduction in history textbooks and in magazines and the press in connection with celebrations and anniversaries.

3. To compete, cut out or trace with reasonable accuracy each of the pictures, and below each write an identification of the historic event it illustrates, using not more than twenty-five words for each picture.

4. For the set of thirty pictures accompanied by the clearest, most interesting identifications Liberty will award a first prize of $500. A second prize of $200 will be paid; a third prize of $100; $10 each for the twenty next best; and $5 each for the 200 next best. In the event of ties, duplicate prizes will be paid.

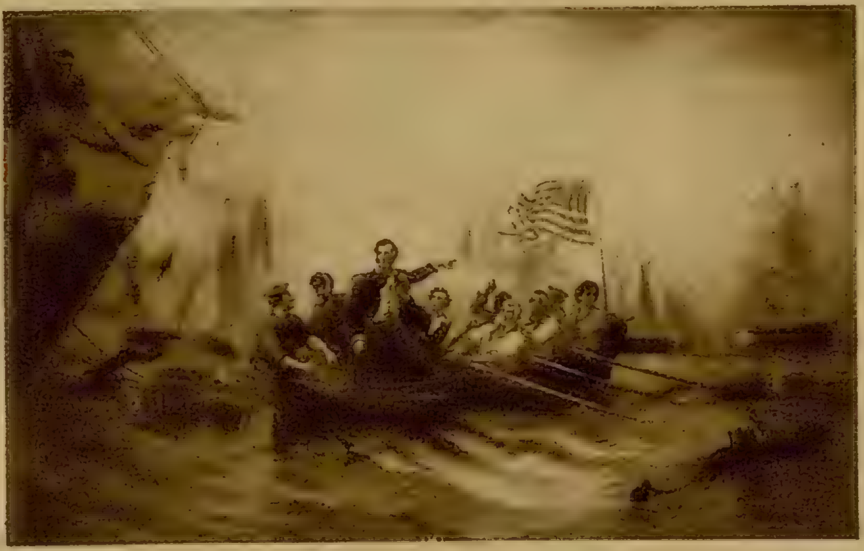
5. When your entry is complete, send it by first-class mail to HISTORICAL PICTURES CONTEST, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department.

6. No contestant will be entitled to more than one award. Any one, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

7. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, October 17, the closing date of this contest.

HELPFUL CLUES

The events illustrated this week are among the following: Battle of Bunker Hill. First Thanksgiving. Signing the Declaration of Independence. The Monitor and Merrimac. Battle of Lake Erie. Surrender at Yorktown. Molly Pitcher at Monmouth. Boston Tea Party. Landing of the Pilgrims.



The PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE
$500

SECOND PRIZE
$200

THIRD PRIZE
$100

TWENTY PRIZES
Each, $10

200 PRIZES
Each, $5

LIBERTY WILL PAY $2,000 IN 223 BIG CASH PRIZES IN THIS HISTORICAL PICTURE GAME

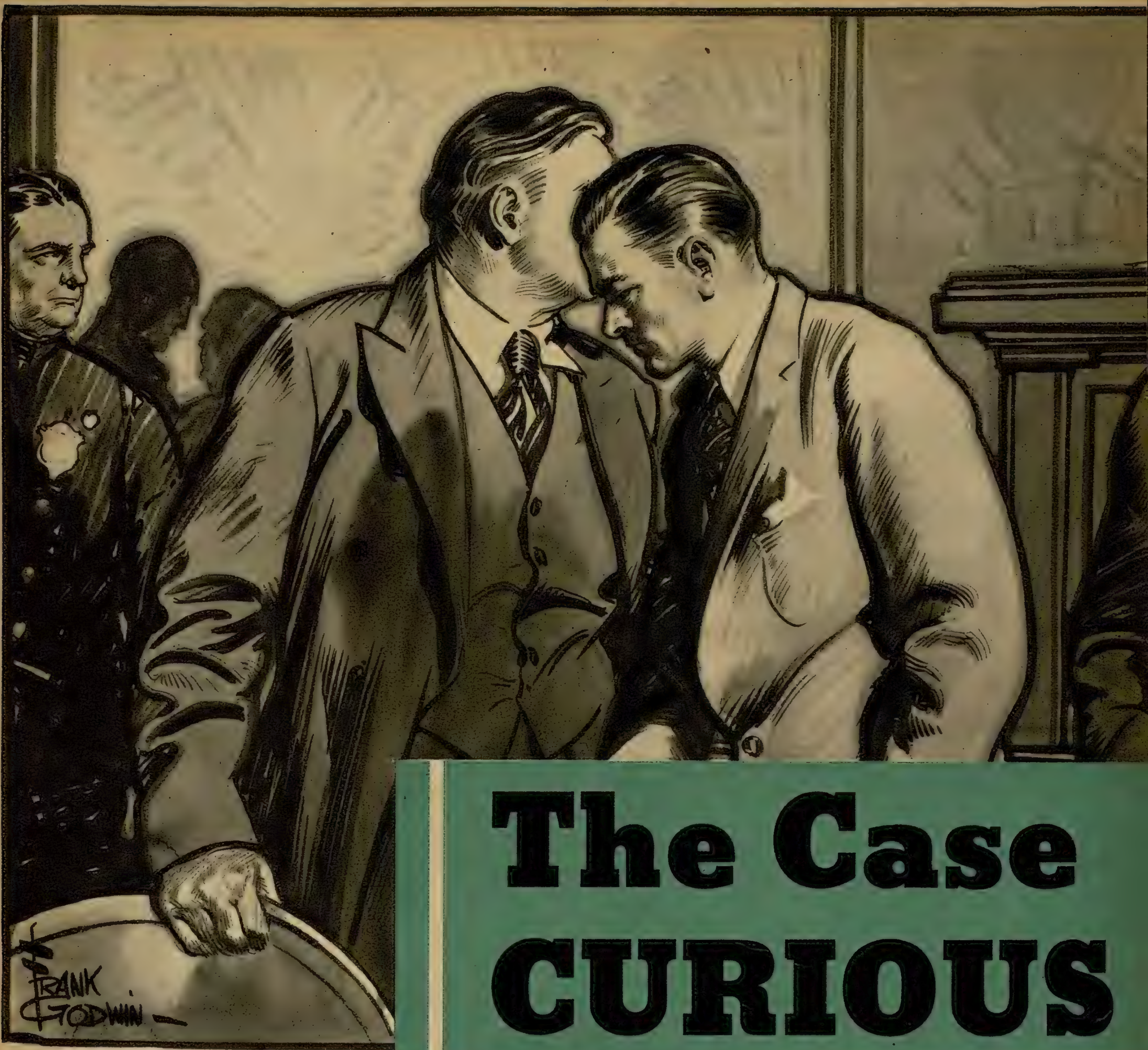
EVEN if you missed the first sections of Liberty's Historical Picture Game for $2,000 in cash prizes, your chance to win is still excellent. In fact you can enter direct from this page. This is the third set of pictures. Can you identify the episodes or events in North American history which they represent? If you can you are well on your way toward a successful entry. Read the rules carefully if you are a new entrant. Then identify this week's pictures. Put them aside to hold until the series ends with the reproduction of the thirtieth picture.

IF YOU NEED THE FIRST SIX PICTURES

When you have identified this week's pictures as instructed, if you have not saved the first six pictures, ask for them. They will be forwarded without charge if you mail your request to the address given in Rule 5. When they arrive, identify them as you have the three pictures above. This will bring your entry even with the field. In the meantime be alert for the fourth set of historical pictures in next week's Liberty, on sale Wednesday, August 15.

SET NO. 4 OF THIS SERIES WILL APPEAR NEXT WEEK!

Contest copyrighted 1934 by Otto Kurth



The Case CURIOUS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
FRANK GODWIN

READING TIME ● 36 MINUTES 1 SECOND

DID Rhoda Montaine murder Gregory Moxley, arch-swindler of women? She tells Perry Mason confidentially that she did. But Mason, veteran criminal lawyer, suspects she is shielding another, and investigates.

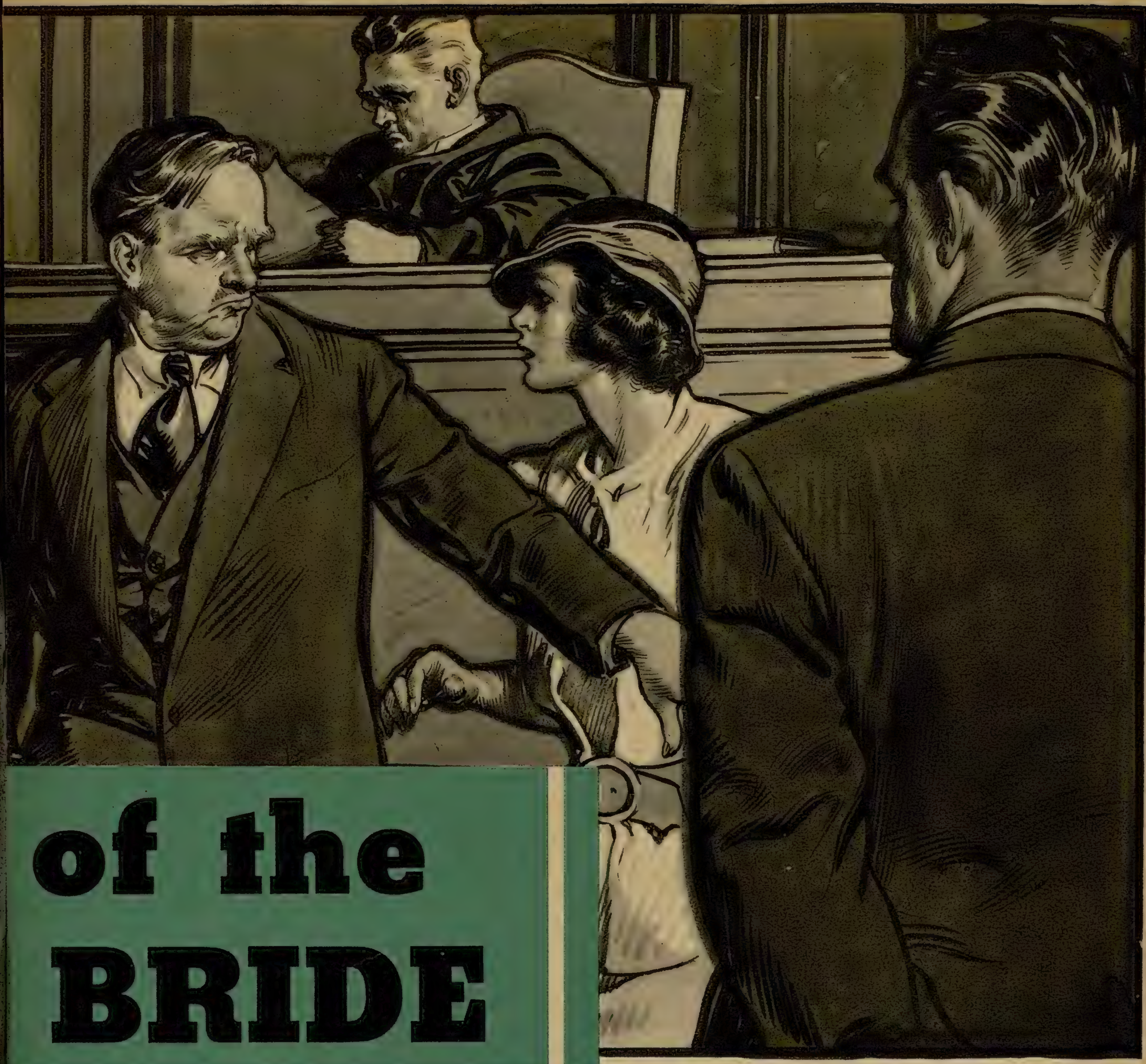
Moxley was slain with an iron poker in his apartment one night. Neighbors heard him on his telephone pleading for "more time." They heard him later in an argument with a woman, then saw him dying on his floor. His doorbell, they said, rang persistently both before and after the killing.

Police found a container of keys but no other clue. However, Carl W. Montaine, weakling son of a millionaire, hurries to retain Mason to defend Rhoda, his wife. He says the keys are hers and that an hour before the murder she tried to drug him, then slipped away. Mason finds Rhoda at an airport and it was then she admitted the killing. She said she had married Moxley seven years before and he had swindled her of her savings as a trained nurse and disappeared. When she married Montaine, believing Moxley dead, the latter reappeared to blackmail her. She went to his apartment to plead with him, and in an argument she said she struck him with the poker and fled.

As detectives appeared to arrest her, she promised Perry Mason she would say nothing; but he later learned that she had made a statement to the district attorney declaring she

First Blood for the Prosecution – and a Star Next in This Strange and Shifting Battle

by ERLE STANLEY



# of the BRIDE

Witness for Perry Mason . . . What

for a Woman's Life?

GARDNER

Rhoda Montaine stepped swiftly forward. The restraining arm of a deputy barred her way. "Carl!" she cried.

was the person ringing Moxley's doorbell at the moment he was being murdered. Montaine's wealthy father appears as Mason is discussing the strange case with his secretary, Della Street, and Paul Drake, a private detective. Montaine offers Mason a fat legal fee to defend Rhoda if the lawyer will agree not to contest an annulment of her marriage to his son. With an annulment granted, Mason sees that the district attorney could use Rhoda's husband to testify against her, and so he refuses the offer.

That night he goes out to Moxley's apartment and changes the doorbell there to a buzzer. He does the same in all the other apartments, then sends Sidney Otis out to live in the place and substitute a new bell for the buzzer. Meantime Drake discovers that Moxley once operated in Centerville, and this fact leads Mason and the detective to call on Doris Freeman.

PART SEVEN — DORIS FREEMAN'S STORY

DORIS FREEMAN wore a printed house dress, and as the light from the windows struck her face it brought out incipient caliper lines stretching from her nostrils toward the ends of her thin lips. Her shoulders were slightly rounded, as though from long hours spent at a desk.

There could be no mistaking the fear in her eyes. "What is it?" she asked.

Perry Mason, who had been sizing her up carefully, decided upon his plan of campaign, nodded imperceptibly to Paul Drake.

"It's important," he said in a harsh aggressive voice, "that you answer all of our questions truthfully. If you start lying to us you're going to get into trouble. Do you understand that?"

"What do you mean?" she countered.

"Are you married or single?" asked Perry Mason.

"I don't know what business it is of yours."

"Never mind that, sister," Mason said, raising his voice. "You answer questions."

"I'm married."

"Where did you live before you came here?"

"I'm not going to tell you."

Mason looked over at Paul Drake and nodded.

"That," he said in a conversational tone of voice, "is the best proof of guilt we can have."

As Doris Freeman turned to stare at Paul Drake, Perry Mason lowered his right eyelid in a significant wink.

"That isn't a sign of guilt in itself," said Paul Drake.

Mason whirled toward the young woman. Once more his voice became the voice of a lawyer browbeating a witness.

"You lived in Centerville, didn't you? Don't deny it. You might as well admit it now as later."

"Is it," she asked, "a crime to live in Centerville?"

Mason turned once more to Drake. His lip twisted in a sneer.

"How much more do you want?" he asked.

Doris Freeman's hand crept to her throat. She walked unsteadily toward an overstuffed chair, sat down suddenly as though her knees had lost their strength.

"Your husband's name?" asked Perry Mason.

"Freeman."

"What's his first name?"

"Sam."

Perry Mason's laugh was scornful. An extended forefinger was leveled at her face as though it had been a loaded revolver.

"Why do you tell us that," he said, "when you know his name is Gregory?"

She seemed to wilt.

"Who—who are you?"

"If you really want to know," Perry Mason said, "we're from the telephone company. We're investigating a charge that your phone has been used for blackmail."

"Not for blackmail," she said, straightening in her chair. "You can't call that blackmail!"

"You were trying to collect money."

"Of course I was trying to collect money. I was trying to collect some of the money that was due me."

"Who was helping you?" asked Perry Mason.

"That's none of your business."

"Don't you know," the lawyer said, "that you can't use the telephone for that purpose?"

"I don't know why not."

"Haven't you ever heard that it's against the law to demand money on a postal card?"

"Yes, I've heard of that."

"And yet you have the nerve to sit there and claim that you don't know it's against the law to ring up a man and demand that he pay you money?"

"We didn't do that," she said.

"Didn't do what?"

"Didn't ring him up and demand that he give us money—not in so many words."

"Who's the 'we'?" asked Paul Drake.

Mason frowned at him, but the detective caught the significance of the signal too late to check the question.

"JUST me," said Doris Freeman.

Perry Mason's voice showed exasperation.

"And you didn't know that it was against the law to ask for money over the telephone?"

"I tell you we—I didn't ask for money."

"It was a man's voice," Perry Mason chanced, staring steadily at the young woman. "Our operator says it was a man's voice that did the talking."

Doris Freeman was silent.

"What have you to say to that?"

"Nothing. That is, it may have been a mistake. I had a cold; I talked rather gruffly."

Mason strode abruptly across the room, jerked the telephone receiver from its hook, placed it to his ear. At the same time his right hand, resting carelessly across the top of the telephone, pushed down the telephone hook so there was no connection over the line.

"Give me the telephone secret service department," he said.

He waited a few moments, then said, "This is Number Thirteen talking. We're out here at this place where the threatening telephone calls came through on the morning of June 16. The apartment is in the name of Doris Freeman, but she's shielding some male accomplice. She claims she didn't know it was against the law to make a demand like that over the telephone."

Mason waited for a few more moments, then laughed sarcastically.

"WELL," he said, "that's what she *claims*. What do you want me to do with her—bring her in? . . . *What?*" screamed Perry Mason. "You mean that call that went through was to Moxley, the man that was murdered? . . . Gee, chief, that puts a different aspect on the situation. This is out of our hands. You'd better notify the district attorney. . . . Well, you know how I feel about it. . . . O. K. G'by."

Mason hung up the telephone, turned to Paul Drake. His eyes were wide with well simulated startled surprise.

"Do you know who that call was to?" he asked. "Gregory Moxley, the man that was murdered—and the call went through just about half an hour before his death!"

"What's the chief going to do?"

"There's only one thing he can do—turn it over to the district attorney. Gosh, I thought this was just a routine investigation, but here it has run into a murder rap."

Doris Freeman spoke with hysterical rapidity.

"Look here," she said. "I didn't know anything about any law that we couldn't use the telephone to collect money. That was money that was due to me. It was money that man had stolen from me. It was money he'd swindled me out of. He was a fiend. He deserved to die. I'm glad he's dead! But the telephone call didn't have anything to do with his murder. It was Rhoda Montaine that killed him! Don't you fellows ever read the papers?"

Mason stared at her with scornful appraisal.

"The woman that was in the room when he was killed may have been Rhoda Montaine," Mason said, "but it wasn't a woman that struck that blow and the district attorney's office knows it. That was a blow that was struck by a powerful man. And you folks certainly had a motive for that murder. It's a perfect case."

Paul Drake took up the conversation.

"Well," he said, "you'd better come clean and—"

"Let's just forget it, Paul," Perry Mason said. "The chief is going to turn it over to the district attorney."

Drake nodded. The two men started for the door. Doris Freeman jumped to her feet.

"But let me explain!" she said. "It isn't what you think it is at all. We didn't—"

"Save it for the D. A.," said Perry Mason, and pulled the door open, motioning for Paul Drake to precede him into the corridor.

"But you don't understand," she said. "It's just a question of—"

Mason literally pushed the detective into the corridor, jumped out after him, and slammed the door shut. Before they had gone five steps Doris Freeman had the door open.

"But won't you let me explain?" she said. "Can't I tell you—"

"We're not mixing in that kind of a mess," Perry Mason said.

The men almost ran to the elevator, as though the woman who stood in the doorway might be afflicted with some sort of plague.

When the elevator door had closed on them and the cage was rattling downward, Paul Drake glanced inquiringly at Perry Mason.

"Do you suppose it's some one living there with her?"

"It's hard to tell. The thing that I'm figuring on is that it may be a detective or a lawyer."

"Boy!" Drake said. "Some lawyer is going to be plenty mad when she comes to him with a story about a couple of dicks who were going to arrest her for using the telephone to demand money."

Mason chuckled.

"Do you suppose she'll call him on the telephone and tell him?" the detective inquired.

"Not after the line we handed her about the calls being watched. She'll get in touch with the man personally—whoever he is."

"You think it's a man?"

"Sure," Mason said. "Some one who's advising her. And it won't be long before we find out who it is. She's going to lead Danny directly to him."

"You think she smelled a rat?" asked Drake.

"I doubt it," Mason answered. "Remember, she's awed by the city—and if she does smell a rat she'll think we're police detectives laying a trap for him."

The men debouched from the elevator, strode across the lobby, and were careful not even to glance in the direction of the car where Danny Spear sat slumped behind the wheel. They turned to the right, crossed the street so that they would be in full view of the apartment house, and signaled a cruising cab.

BACK in his office, Perry Mason paced the floor, his thumbs thrust in the armholes of his vest.

Della Street, seated at the corner of the big desk, the sliding leaf pulled out to hold her notebook, took down the words that Perry Mason flung over his shoulder as he paced up and down the room:

". . . Wherefore, plaintiff prays that the bonds of matrimony existing between her, the said Rhoda Montaine, and the defendant, the said Carl W. Montaine, be dissolved by an order of this Court; that the said plaintiff do have and recover of and from the said defendant, and that the said defendant pay to the said plaintiff by way of alimony, and as a fair and equitable division of the property rights of the said parties herein, the sum of fifty thousand dollars, twenty thousand of which to be paid in cash, the remaining thirty thousand to be paid in monthly installments of five hundred dollars each, until the whole of the same is paid, such deferred payments to bear interest at the rate of seven per cent per annum; that the said plaintiff prays for such other and further relief as to this Court may seem meet and equitable. . . ."

"That's all, Della. Put a blank on there for the signature of the attorney for the plaintiff and an affidavit of verification for Rhoda Montaine to sign."

Della Street raised her eyes to Perry Mason and said, "Is she going to file this suit for divorce, chief?"

"She is when I get done with her," Perry Mason said grimly.

"That puts you in the position of fighting the annulment action and filing a separate action for divorce?" Della Street asked.

"Yes. If they got the annulment

Enter Here
for
A PLEASANT
LOW-COST TRIP
TO ANY PART OF
AMERICA
GREYHOUND LINES

THE door of each Greyhound bus opens to 50,000 miles of highway routes, reaching every important city of America and many in Canada. No other transportation system serves so large a population, so many cities and communities.

But mere miles of route mean little—it is Greyhound's brand of service, its economy and comfort that have made it a great and respected public servant.

The driver standing at this door typifies several thousand alert, courteous operators who wear the Greyhound uniform, and who carry out its strict code. Each is proud of his well-groomed, modern coach with its cushioned reclining chairs—and of his own outstanding record of safe driving. We invite you to try this way, next time you make *any* trip.

Principal Greyhound Information Offices

Cleveland, O., E. 9th & Superior
Philadelphia, Pa., Broad St. Sta.
Chicago, Ill. . . . 12th & Wabash
New York City . . . Nelson Tower
Detroit, Michigan . Tuller Hotel
Minneapolis, Minn. . . . . . 509 6th Avenue, N.
Charleston, W.Va., 601 Virginia St.
Lexington, Ky. . 801 N. Limestone
San Francisco, Cal., Pine & Battery
Ft. Worth, Tex. . . . . 8th & Commerce Streets
Cincinnati, O. . 109 East 7th St.
Richmond, Va., 412 E. Broad St.
Memphis, Tenn., 146 Union Ave.
New Orleans, La. . . . . 400 N. Rampart
Windsor, Ont., 1004 Security Bldg.

GREYHOUND Lines

THIS COUPON BRINGS INFORMATION ON WORLD'S FAIR, OTHER TRIPS

Mail this coupon to nearest Greyhound office (listed above) for pictorial folder, all about the Chicago World's Fair: If you want full information on any other trip, jot down your destination on the margin below.

Name ______________________

Address ______________________ L-8

there wouldn't be any alimony. That's one of the things that C. Philip Montaine is figuring. Primarily, however, the marriage would be dissolved so that Carl Montaine could be used as a witness against his wife in the murder action."

"And if you can keep the annulment action from going through he can't testify against her?"

"That's right," Mason said.

"Would it make any difference if you got a divorce, chief?"

"No. If they can annul the marriage on the ground that there was no marriage at all, Carl can give his testimony. If there was a marriage that is subsequently dissolved by divorce, he can't testify against his wife without her consent."

"But," she said, "I don't see how in the world you can keep them from getting an annulment decree. The law plainly says that a subsequent marriage contracted by any person during the life of a former spouse is void from the beginning."

"I'm glad it does," Mason answered.

"But when Rhoda married Carl Montaine her former husband was still living."

MASON made a gesture of dismissal, paced savagely up and down the floor.

"I can lick them on that with my eyes shut," he said. "It's the other things that are worrying me. . . . Stick around, Della, and give me a chance to think. I want to think out loud. I may have something for you to write out. Is there some one watching the telephone board?"

"Yes."

"I'm expecting an important call," he said, "from Danny Spear. I think we're going to get the persons who were putting the screws on Moxley for the money."

"Do you *want* to get them, chief?"

"I don't want the district attorney to get them," he said. "I want to get them out of the country."

"Won't it be dangerous to get them out of the country? Compounding a felony or something of that sort?"

He grinned at her, said softly, "And are *you* telling *me?*"

"Don't you think," she asked, "it would have been better to have relied on self-defense?"

"Sure it would," he said. "We could have worked up a case of self-defense that would have stuck. We might not have secured an acquittal, but it's a cinch the prosecution could never have secured a conviction. But she went and sprung the trap on herself. She doesn't dare to raise that plea now. She's placed herself in front of the door, ringing the doorbell, when the murder was committed."

"You mean she didn't tell the police the truth?"

"Of course she didn't tell them the truth. They gave her a nicely baited hook, and she grabbed at it, hook, line, and sinker."

"But why didn't she tell them the truth, chief?"

"Because she couldn't. It's one of those cases where the truth sounds more unreasonable than any story you can think up. That frequently happens in a criminal case. When a person is guilty, a clever attorney makes up a story for him to tell the jury. Therefore the defendant's story usually sounds pretty convincing. When a defendant is innocent, the facts don't sound nearly as plausible as they do when they're fabricated. You've heard the old adage, Della, truth is stranger than fiction?"

She nodded.

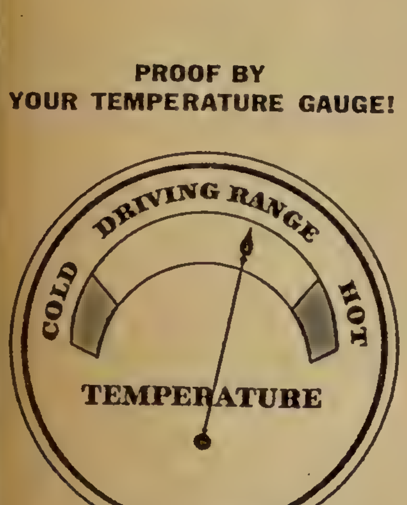
"This is simply a concrete example of that same principle. There are millions of facts that may fall from the wheel of chance in any possible combination. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred those combinations of facts are plausible and convincing, but once out of a hundred the actual truth sounds stranger than any fabrication a person could make up. When a defendant is caught in that kind of a trap, it's one of the worst cases a lawyer can get hold of."

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

"Under the circumstances," he said, "I'm going to try to make the story of the prosecuting witnesses sound improbable. And I'm going to try and prove an alibi."

NEXT TIME GET ETHYL!

PROOF BY YOUR TEMPERATURE GAUGE!



It's easy to prove for yourself the *cooling* qualities of Ethyl. Watch your gauge when you are pushing your car along on a torrid day. See how the needle keeps well in the safety zone, regardless of speed and road conditions. Play safe! The hotter the day, the more you need Ethyl!

Ethyl contains sufficient lead (tetraethyl) to make it the world's quality motor fuel.

"But you can't prove an alibi," she said. "You yourself have admitted that the witnesses for the prosecution will prove that Rhoda Montaine was out keeping an appointment with Gregory Moxley."

He nodded and chuckled.

"Why the chuckle?" she asked.

"I've thrown some bread out on the water," he said. "I'm waiting to see what comes back."

There was a knock at the door. The typist who was watching the switchboard announced in a thin frightened voice, "A man named Danny Spear just rang up. He said that he was one of Paul Drake's detectives. He said for you to come over to 4620 Maple Avenue just as fast as you could get there—that he'd be waiting for you in front of the entrance."

Perry Mason jerked open the door of the coat closet, pulled out his hat.

"Did he sound as though he was in trouble?" he asked.

The girl nodded her head.

"I'll say he did!"

"Get out that divorce complaint, Della," Perry Mason said as he shot through the door. He sprinted down the corridor, caught an elevator, flagged a cab at the entrance to the office building, and said, "Forty-six twenty Maple Avenue, and keep a heavy foot on the gas."

Danny Spear was standing at the curb as the cab pulled in to the sidewalk.

"There you are, boss," said the cab driver. "It's the place over there on the right—the Greenwood Hotel—the dump over here on the right."

Mason paid off the driver, waited until the cab had rounded the corner before he turned to Danny Spear.

DANNY was a dejected and bedraggled-looking individual. The collar of his shirt had been ripped open. His necktie had been torn. His left eye was discolored and his lower lip was puffed out and red.

"What happened, Danny?" asked Perry Mason.

"I walked into something," Danny Spear said, and turned toward the Greenwood Hotel.

"Let's go in," he said. "Barge right past the bench warmers in the lobby. I know the way."

They pushed their way through the swinging doors. Half a dozen men were sprawled about the narrow lobby of the third-rate hotel. They stared curiously.

Danny Spear led the way past the long row of chairs and thick-bellied brass cuspidors to a narrow dark stairway. Over on the left was an elevator shaft screened with heavy iron wire. The elevator cage seemed hardly as big as the average telephone booth.

"We can make time on the stairs," Danny said.

They reached the corridor on the second floor, and Spear led the way to a door which he flung open.

The room was dark and smelly. There was a white-enameled bed with a thin lumpy mattress, a white bedspread with several holes in it. A pair of socks, one of them with a large hole in the toe, had been thrown over the rail of the bed. A shaving brush with dried lather on it was standing on the bureau. A wrinkled necktie hung at the side of the mirror. A piece of brown paper, large enough to wrap a bundle of laundry in, lay on the floor. A laundry ticket was beside it.

To the left of the bureau was a half-open door which led to a closet. Chips of wood lay all over the floor. The lower part of the door had been whittled away and broken out.

Danny Spear closed the door to the corridor, swept his arm about the room in an inclusive gesture.

"Well," he said, "I stepped on my tonsil."

"What happened?" asked Perry Mason.

"You and Paul crossed over to the other corner and took the taxicab after you came out of the Balboa Apartments. I guess the jane was watching you from a window, because you hadn't any more than rounded the corner before she came out in a rush and flagged a passing cab. She evidently never figured there was the slightest possibility of being followed, because she didn't even bother to look out of the rear window as the cab pulled away. I started the old crate and jogged along behind nice and easy, without having to take any chances on

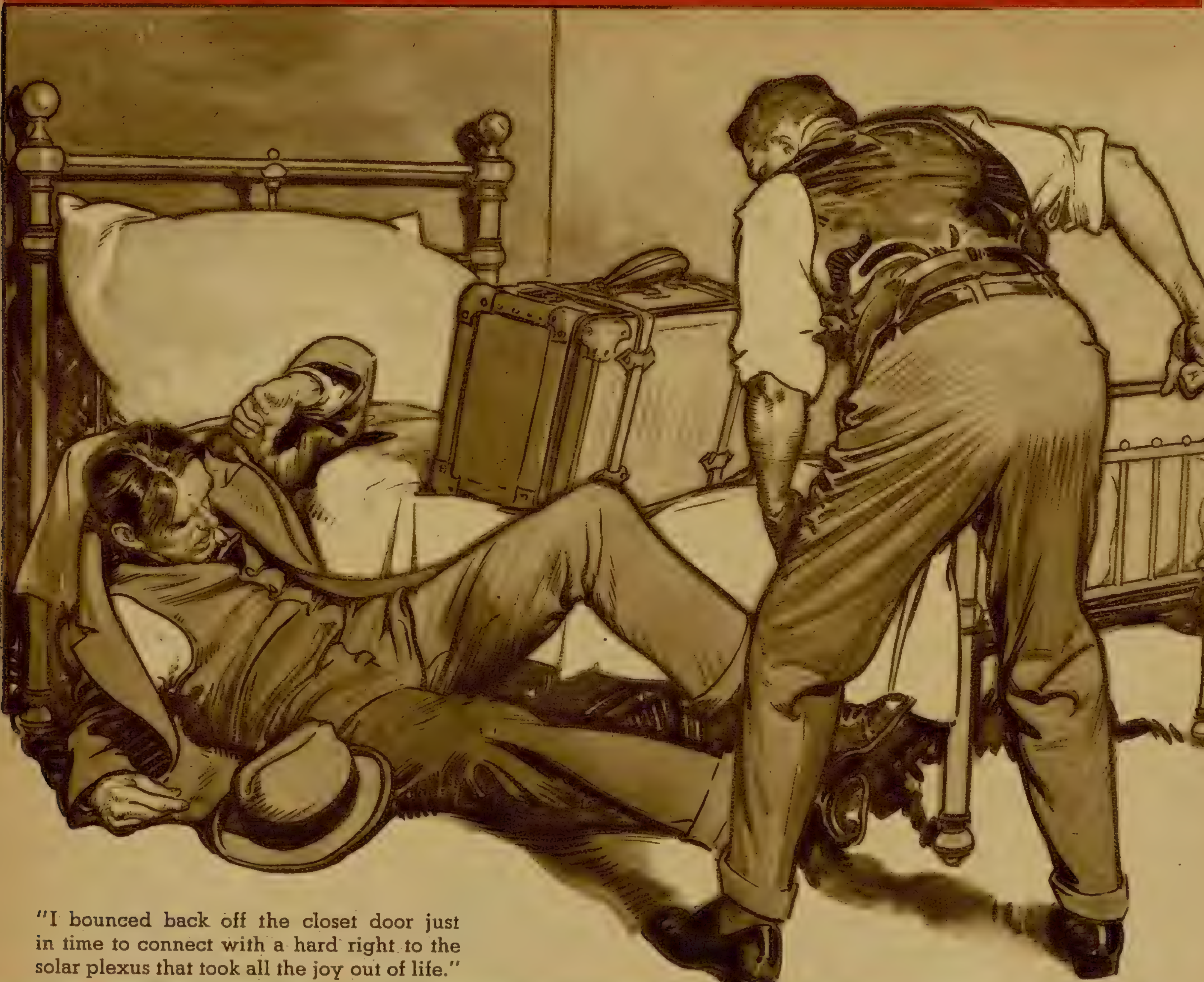
WITH
ETHYL
(TRADE MARK)
REG. U.S. PATENT OFF.
BRAND OF
ANTI-KNOCK
COMPOUND
ETHYL GASOLINE
CORPORATION

NOW is the time of year when the danger of your car's overheating is greatest. The most common reason for overheating is that *less* of your gasoline's energy goes into power and *more* is sent as waste heat into the cooling system. That's because the *knock*, inherent in gasoline, is at its worst in summer.

The Ethyl fluid in Ethyl Gasoline maintains the right balance. By preventing harmful knock, it keeps your motor running coolly and sweetly on the most sweltering days. That in turn protects your oil, keeps the temperature lower *inside* your car and prevents the serious and costly damage that overheating so frequently causes.

Pretty cheap protection when you realize that Ethyl now costs only 2¢ a gallon over regular gasoline—less, on the average, than $1 a month! Next time get Ethyl!

THE HOTTER THE DAY
THE MORE YOU NEED IT



"I bounced back off the closet door just in time to connect with a hard right to the solar plexus that took all the joy out of life."

losing her. She came directly to this place and paid off the cab.

"When she started to go in the hotel, however, she seemed to get a little bit suspicious. It didn't look so much as though she was afraid she'd been followed as though she was doing something she shouldn't. She looked up and down the street and then ducked into the hotel.

"I was afraid to crowd her too closely, and by the time I hit the lobby she'd gone on up. The elevator was at the second floor. I took the stairs to the second floor, went over there in the shadows by the fire escape, and sat tight, watching the corridor. I guess it was maybe ten or fifteen minutes later that she opened the door of this room, stood in the corridor for a minute, pulling the old business of looking up and down, and then she started for the stairs. She didn't even wait for the elevator.

"I marked the room, let her get a good start, and then went on down after her. She didn't take a cab this time, and I had a little trouble picking her up. She was walking down to the car line. She took a surface car that would take her to within a block of the Balboa Apartments at 721 West Ordway. So I figured it was a safe bet that I could look over the bird she'd come over here to see.

"That was where I pulled the prize bonehead play of the day."

"Why?" asked Mason. "Did he recognize you?"

"Naw, he didn't recognize me. I was sitting on top of the heap, if I hadn't tried to get *too smart*."

"Well, well, go on," Mason prompted him impatiently.

"Well, I came back to the hotel, climbed the stairs, and knocked on the door of the room. A great big broad-shouldered guy came to the door. He was in his shirt sleeves. There was a suitcase on the bed that he'd been packing. It was one of those cheap big-bellied suitcases that the country merchandise stores feature, and it was pretty well sun-bleached, as though it had been in a show window on display or had been left out in the sun somewhere. The guy was about thirty years old, with heavily muscled shoulders, as though he'd been pitching hay all of his life.

"SOMEHOW, though, I don't figure him so much for a ranch hand as I do for a garage mechanic. Maybe there was grease worked into his hands, or perhaps it was the way he kept his sleeves rolled up, or something, but whatever it was, he just spelled garage to me.

"Well, he looked plenty hostile and just a little bit scared, so I smirked at him and said, 'When your partner comes in, tell him that I've got some stuff that's way ahead of this blended caramel water the drug stores are passing out; and the price is right.'

"He wanted to know what I was talking about, and I pulled the old stall about being a bootlegger who had been selling the place, and I'd sold a guy who had the room two or three weeks ago, a fellow who told me he was going to be there permanently, so I figured this guy was a roommate."

"Did he fall for it?" asked Perry Mason.

"I think he was falling for it, all right," Spear said. "But all the time I was sizing him up, and I saw that he had the same peculiar eyes, the same long catfish mouth that the woman had I'd trailed over here. I'd only had a swift glance at her there in her room, and then, of course, I'd seen her when she paid off the cab driver out there, but there couldn't be any mistaking that long upper lip and those eyes."

"You figure the fellow was her brother?"

"Sure he was her brother," Danny Spear said, "and I figured I was going to pull a fast one. I remembered that her name had been Pender and that she came from Centerville. I could see that this bird wasn't going to do anything except listen to me sing my song and then slam the door in my face. I figured that if I could pull a good line on him he'd take me into his confidence and loosen up.

"It was just one of those hunches that go across like a million dollars when they go across, and get you patted on the back as being a smart guy, and when they don't go across they look like hell and get you fired. I didn't have time to think it over—I just played the hunch. I let my face light up with recognition and said, 'Why, say, don't you come from Centerville?'

"He looked at me sort of strange and gulped a couple of times and said, 'Who are you?' And I got a grin all over my face and said, 'Now I place you. Hell's bells, your name's Pender!' And with that I stuck out my hand."

"What did he do?"

"There," said Danny Spear, "is where he fooled me. There's where he slipped one over on me."

"Go ahead," Mason said.

"I PLAYED him for a hick," Spear remarked ruefully, "and what a dumb cluck I was! For a moment he was flabbergasted, as though I'd knocked him off the Christmas tree, and then all of a sudden his face lit up into a smile as though I was a long-lost brother, and he started pumping my hand up and down and said, 'Sure, buddy, I remember you now. Come in.'

"Well, he kept hold of my right hand with his right hand and pulled me in the door. He was grinning like Santa Claus on Christmas Eve. He kicked the door shut with his left foot, said, 'How are all the folks back home?' and crossed his left over to my eye with a sock that damn' near put me out. He let go of my right hand then, and smacked me one in the kisser that smashed me back against the closet door. I bounced back off the closet door just in time to connect with a hard right to the solar plexus that took all the joy out of life."

"What did he do?" asked Perry Mason.

"Tore a pillow slip into strips, stuck some rags down my mouth, tied my hands and feet, opened the closet door, and bundled me inside."

"Were you out?"

"Not after he got me in there. But don't make any mistake. Whether I'd been out or not, there was no percentage in fighting that boy. Why, say, he juggled me around in the air like a Jap juggler tossing billiard balls."

"Go on," Mason said.

"Then, after I was in the closet, he put on an act," Danny Spear went on ruefully, "and I'm damned whether I know if it was an act or not. Of course, when I saw what I was up against, I played possum and sprawled around as though I was out for keeps. I figured I might be able to twist my wrists a little and get some slack on the tie, so I pulled a dead flop while he was tying me up. Then he opened the closet door and tossed me in as though I'd been a sack of grain he was putting in the barn. He closed the door and twisted the bolt—and, brother, let me tell you that's a strong bolt. It freezes that door into the wall as solid as a rock."

"WHAT was the act he put on?" Mason inquired.

"Well, he went ahead with the packing up, and, believe me, he was in a hurry. He slammed open drawers and banged things into the suitcase and ran back and forth like a rooster on a hot stove. About every two minutes he'd stop and call Garvanza 39401. He'd hold the phone for a minute or two and there wouldn't be any answer."

"That's the number of the Balboa Apartments," Mason said.

"I know it is, counselor. He kept calling that number and asking for Miss Freeman."

"There was an answer, then?"

"Yeah. Somebody answered at the other end all right, and he'd ask for Miss Freeman and wait a while and then hang up. The closet door was pretty thin. I could hear every move he made and every word he said.

"What I'm getting at is that I don't know whether he knew I was listening and put on an act for my benefit, or whether he thought I was out and was just talking, or whether he didn't give a damn one way or the other."

"I'm still listening," Mason said with a trace of impatience, "to find out just what you're getting at."

"Well, you see," Danny Spear explained, "I wanted you to get the picture, counselor, because it's important you see it just the right way. He kept packing and calling that number. Finally he got done packing. I heard the bed springs creak as he sat down on the edge of the bed. He called the same number again, asked for Miss Freeman, and then got her on the line. I heard him say, 'Hello, Doris. This is Oscar.'

"She probably told him not to talk over the telephone. But he told her the fat was in the fire and nothing made any difference now. He said that a detective had called on him and knew who he was. He gave her hell for being so dumb as to let a dick trail her to the hotel, and then he kept insisting that she'd told the two detectives who had called on her more than

ITCHING FEET AND TOES
A SYMPTOM OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

If your feet itch, look out! It's a sign of "Athlete's Foot" (ringworm infection). So is moist, red, thick, peeling, cracked or blistered skin between toes and on ball of foot. To stop the itch, and prevent spread of the infection, use Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX. It relieves itching at once—quickly kills the germ and soon restores the skin to normal. Accept no substitute. Insist on Dr. Scholl's, 50¢ and $1.

TO PREVENT RE-INFECTION of "Athlete's Foot"—sterilize your shoes with Dr. Scholl's Shoe Deodorizer and Sterilizer. Destroys fungus, kills shoe odors caused by sweaty feet, 50¢. At drug, shoe stores.

Dr Scholl's SOLVEX

Send Your Boy To Bernarr Macfadden's Man-Building School

If you want your boy—the lad for whom you hope the best in life—to grow into a splendid, courageous, straight thinking, clean minded, physically perfect man ideally prepared to make a glorious success of whatever calling he undertakes, Castle Heights Military Academy will help him to attain that result.

For many years Castle Heights, beautifully situated in the foothills of the Cumberland Mountains, has specialized in turning out self-reliant, purposeful, superbly trained young men ready to enter college or take up at once their work in life.

Located at Lebanon, Tennessee, Castle Heights Military Academy is accepted by all educational institutions as a high class preparatory school and junior college. Ages from nine years upwards. Prepare your boy for the battle of professional or business life by making him a square-shouldered, double-fisted fighting man.

Write for information to—

Col. H. L. Armstrong
Castle Heights Military Academy
Lebanon, Tennessee

L-8-18

she'd told him. She seemed to be all worked up, because after a while he was soothing her and trying to quiet her down.

"The thing that makes me suspicious about the conversation was that it was so long and so complete. In the course of the conversation she evidently asked him if he had told her the truth. He started in and swore up one side and down the other that he'd told her the absolute truth, that he'd got as far as the door of Moxley's apartment and had rung the bell, trying to wake Moxley up, but that apparently Moxley was asleep, because he couldn't hear a sound in the apartment. He figured that the murder must have been committed before he got there. The girl evidently thought he'd gone up to the room and cracked Moxley over the head. He kept denying it.

"Now, that's the sketch. I gave it to you complete because it may make some difference. He may have put it on for my benefit. If he did, he was a darn' good actor. If he was just sitting there, gassing with his sister, when he should have been taking it on the lam, he's just a hick. You pay your money and take your choice."

Mason asked crisply, "What happened after that?"

"Well, they put that song and dance on over the telephone for a while, and then the guy told her that they were going to have to take it on the lam."

"Did he use that word?" asked Perry Mason.

"Naw; he said that they had to start traveling. Evidently she didn't want to travel with him, but he told her they were in it up to their necks now, and it was sink or swim, and there wasn't any good in separating—that if they separated it left two trails for the cops to follow, and if they stayed together it only left one. He told her he was getting a taxicab and for her to have her things all packed up."

"Then what?" asked the lawyer.

"Then he dragged a bunch of baggage around, grabbed a bag or two, and beat it down the corridor. I twisted and wiggled and finally got my hands loose, got rid of the bandages, and went to work on the door. I could have got out by making a racket or by smashing out the panels with my feet, but that would have made a lot of noise and I figured you probably wanted me to play them close to my chest. So I got out my pocket knife and whittled through the thin part of the panels, and took the rest of it out with one kick that didn't make too much noise. I was afraid to telephone from here because the calls apparently go through a desk, so I beat it down to the corner and telephoned the agency. Drake wasn't in, but I got one of the boys and told him to get busy and sew up the Balboa Apartments, to take a look at all of the railroad stations, and to cover the airport. I gave him a description of the pair. He couldn't miss them very well, with the kind of mouths that run in that Pender family, and the guy would loom up like a mountain anywhere."

"PERHAPS," Mason said, "they hadn't left the Balboa Apartments when you telephoned."

"I was hoping they hadn't," Danny Spear said, "because I'd pulled enough of a bonehead play for one day. I figured that if I could get on their trail and find out where they were going it would be a good thing."

Mason said rather testily, "Why didn't you call me?"

"Because," Spear rejoined, "I had a choice to make. I only had one shot. I knew that seconds were precious. I figured I could call the agency and get them to get busy and probably pick up the trail while it was hot. I knew if I tried to explain to you over the telephone, I'd lose a lot of time. After I got the agency working on the thing, I figured there was no use telling you all the details, because there was nothing you could do, and if I'd tried to tell it all over the telephone it wouldn't have made sense anyway, so I wanted to get you down here just as quickly as you could come, and then I figured you could use your own judgment. I take it you don't want these people stopped, do you?"

Perry Mason frowned thoughtfully, fell to pacing the faded thin carpet. Slowly he shook his head, said gravely, "No, I don't want them stopped. I want them kept going. I want to know where they are so I can bring them back if I have to, but I want them kept moving."

Danny Spear looked at his watch.

"Well," he said, "I'm sorry, but that's a clean breast of the whole situation. We can ring up the agency within half an hour and know if the boys picked them up. Personally, I'd say it was a ten-to-one shot they did, because after they'd left the Balboa Apartments it's a cinch they'd try a railroad train. They're the kind of people who figure nobody can catch up with a railroad train."

"Well," Perry Mason said, "let's go back to the office. Paul Drake will probably be there by that time." . . .

JUDGE FRANK MUNROE, of the Domestic Relations Department of the Superior Court, strode from his chambers to the bench, adjusted his glasses, and peered down at the crowded courtroom.

A bailiff intoned the formula which marked the opening of court. Simultaneously with the banging of Judge Munroe's gavel, doors on opposite sides of the courtroom opened and officers brought Rhoda Montaine through one door, Carl Montaine through the other.

Both were in custody, Carl Montaine as a material witness, Rhoda Montaine as the defendant in a murder case. It was the first opportunity either had had to see the other since their arrest.

"The case of Montaine versus Montaine," said Judge Munroe. "John Lucas, a deputy district attorney, representing the plaintiff; Perry Mason representing the defendant."

Rhoda Montaine gave an involuntary exclamation, stepped swiftly forward. The restraining arm of a deputy barred her way.

"Carl!" she cried.

Carl Montaine, his face bearing the evidence of sleepless nights and worried days, clamped his lips in a firm line, held his eyes straight ahead, marched toward the chair which had been prepared for him, sat down beside the deputy, leaving his wife standing with incredulous dismay in her eyes, her face ghastly white.

From the courtroom came a low murmur which was silenced by the peremptory gavel of a bailiff.

Rhoda Montaine walked blindly toward the chair which had been reserved for her. Her tear-dimmed eyes made it necessary for the deputy at her side to guide her with a hand at her elbow.

Perry Mason, spectator of the silent drama, said no word, made no move. He wanted the full force of what had happened to crash home to the spectators; and he was careful not to intrude upon the stage. It was Judge Munroe who broke the tension of the courtroom.

"Both parties," he said, "to this action are in custody. The defendant is charged with murder. It is rumored that the plaintiff in this action will appear as a witness for the People in the murder case. The Court notices that the action is filed on behalf of the plaintiff by a counsel in the district attorney's office. The Court wishes to announce, therefore, gentlemen, that there will be no deviation from the issues in this case. The action before the Court is one to annul a marriage, on the ground that there was a prior husband living. Counsel for neither side will be allowed to cross-examine opposing witnesses for the purpose of eliciting information which may subsequently be used in the trial of the People versus Rhoda Montaine. Is that understood, gentlemen?"

Perry Mason bowed his head in silent assent.

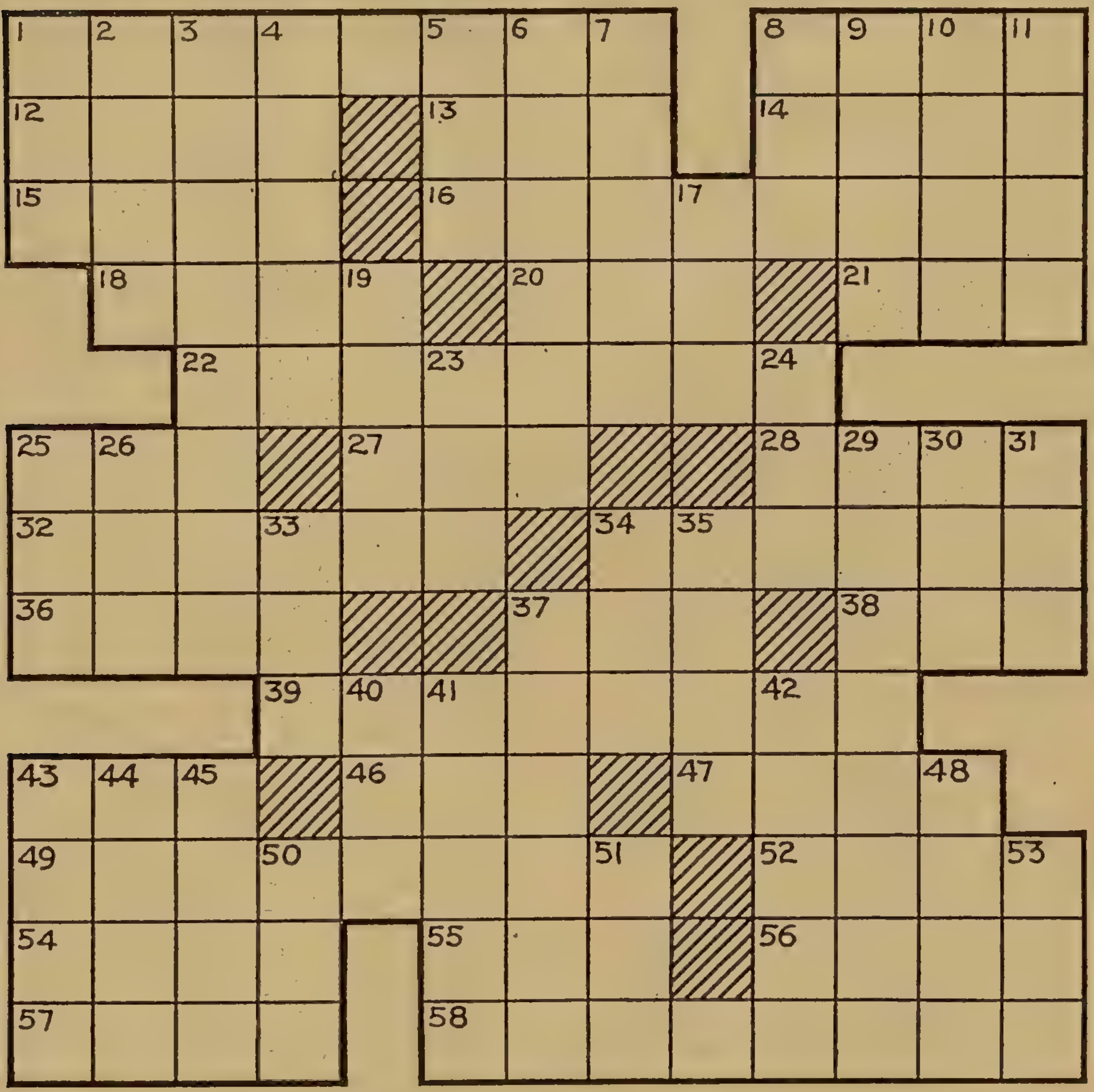
John Lucas flashed a glance of triumph at him. There could be no question but what the charge from the judge amounted to a distinct victory for the district attorney's office. Perry Mason could always have his client refuse to answer questions on the grounds that the answer might incriminate her. The judicial admonition, therefore, amounted to a curtailment of his rights to cross-examine Carl Montaine.

"Call Carl Montaine as the first witness for the plaintiff," said Lucas.

The first skirmish in Perry Mason's great battle for the life of Rhoda Montaine is on. If the Court grants the annulment, Carl W. Montaine may be used by the district attorney to testify against his wife in the murder trial and his testimony might send Rhoda to the chair. Watch next week's installment for the outcome of this vital hearing and other surprise developments.

Cockeyed Cross Words

By Ted Shane

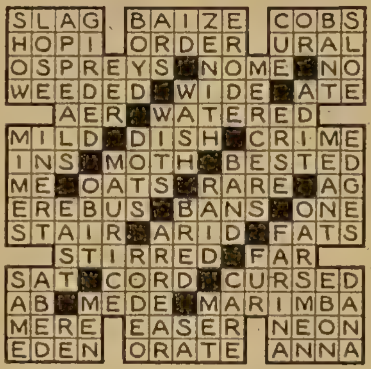


HORIZONTAL

1 Fly-swatting party
8 Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Crooners (abbr.)
12 These generally go with wiles
13 Light shoot
14 The call of the sea
15 Maybe you dish this up?
16 It's always open season for shooting these songbirds
18 The mane guy of the jungle (plural)
20 Where travelers go for the night
21 Weather reports are usually all this
22 Satisfied
25 Grandpa used this to get around grandma back in '88
27 Here's one who enjoys a picnic
28 Cæsar thought this was all wet
32 Dad slips between these at night and it's hard to get him out in the morning
34 Dig
36 Sailors' call
37 This has a permanent wave
38 You can fill this with ease
39 Men who are horses where their pants ought to be
43 The more this is beaten the farther it goes
46 Fish of the future
47 Oriental ukulele
49 The little troubles you have after marriage
52 Ape
54 This is on the house in Spain
55 What a cockney calls frozen rain
56 This'll make you sore
57 The end of the ride
58 These lead a dogged existence

VERTICAL

1 The kind of egg nobody likes
2 A seed's overcoat
3 This was thrown out at a Hollywood party
4 What poets do when they see red lights
5 This can go a long way in the best of circles
6 A bull thrower
7 A fierce place in France
8 The opening letters to Santa Claus
9 What he exclaimed on meeting a goat
10 The heart of things
11 Boil
17 A very singular figure
19 Dog blanket
23 Printer's measures
24 A collection of women (abbr.)
25 Cleopatra's exterminator
26 A letter from a Greek oarsman
29 Ask this—don't answer it
30 What Scotchmen can find for old razor blades
31 Massacred the macaroni
33 And so forth
34 A dish of this and cinnamon toast
35 You have to have pull to do this
37 The kind of eye Charles M. Schwab fixes you with
40 What cockney cowboys round up
41 A girl's name
42 The outlook for this is shaky in Cuba
43 Makes believe
44 The best pitcher on the Atlantic
45 Where to keep fodder dry
48 How you reverse time
50 Rented
51 Three letters for Edward
53 Workingmen take these to get around in the upper circles



S	L	A	G		B	A	I	Z	E		C	O	B	S
H	O	P	I		O	R	D	E	R		U	R	A	L
O	S	P	R	E	Y	S	■	N	O	M	E	■	N	O
W	E	E	D	E	D	■	W	I	D	E	■	A	T	E
		A	E	R	■	W	A	T	E	R	E	D		
M	I	L	D	■	D	I	S	H	■	C	R	I	M	E
I	N	S	■	M	O	T	H	■	B	E	S	T	E	D
M	E	■	O	A	T	S	■	R	A	R	E	■	A	G
E	R	E	B	U	S	■	B	A	N	S	■	O	N	E
S	T	A	I	R	■	A	R	I	D	■	F	A	T	S
		S	T	I	R	R	E	D	■	F	A	R		
S	A	T	■	C	O	R	D	■	C	U	R	S	E	D
A	B	■	M	E	D	E	■	M	A	R	I	M	B	A
M	E	R	E		E	A	S	E	R		N	E	O	N
E	D	E	N		O	R	A	T	E		A	N	N	A

Answer to last week's puzzle

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

CUTS AND BRUISES

Mentholatum quickly soothes the pain away and promotes healing.

MENTHOLATUM
Gives COMFORT Daily

ARABIAN NIGHTS

THE ORIGINAL LANE TRANSLATION . . . $2.98

● Now for the first time, we have found it possible to publish the four volumes of the original Lane translation of "The Arabian Nights," in one magnificent volume—124 rich Oriental tales, 1260 pages, printed on a fine quality paper in beautifully clear type, luxuriously bound in cloth, with a four-color illustration reproducing the weird, strange painting of Shahrazad, the beautiful Slave, with the Sultan. Complete with translator's notes on Oriental life, customs, magic and many other subjects, the amazingly low price is only $2.98 postpaid—a credit to any collection of beautiful and exotic books. Order it today before the supply is exhausted! You risk nothing—if this huge volume of Oriental stories fails to thrill you, you can return the book and your money will be promptly refunded.

Send your order today with $2.98
Money back if not satisfactory

ECONOMY EDUCATIONAL LEAGUE
Dept. L8-18, 1926 Broadway, New York City

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

It peels off aged skin in fine particles until all defects such as tan, freckles, oiliness and liver spots disappear. Skin is then soft, clear, velvety and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. To remove wrinkles quickly dissolve one ounce Powdered Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and use daily. At all drug stores.

BECOME AN EXPERT ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $3,000 to $15,000 a year. Thousands more are needed. We train you thoroughly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous bookkeeping knowledge or experience unnecessary. Training given by C. P. A.'s. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession That Pays," and learn about opportunities in this growing, profitable field.

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 831-HA, Chicago
The School That Has Trained Over 1,200 C. P. A.'s

Vox

CLEAR AND CONSTRUCTIVE

WACO, TEX.—If there were nothing else in Liberty but Bernarr Macfadden's editorial page, I would buy it. So clear and constructive. Each editorial page goes into my scrapbook for preservation and future reference.—*Ray Rowell, Sr.*

ASHEVILLE, N. C.—Bernarr Macfadden's editorial, Enforce the Laws or Get Out, in July 21 Liberty, deserves the highest commendation. It will take this spirit to accomplish what he has in mind. There is a question as to whether we have the nerve, courage, and determination to face facts like men and do our duties. Keep us reminded. Perhaps he will some day wake us up. We have sense enough, if we would only use it.—*John E. Calfee.*

COLD WAVE SWEEPS GEORGIA

COLUMBUS, GA.—I almost passed up Mutiny in the Arctic, by General William Mitchell (beginning in June 30 Liberty), in favor of some thrilling fiction, but found truth far stranger than fiction. I almost froze while I read it on a night in June in Georgia.—*W. C. Mitchell.*

PS.—If you decide to kill Movie Reviews by Beverly Hills, save me the Vital Statistics.

A PROPHET WHO FORESAW OUR DAY

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Nearly one hundred years ago Lord Macaulay, great English historian, made a prediction for the United States which seems remarkable now, in view of the economic crisis through which this country is now passing. Writing from London May 23, 1857, to the Hon. H. E. Randall of New York, he cited his fears for the future of America as his reason for being unable to reckon Jefferson as a benefactor of mankind. In part, Lord Macaulay's letter read:

"I have long been convinced that institutions purely democratic must sooner or later destroy liberty or civilization, or both. You may think your country enjoys an exemption from industrial evils. But the time will come when hundreds and thousands of artisans will be out of work. Then your institutions will be fairly brought to the test. Distress everywhere makes the laborer mutinous and inclines him to listen with eagerness to agitators who tell him that it is a monstrous iniquity that one man should have a million while another cannot get a full meal. There is plenty of grumbling and sometimes a little rioting.

"I have seen England pass through such critical seasons. Through such seasons the United States will have to pass and I cannot help foreboding the worst. The day will come when in the State of New York a multitude of people, none of whom has had more than half a breakfast or expects more than half a dinner, will choose the legislature. Is it possible to doubt what sort of legislature will be chosen? On one side is a statesman preaching patience, respect for vested rights, a strict observance of public faith. On the other is a demagogue ranting about the tyranny of capitalists and usurers and asking why anybody should be permitted to drink champagne and to ride in a carriage while thousands of honest people are in want of necessities. Which of the two candidates is likely to be preferred by a workingman who hears his children cry for bread?

"I seriously apprehend that you will, in some such season of adversity, do things which will prevent prosperity from returning; that you will act like people in a year of scarcity, devour all the seed corn and thus make the next year not of scarcity but of absolute distress. The distress will produce fresh spoliation.

"Either some Cæsar or Napoleon will seize the reins of government with a strong hand, or your Republic will be as fearfully plundered and laid waste by barbarians in the Twentieth Century as the Roman Empire was in the Fifth; with this difference: that the Huns and Vandals who ravaged the Roman Empire came from without; and your Huns and Vandals will have been engendered within your country by your own institutions."

Such was the prediction for America made by Lord Macaulay more than three quarters of a century ago. Judge for yourself how nearly it has come true. —*E. T. F.*

WHISKERS IN THE NORTH

CHAMBERSBURG, PA.—Harry T. Fisk, in illustrating a scene from General William Mitchell's series, Mutiny in the Arctic, in July 14 Liberty, pictured the men on the Greely Expedition as freshly shaven as if they had just stepped out of a barber shop. Or maybe they don't grow whiskers in the north!—*Curtis Lawyer.*

LONGER DRESSES—MORE MARRIAGES

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—The increase in marriages is due to the fact that the dresses are longer this season. So luck to the femmes with broomstick limbs, knock-kneed joints, weak ankles, and the like. But beware, young men, beware!—*Jerry Trosclair.*

EARTH A LUNATIC ASYLUM?

CHICAGO, ILL.—W. A. Crolfman's letter in July 7 Vox Pop, claiming that Mussolini has almost killed Italian freedom, reminds me of what George Bernard Shaw once said. He said that the earth was only a lunatic asylum for the rest of the universe.

Just as long as Mussolini, Hitler, and Dollfuss rule, we can be certain that Shaw was not far off the right track.—*J. G. Mishkin.*

JOKERS IN LAWS

NEW YORK, N. Y.—There is only one remedy for our disregard for law and our system of enforcement. Take our laws now on the statute books and revise them to meet our present needs. Put teeth in all laws that can be and will be enforced. Stop putting jokers in laws.

Ninety per cent of the reading public cannot read the laws as they are put on the books. Let us have them plainly written, that he who reads may understand.—*Ben Butzel, Author of Digest of Insurance.*

HE WAS WITH GREELY

DETROIT, MICH.—I listened with great interest to the broadcast by Liberty's editor about the Greely Arctic Expedition and read General William Mitchell's articles Mutiny in the Arctic (beginning in June 30 Liberty). My father, the late Richard Cullen, was thirty-five years in the Appointments, Commissions, and Personnel Division of the War Department, and knew General Brainard and other survivors of the Greely Expedition. In his effects I found a photograph of Lieutenant Kislingbury, who was said to have been guilty with Dr. Pavy of insubordination at times on the expedition. I thought it might be of interest to those who read General Mitchell's great series.—*George R. Cullen.*

LIEUT. KISLINGBURY

SOME DUMB, OTHERS ASLEEP?

REDONDO BEACH, CALIF.—M. Falkenberg of Amelia, Ohio, who wrote in the June 30 Vox Pop arguing that governors be put on automobiles to hold speed demons down to thirty-five miles an hour, should get wise to himself. If we don't go fast we are out of style.

Some people are dumb and others have been asleep. Mr. Falkenberg must have been asleep during the last few mechanical inventing years.—*A. L. Cameron.*

SOUR ORANGES

LA VERNE, CALIF.—It was purely disgusting to read the two letters from our Native Son and Daughter from California. If they don't like California, let them move.

A person may buy cheap vegetables and sour oranges if they care to, but there is no need of it if they would only pay a little more.—*Charles Hall.*

EVEN AFTER BEING MARRIED SIXTEEN YEARS

IRVINGTON, N. J.—Is sex education necessary? I say—absolutely! We are all products of sex, therefore it is the study of life itself.

The majority of the youngsters learn about sex on the streets and the impression they receive is wrong. To safeguard all this, it should be taught in the schools, where the truth will be told in an intelligent, scientific manner that will leave no stain of filth or indecency.

Even after being married sixteen years, I do not know all the fundamental facts about sex. Had I received that knowledge in my school days I

Pop

would now be capable of explaining it all to my growing son.—*R. A.*

REAL PUZZLES

APOPKA, FLA.—I am simply delighted to have real puzzles to work on. Please keep those Cockeyed Cross Word Puzzles going and I'll never miss a Liberty.—*H. R. Whitcomb.*

PICTURE WITH A TYPEWRITER

KINGMAN, ARIZ.—The Roué's Daughter, by Adela Rogers St. Johns, in July 14 Liberty, was like a refreshing breeze over a scum-covered moral swamp. Rare indeed are fiction writers who can paint a picture such as that with a typewriter. —*Chet Hymer.*

OUR ROAD LEADS TO ROME

ROME, ITALY—Liberty has become a part of me. Its illustrations are extremely characteristic, and I was furthermore very much surprised to note the reading time placed at the head of each story and article. Another great surprise was furnished for me by the enormous circulation of Liberty—more than 2,000,000 copies! This is something that really astounds me as a European and as a writer.—*Franco Catalano.*

NO SUCH WILD STATEMENT

CAMDEN, N. J.—Matthew Woll's article Is Red Russia Striking at American Industry? in the July 21 issue of Liberty, contained false and slanderous statements about workers in the New York Shipbuilding Company's Camden yards.

The strike at the Camden shipyard on March 27 was called and conducted by this, the Industrial Union of Marine and Shipbuilding Workers of America, and not by the Marine Workers Industrial Union. The latter never had a single man in the Camden yards at the time.

Our union is completely independent of the T. U. U. L. and the Communist Party as well as of the American Federation of Labor. No officer or committee of ours ever walked out of a Washington code hearing with any such wild statement as Mr. Woll attributed to us. — *John Green, Vice President and Business Agent, Industrial Union of Marine and Shipbuilding Workers of America, Local No. 1.*

WHO GOT GYPPED?

BALTIMORE, MD. — So you gypped us of page two and thought you'd get away with it! But The Case of the Curious Bride installment in July 21 Liberty gave you away. About two thirds down the first column of page 24 the story was getting interesting. Then a line followed announcing that it was continued on page 2, column 1—and there was no page 2, column 1.—*J. Beckner.*

[You gypped yourself, fella. That was a supposed extract from a newspaper that Erle Stanley Gardner was using, and he put in the " Continued on page 2, column 1 " only to make it look realistic—just like the newspapers do with their stories. —VOX POP EDITOR.]

TURN TO PAGE FORTY-SIX

GUIDE ROCK, NEB.—And so the Princess Kropotkin has kropt up in Hollywood. My word, fancy now!

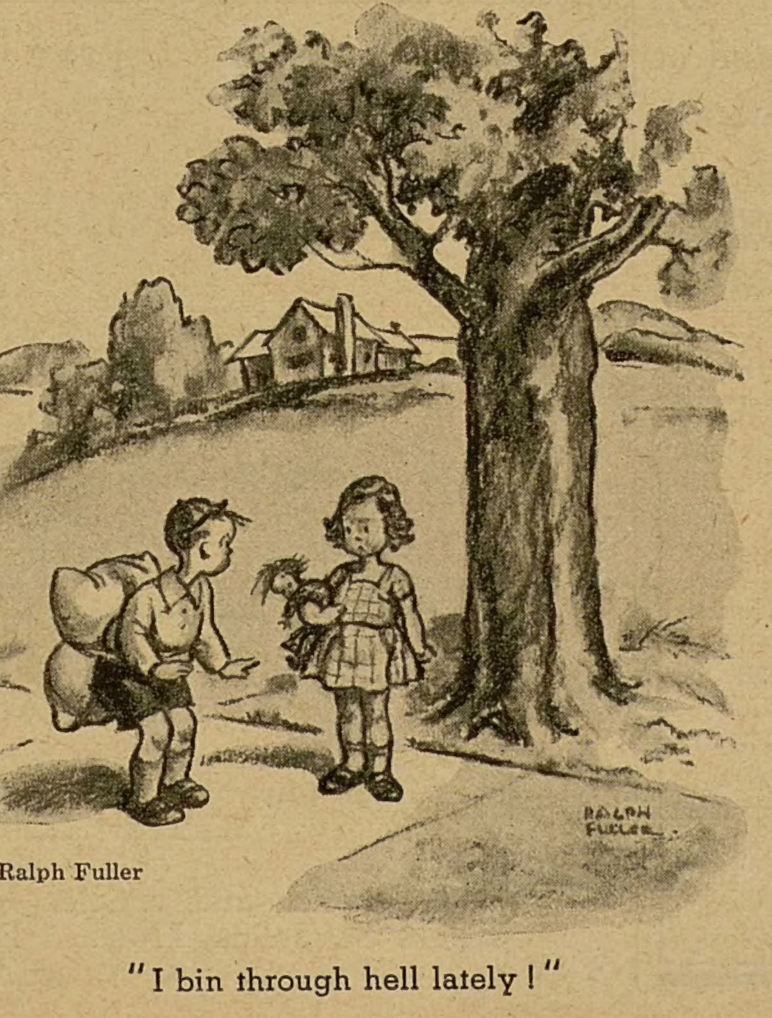
Will this very interesting lady be the one to at last really relate the résumé of the comings and goings of the place as it should be, or will she, like Adela Rogers St. Johns, put a white frosting on the whole affair and serve it up much as rather a sickening dessert after a very fed-up repast of erstwhile palaver? —*Billy C.*

SAD HOUR FOR PAPA BEE

BELLEVILLE, ONT. — Some say that woman has at last come into her own; that since the dawn of history she has been held down by man, but that now, exasperated by his wars, his political greed and exploitation, she is determined to oust him from his leadership. In short, it is a war of the sexes. And woman, being man's chief incentive, will triumph.

In such eventuality, it is difficult to picture the predicament in which we men would find ourselves. A warning may be found by viewing the bee situation. While bees do not fight or have nationalistic tendencies, they have no tariff barriers, immigration restrictions, political graft, or unemployment.

But it was a sad hour for papa bee when he first let mama bee bring home the honey and listened to her newfangled ideas on birth control!—*B. P. M.*



By Ralph Fuller

"I bin through hell lately!"

HE BUYS A STAMP AND AN IDEA IS BORN

MOUNT VERNON, N. Y.—The other day I purchased a postage stamp, and I realized that in this small transaction every one was receiving the same amount of value for his money. An idea came to me which, I believe, will provide a solution for the present financial troubles of our country.

Why not apply the same kind of control to the sale of all articles which we now apply to stamps? Equalize the purchasing power of the dollar. Fix prices at retail and wholesale so that the price of every article would be the same to all.—*P. J. Rose.*

CHINS OVER THE EDGE

GREAT FALLS, MONT.—Why is it that in relatively minor auto mishaps we so often read of a young child being severely injured? The answer is that parents permit children to stand in the car with their chins just over the edge of the lowered door glass, or in other equally exposed and dangerous positions.

Why not teach the children to sit securely in the seat while the car is in motion? Haven't we enough crippled and maimed children without adding yours?—*Mary Frances Costello.*

PREPARE TO BE SLAUGHTERED

ST. PAUL, MINN.—General Robert Lee Bullard's article Can Our Army Defend Us? in July 14 Liberty is another link in the chain of war propaganda calculated to secure profitable military positions for him and his like.

Magazines and newspapers are acting only to further this propaganda. Liberty, as a champion of fairness, should present the antiwar side as well as the militaristic viewpoint.—*M. L.*

BROWNWOOD, TEX. — Lieutenant General Bullard's article, Can Our Army Defend Us? should be of special interest to the youth of America, because the youth will have to fight in the next war and, unless we are prepared, will be slaughtered.—*H. E. Patterson.*

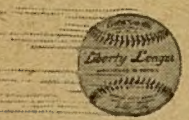
TWO-STAR "B" LETTER

NEWTON, IA.—Your star system of rating motion pictures is not satisfactory because it does not allow for the different types of pictures. Suppose you classify all productions into four or five general types according to the predominating characteristics. Call them " A," " B," " C," and " D," and I promise you will get results. As an example, rate them as three-star " C " pictures or four-star " A " pictures.—*E. G. Alger.*

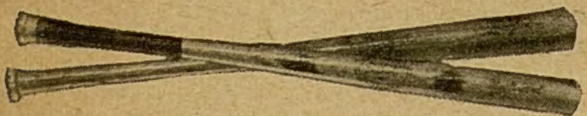
NO ANGEL

KEW GARDENS, N. Y.—Mae West, she's no angel, but she gets away with it, and I think she would make an ideal Cleopatra in a movie, as every one knows Cleo was no angel either. —*Paul A. Gerard.*

OH BOY—— LOOK AT THESE DANDY PRIZES! AM I GLAD I SENT IN THE COUPON!!
LETTERS
LIBERTY PRIZE CATALOG



You too can get this free LIBERTY prize catalog in which are more than 400 valuable prizes. Send in the coupon right away and learn how to win these dandy prizes free and at the same time to earn money.



MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY
TO LIB. 8-18-34
Liberty Magazine, Boy Sales Division,
Macfadden Publications, Inc.
1926 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.
Please tell me how to join your organization of boy salesmen and earn money and prizes.

NAME.........................AGE.....

ADDRESS..................................

CITY.....................STATE......
Have one of your parents show approval by signing here.

....

CONTENTS

Editorial 3

Beginning—
An Unknown Chapter in Greta Garbo's Life
KAJ GYNT 5
As told to ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS
At Last—the answer to the riddle of the sphinx of the screen

Blue Lightning—*A story* .... LLEWELLYN HUGHES 10

Twenty Questions 19

What Republicans Will Do Next
SENATOR L. J. DICKINSON 20
A challenge and a forecast of the coming fight against the embattled policies of the Democratic New Deal

Prophecy, Publicity, Perplexity—*Movie reviews*
BEVERLY HILLS 23

Designing Female—*A story* . . JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS 26

Do Marriage and Tennis Mix? . . HELEN HULL JACOBS 32
Can wives be successful champions and champions successful wives? Well, consider the evidence

Wild Wings—*Part III*
BOGART ROGERS and FRANK M. DAZEY 34

Father Knows Best—*A short short story*
ALEXANDER LAING 43

A House for $1,000! .... EDWARD DOHERTY 44
The story of a remarkable experiment in self-support and economical living

From Hollywood . . . To the Ladies!
PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN 46

An Actor Beats the Depression . . . CHARLES B. HAMLIN 48
The story of one who stood on the bridge—and decided he wasn't licked!

$2,000 Historical Picture Game 49

The Case of the Curious Bride—*Part VII*
ERLE STANLEY GARDNER 50

Cross Word Puzzle 59

Vox Pop 60

Cover by LESLIE THRASHER

★ ★ ★ NEXT WEEK ★ ★ ★

Beginning

HELL HOUNDS AT BAY AGAIN

By

Ex-Legionnaire 1384

in collaboration with

W. J. Blackledge

New, amazing revelations of life and death in the Foreign Legion—this time in its dreaded secret service

HOW FREE DO WE WANT TO BE?

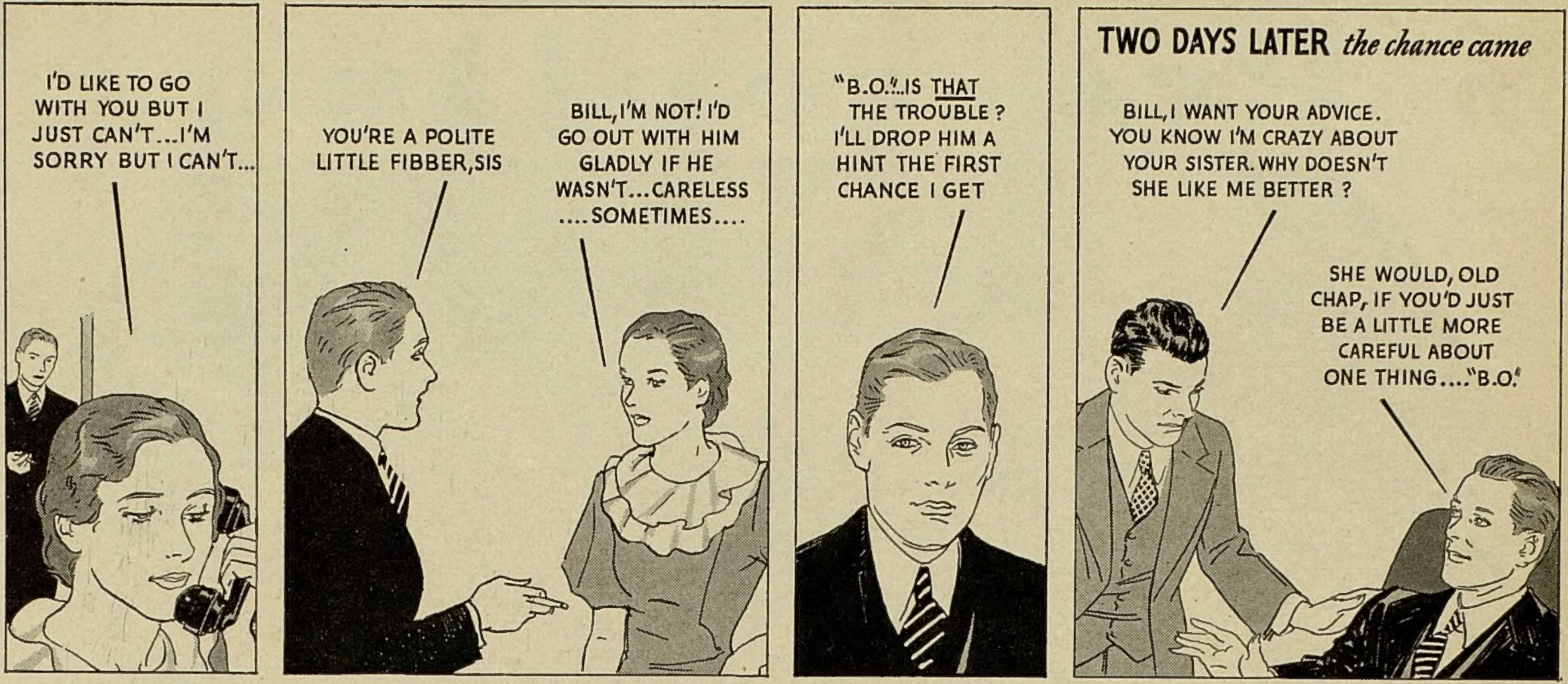
By

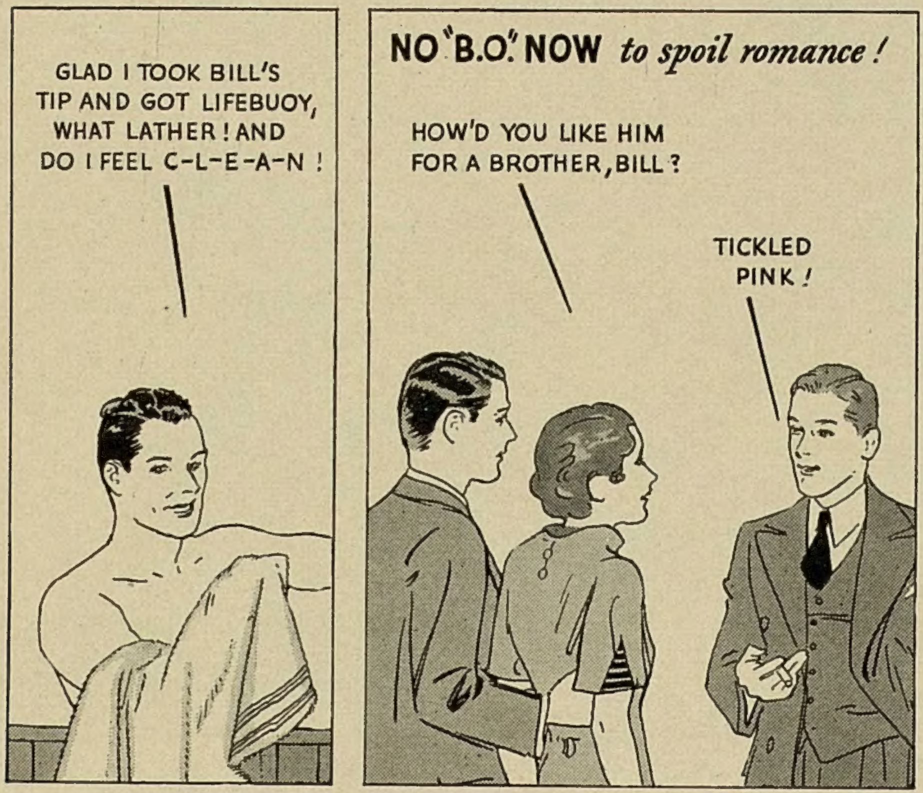
H. L. Mencken

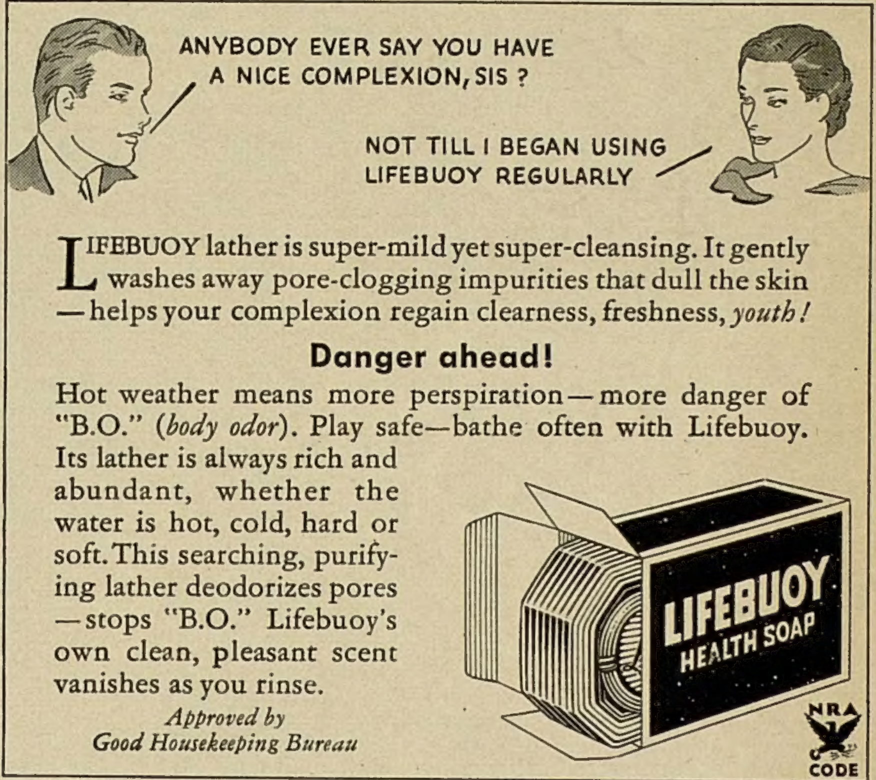
Says Mr. Mencken: " The general run of Americans show an attitude toward liberty that is hard to distinguish from dislike! " Do you agree?

Other stories and articles by Phyllis Duganne, Adela Rogers St. Johns, Howard R. Marsh, Nard Jones, and others

BROTHER BILL PUTS HIM WISE


I'D LIKE TO GO WITH YOU BUT I JUST CAN'T...I'M SORRY BUT I CAN'T...
YOU'RE A POLITE LITTLE FIBBER, SIS
BILL, I'M NOT! I'D GO OUT WITH HIM GLADLY IF HE WASN'T...CARELESS ....SOMETIMES....
"B.O."...IS THAT THE TROUBLE? I'LL DROP HIM A HINT THE FIRST CHANCE I GET
TWO DAYS LATER the chance came
BILL, I WANT YOUR ADVICE. YOU KNOW I'M CRAZY ABOUT YOUR SISTER. WHY DOESN'T SHE LIKE ME BETTER?
SHE WOULD, OLD CHAP, IF YOU'D JUST BE A LITTLE MORE CAREFUL ABOUT ONE THING..."B.O."


GLAD I TOOK BILL'S TIP AND GOT LIFEBUOY, WHAT LATHER! AND DO I FEEL C-L-E-A-N!
NO "B.O." NOW to spoil romance!
HOW'D YOU LIKE HIM FOR A BROTHER, BILL?
TICKLED PINK!


ANYBODY EVER SAY YOU HAVE A NICE COMPLEXION, SIS?
NOT TILL I BEGAN USING LIFEBUOY REGULARLY
LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP
NRA CODE

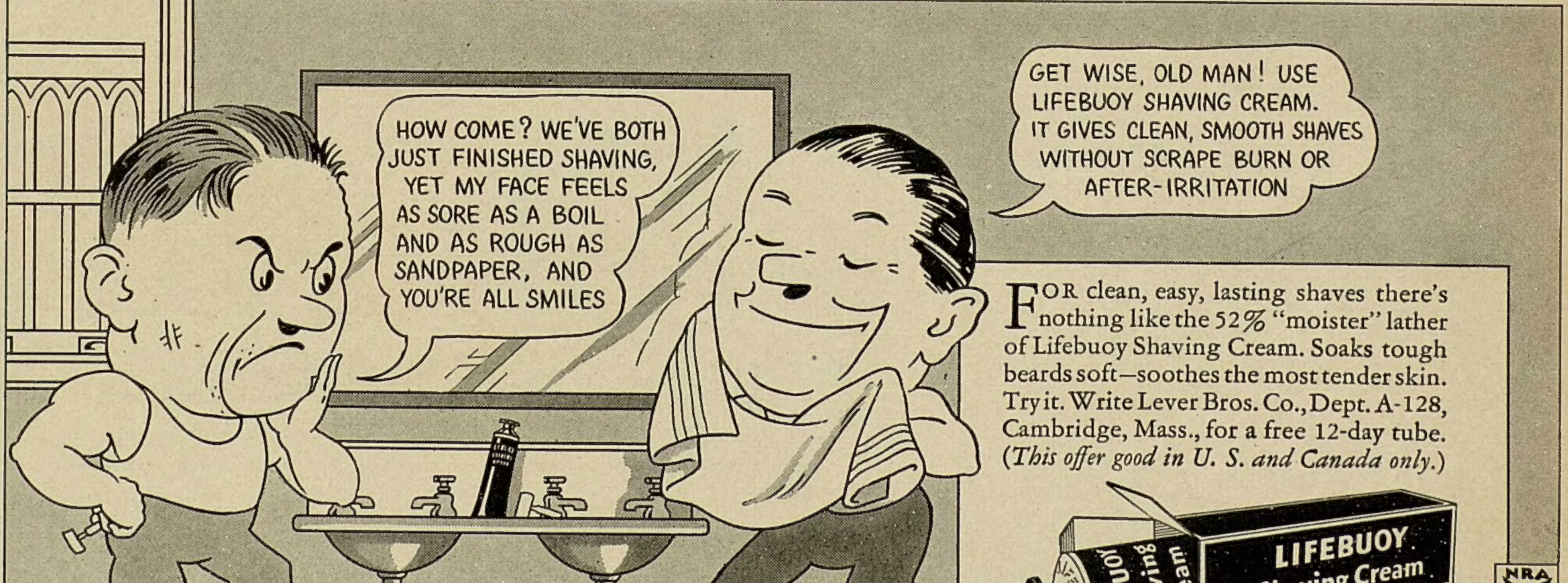
LIFEBUOY lather is super-mild yet super-cleansing. It gently washes away pore-clogging impurities that dull the skin—helps your complexion regain clearness, freshness, *youth!*

Danger ahead!

Hot weather means more perspiration—more danger of "B.O." (*body odor*). Play safe—bathe often with Lifebuoy. Its lather is always rich and abundant, whether the water is hot, cold, hard or soft. This searching, purifying lather deodorizes pores—stops "B.O." Lifebuoy's own clean, pleasant scent vanishes as you rinse.

Approved by
Good Housekeeping Bureau

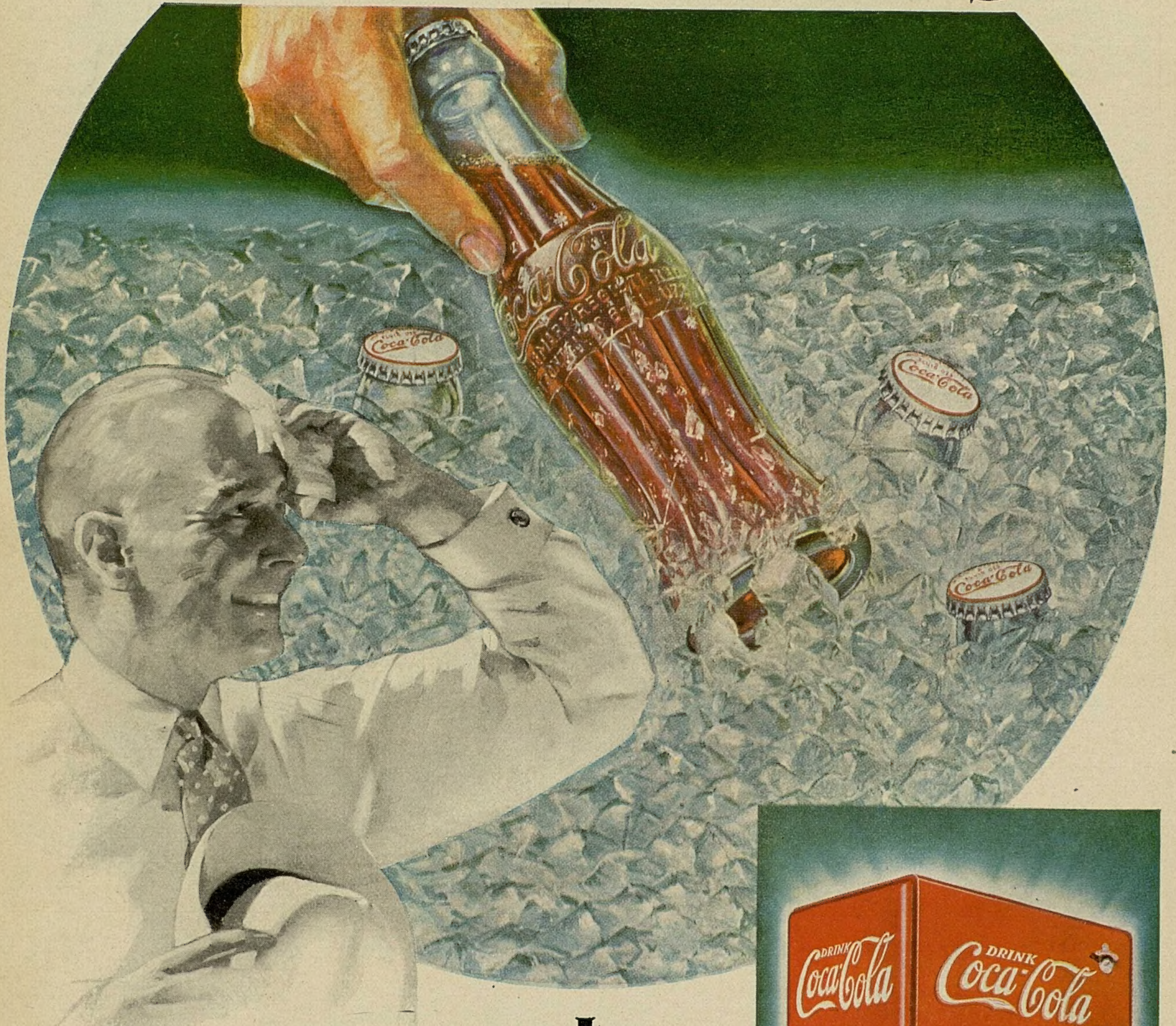
SHAVE EVERY MORNING WITH A GREAT BIG SMILE


HOW COME? WE'VE BOTH JUST FINISHED SHAVING, YET MY FACE FEELS AS SORE AS A BOIL AND AS ROUGH AS SANDPAPER, AND YOU'RE ALL SMILES
GET WISE, OLD MAN! USE LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM. IT GIVES CLEAN, SMOOTH SHAVES WITHOUT SCRAPE BURN OR AFTER-IRRITATION
LIFEBUOY Shaving Cream
NRA CODE

FOR clean, easy, lasting shaves there's nothing like the 52% "moister" lather of Lifebuoy Shaving Cream. Soaks tough beards soft—soothes the most tender skin. Try it. Write Lever Bros. Co., Dept. A-128, Cambridge, Mass., for a free 12-day tube. (*This offer good in U. S. and Canada only.*)

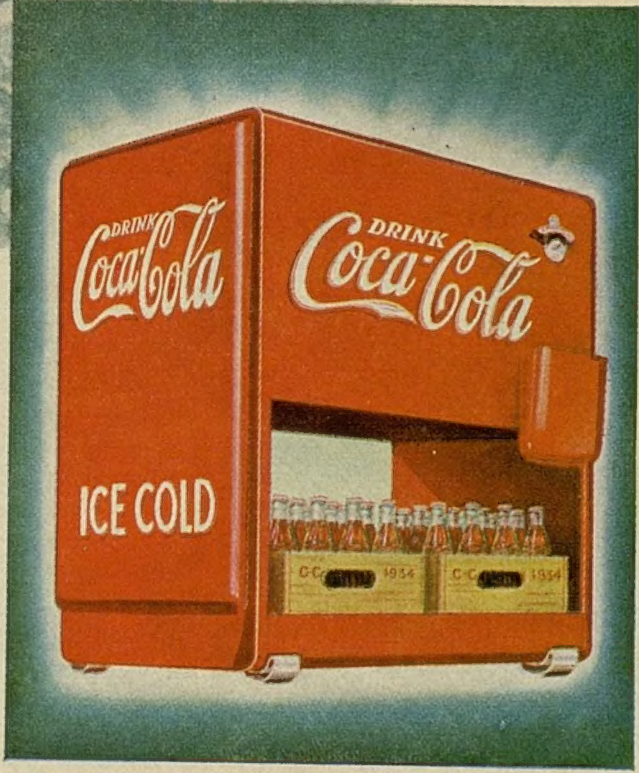
120 TO 150 SHAVES IN THE BIG FULL SIZED TUBE

Pre-cooling



makes a great drink perfect

Ice-cold Coca-Cola means *pre-cooled Coca-Cola;* thoroughly chilled before the bottle is opened. This adds tingle to its delicious taste and gives life to its sparkle, — to refresh you with awakened energy. And so, you cool off for a fresh start, feeling fit for what's ahead.



One of the new coolers for Coca-Cola, — another reason why *ice-cold Coca-Cola* is always ready for you around the corner from anywhere.

Tested and Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

COCA-COLA CO., ATLANTA, GA.